# MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

FEBRUARY 2013 # 357 $4 US-CANADA

FORWARD

HOUNDS OF HATE

DETROIT

SCENE REPORT

KICKER

CONTORTURE

LUNATIC FRINGE

NOTHING

DETONATE

BEATNIK

TERMITES

RECORDS

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# MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

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**BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:**
186, 188-191, 195, 197, 202, 206, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 254-259, 260-290, 291-295, 297-306, 308-313, 315, 316, 318, 319, 322-328, 330, 332-339, 340-356
See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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1/6 page: (2.5" x 5") $33
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**www.maximumrocknroll.com**
**mrr@maximumrocknroll.com**

For what it's worth, here are some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

# TOP 10

## MARIAM BASTANI

- CONDITION-live
- BLOODKROW BUTCHER-Anti-War-EP
- GAG-live / WHITE WARDS-live
- AGITATED-Gender Issues-EP
- GREEN BERET-Violence is their Currency-12"
- MELUSAASTE-Manifesti Kuolevaisille-EP
- SYNTHETIC ID-LP / THE NIGHT STALKERS-EP
- FORWARD-War Nuke and Death Sentence-12"
- SMERSH-Cassette Pets-2xLP
- POISON PLANET-EP / GOD'S WILL-EP

## WILL BLOMQUIST – NEW TOP TEN!!!

- SEA OF SHIT/WATER TORURE-split EP
- FORWARD-War Nuke and Death Sentence-12"
- KRIGSKONTRAST-Prostituterad Natur-EP
- WASTELAND-LP / PURITY CONTROL-EP
- GOD'S WILL-EP / BLOODKROW BUTCHER-EP
- SEX CHURCH-LP / DIVORCE-LP
- LA MISERIA DE TO ROSTRO-Jauria-12"
- POISON PLANET-Demo-EP
- TEMPEST / TRANSIENT / KRÜEL-live
- MUNDO MUERTO / HOAX / CONDITION-live

## MITCH CARDWELL

- LAMPS-Under the Water Under the Ground-LP
- F.U.2-Punk Rock-LP
- UV RACE-Racism-LP
- ASTA KASK-Med Is I Magen-12"
- TYVEK-On Triple Beams-LP
- DINOS BOYS-45 / NAKED INTRUDER-45
- INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND-Bitch/She's a 50-45
- NATIVE CATS/UV RACE-split EP
- PINK REASON-Ache for You/Darken Daze-45
- VAGINORS-Total Nonsense-EP

## ROBERT COLLINS

- PERMANENT RUIN-live
- CONDITION-live
- FORWARD-LP / SYNTHETIC ID-LP
- INDUSTRIAL PARK-demo
- MODRA-The Line for the Men's Room-LP
- LA MISERIA DE TO ROSTRO-Jauria-12"
- MOMS ON METH-The Violent Bear it Away-EP
- BLOODKROW BUTCHER-live + EP
- WARCHILD-EP / HELLSHOCK-live
- DIE HARD-live

## LAYLA GIBBON

*Can't type due to bike accident, but don't worry, she is ok.*

## DAN GOETZ

- PELIGRO SOCIAL-No Religión-LP
- SYNTHETIC ID-Apertures-LP
- SCEPTRES-live
- PERMANENT RUIN-live
- AGITATED-Gender Issues-EP
- BLOODKROW BUTCHER-Anti-War-EP
- POISON PLANET-Demo-EP
- TOTAL WAR-live
- GREEN BERET-Violence is their Currency-12"
- DINOS BOYS-Play Dead/Scab-45

## GREG HARVESTER

- SYNTHETIC ID-Apertures-LP
- PERTTI KURIKAN NIMIPÄIVÄT-CD
- UZI RASH-Coreless Roll Can-Liner-LP
- TREPANNING-Live on WFMU-tape
- ASTA KASK-Med Is I Magen-12"
- BLOODKROW BUTCHER-Anti-War-EP
- COP CITY CHILL PILLARS-Hosed-LP
- MOMS ON METH-The Violent Bear it Away-EP
- NO SIR I WON'T LIVE-live
- NO FUNERAL CONE/CLEANSING WAVE-live

## KENNY KAOS

- DANCER-On the Run-EP
- OCCULT DETECTIVE CLUB- Alright Gentlemen-EP
- INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND-Bitch/She's a 50-45
- THE GIRLS!-Rodeny/Say Yes-45
- THE VOLCANO-Me Me Me-EP
- MUD CITY MANGLERS/PLASTERED BASTARDS-split EP
- THE NIGHT STALKERS-Sexual Deviations-EP
- THE FADEAWAYS-Raw, Wild and Wretched-LP
- ASTA KASK-Med Is I Magen-12"
- RADIATOR HOSPITAL-Some Distant Moon-EP

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# TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

## CAROLYN KEDDY

| | |
|---|---|
| SONNY VINCENT AND THE BAD REACTIONS-EP | THE FADEAWAYS-Raw, Wild and Wretched-LP |
| SOUPCANS-Good Feelings-LP | DINOS BOYS-Play Dead/Scab-45 |
| LAMPS-Under the Water Under the Ground-LP | MUD CITY MANGLERS/PLASTERED BASTARDS-split EP |
| NATIVE CATS/UV RACE-split EP | THE MENTALLY ILL-Strike the Buttom Red-LP |
| UV RACE-Racism-LP | NINNIES-Why Not?-CD |

## SAM LEFEBVRE

| | |
|---|---|
| SEX CHURCH-Somnambulist-LP | PINK REASON-Ache for You/Darken Daze-45 |
| UV RACE-Racism-LP | VAGINORS-Total Nonsense-EP |
| LAMPS-Under the Water Under the Ground-LP | ASHTODUST-Inevitable-EP |
| NATIVE CATS/UV RACE-split EP | R.O.B.O.-Cuidad Infectada-EP |
| TYVEK-On Triple Beams-LP | BLOODKROW BUTCHER-Anti-War-EP |

## RAY LUJAN

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|---|---|
| PSYCOTIC PINEAPPLE-Where's the Party?-CD | SINGIN' UTTERS-The Librarians are Hiding...-45 |
| BONECRUSHER-Blvd of Broken Bones-CD | TORCHES TO TRIGGERS-Doomsday in...-CD |
| F.U.2-Punk Rock-LP / KICKER-Not You-2xLP | SONNY VINCENT AND THE BAD REACTIONS-EP |
| MONOZID-A Splinter for the Pure-LP | GBH-Punk Junkies-2xLP |
| SEX CHURCH-Somnambulist-LP | COCKTAILS-live / PSYCOTIC PINEAPPLE-live |

## KEVIN MANION

| | |
|---|---|
| SYNTHETIC ID-Apertures-LP | GREEN BERET-Violence is their Currency-12" |
| BLOODKROW BUTCHER-Anti-War-EP | FEJLFIX-Ensom Blandt Mennesker-EP |
| LAMPS-Under the Water Under the Ground-LP | CRUTCHES-D-beat Tsunami-EP |
| KNIFVEN-Perstop/Kliniken-45 | VAGINORS-Total Nonsense-EP |
| EXTENDED SUICIDE-Breakdance Anthems-EP | GAG / CONDITION / CAGED ANIMAL-live |

## LYDIA PHELPS

| | |
|---|---|
| NEW SEASON-Make it Easy on Yourself-12" | EXTENDED SUICIDE-Breakdance Anthems-EP |
| LAMPS-Under the Water Under the Ground-LP | DINOS BOYS-Play Dead/Scab-45 |
| WASTELAND-LP / PELIGRO SOCIAL-LP | F.U.2-Punk Rock-LP / THE NIGHT STALKERS-EP |
| CELLOS-Bomb Shelter-LP | PURITY CONTROL-Coping-EP |
| SHANNON AND THE CLAMS-Ozma/Muppet...-45 | AGITATED-EP / MELUSAASTE-EP |

## FRED SCHRUNK

| | |
|---|---|
| R.O.B.O.-Cuidad Infectada-EP | ROSEANNE BARRR-Replusion-LP |
| OCCULT DETECTIVE CLUB- Alright Gentlemen-EP | THE FADEAWAYS-Raw, Wild and Wretched-LP |
| KNIFVEN-Perstop/Kliniken-45 | KUZLE-Archived-LP+CD |
| SYNTHETIC ID-Apertures-LP | DIVORCE-LP |
| LAMPS-Under the Water Under the Ground-LP | B. ARTHUR-live |

## MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

| | |
|---|---|
| BLOODKROW BUTCHER-Anti-War-EP | MELUSAASTE-Manifesti Kuolevaisille-EP |
| GREEN BERET-Violence is their Currency-12" | WARCHILD-EP / DINOS BOYS-45 |
| SYNTHETIC ID-Apertures-LP | POISON PLANET-Demo-EP |
| S.H.I.T-live at Varning fest + Not Dead Yet fest | GOD'S WILL-This is God's Will-EP |
| TRENCH ROT-Tyrant-EP | VARNING / NOT DEAD YET / SUBVERSION-Fests |

## ZINE TOP TEN

| | |
|---|---|
| *Always Never Fun #6* | *Social Prison #2* |
| *Antipatia #29, #30, #31* | *Rage On #3* |
| *It's What We Do #1* | *Think and Die Thinking Dec. 2012* |
| *More Noize #39* | *Disunderstood #2* |
| *xVagrancyx #2* | *Pit Stains #2, #3* |


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**#186/November '98.** Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

**#188/January '99.** Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

**#189/February '99.** Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

**#190/March '99.** John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

**#191/April '99.** Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

**#195/August '99.** Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

**#197/October '99.** Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

**#202/March '00.** KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

**#206/July '00.** Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

**#234/November '02.** Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

**#235/December '02.** Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

**#236/January '03.** Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

**#238/March '03.** World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

**#239/April '03.** Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

**#240/May '03.** I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

**#241/June '03.** Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

**#242/July '03.** Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

**#243/August '03.** "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

**#244/September '03.** None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

**#245/October '03.** No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

**#246/November '03.** Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

**#247/December '03.** DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

**#249/February '04.** From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

**#250/March '04.** Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

**#251/April '04.** The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

**#254/July '04.** No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

**#255/August '04.** "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

**#256/September '04.** Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

**#257/October '04** The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

**#258/November '04.** Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

**#259/December '04.** Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

**#260/January '05.** Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

**#261/February '05.** Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

**#262/March '05.** Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

**#263/April '05.** All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

**#264/May '05.** Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

**#265/June '05.** Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

**#266/July '05.** The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

**#267/August '05.** Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

**#268/September '05.** Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

**#269/October '05.** Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

**#270/November '05.** Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

**#271/December '05.** Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

**#272/January '06.** Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

**#273/February '06.** Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

**#274/March '06.** Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

**#275/April '06.** History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

**#276/May '06.** "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

**#277/June '06.** "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

**#278/July '06.** Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

**#279/August '06.** Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

**#280/September '06.** Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

**#281/October '06.** Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

**#282/November '06.** The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

**#283/December '06.** Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

**#284/January '07.** Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

**#285/February '07.** Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

**#286/March '07.** Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

**#287/April '07.** Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

**#288/May '07.** Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

**#289/June '07.** Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen & Pampanga scene reports.

**#290/July '07.** Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

**#291/August '07.** MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

**#292/September '07.** New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

**#293/October '07.** Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

**#294/November '07.** The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

**#295/December '07.** Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

**#297/February '08.** Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

**#298/March '08.** Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

**#299/April '08.** Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

**#301/June '08.** Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

**#302/July '08.** Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Ursa, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

**#303/August '08.** Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston & Grand Rapids scene reports.

**#304/September '08.** Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

**#305/October '08.** Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

**#306/November '08.** Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

**#308/January '09.** Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, & more.

**#309/February '09.** Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

**#310/March '09.** 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue .Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

**#311/April '09.** Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

**#312/May '09.** Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

**#313/June '09.** Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

**#315/August '09.** Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

**#316/September '09.** Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

**#318/November '09.** Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/ Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

**#319/December '09.** The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

**#322/March '10.** MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

**#323/April '10.** The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

**#324/May '10.** Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

**#325/June '10.** X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

**#326/July '10.** U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans & Calgary scene reports.

**#327/August '10.** Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

**#328/Mocktober '10.** Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

**#330/November '10.** Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

**#333/February '11.** The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, Hpp, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

**#334/March '11.** 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report

**#335/April '11.** Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

**#336/May '11.** Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

**#337/June '11.** Destroy All Movies, John Morton/Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.:'80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

**#339/August '11.** Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cokskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise Records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History pt 2.

**#340/September '11.** Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Unlearn, Deaf Club Oral History, Final part of the Czech Punk History.

**#341/October '11.** Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

**#342/November '11.** Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

**#343/December '11.** Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R, Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor. Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

**#344/January '12.** OBN IIIs, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Bloodkrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary Part 1, Means to an End Fest Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matress Zine.

**#345/Febuary '12.** 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report pt 2, The Unruled, Rapid Loss.

**#346/March '12.** Barchen Und Die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spikey Jacket, Kromosom tour of Japan, Globsters, Night Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise, Refuse records.

**#347/April '12.** Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester zine, Iron Hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

**#348/May '12.** Seein' Red, Disorder, Lebakko, Da vs. Wax Idols, Anitmob, Leprosy, Acid Baby Jesus, Crimson Scarlet, Nasa Space Universe, Apache Dropout, Konton Crasher, Negazione, Defy.

**#349/June '12.** Omegas Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Only Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scece Report.

**#350/July '12.** The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyle, Chris Boarts Larsen, Maria da Piedade Morais.

**#351/August '12.** 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's worst & best, the Tim Yo covers & the story behind Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Jyan y Diego, Banran.

**#352/September '12.** Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

**#353/October '12.** Brain Tumors, Effluxus, Anti Cimex, the Cravats, Unlearn, Warsong, Sick/ Tired, To Live A Lie records, Stories from the Punk Underground in Peru, Bad Daddies, Imminent Destruction records with Lastly, Desperdicio, Against the Grain, Distурd.

**#354/November '12.** Replica, Ancient Filth, Synthetic ID, Maximo Volumne, O Inimigo, The Splits, Ohmwar, Beatrap, Victims Tour Diaty Part II, Girth records.

**#355/December '12.** Red Dons, Estranged, Avi Spivak, Agrimonia, Antimelodix, Napolnariz, Breathing Light, Age of Collapse, La Armada, DHK, Victims Tour Diary Part III, Hamilton, Ont. scene report.

**#356/January '13.** Absurdo, Infernöh, Mydois, Protestant, Notes on the Punk Underground II, Procession, Disguise, Secret Prostitutes, TADROATEV, Carol Pfister, Off the Hip records.

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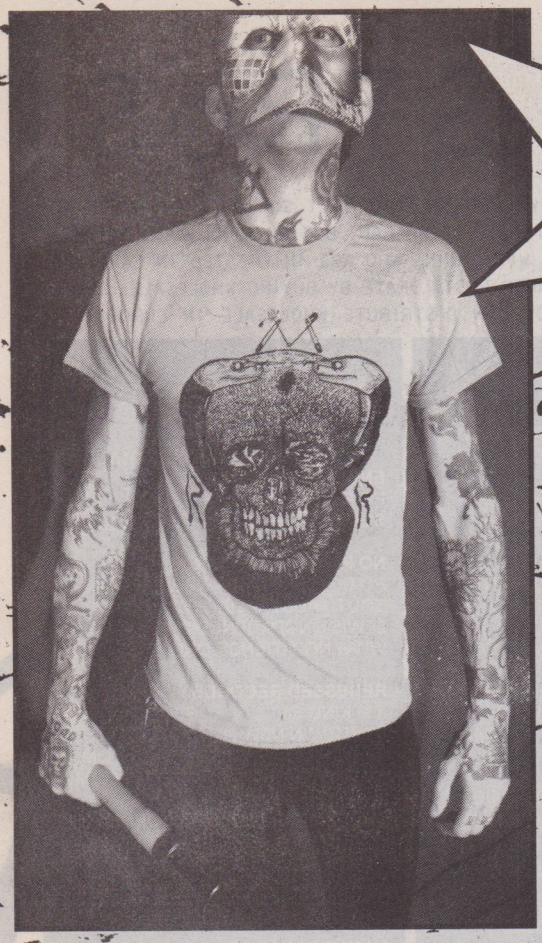

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# LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

*Dear MRR—*

"When I first moved to America I was totally startled by the professionalism exhibited by its punk bands in regards to practicing." This utterly disgusting and boring statement is the opening line of Layla Gibbon's column in last month's issue. I have no idea what kind of lame American punk bands she is talking about as she fails to mention any of them, but in my experience of being an American and being involved with an untold number of punk bands I have never, witnessed startling, "professionalism in regards to practicing."

In fact, I would say it is the opposite. There are large numbers of awful talentless American bands that would indeed benefit from having a band practice once in a while. It is because they are entirely un-professional that they do not practice. In addition to being untruthful Gibbon's statement is also disrespectful.

By implying that American bands are boring professional rock guys Englishwoman Gibbon is also implying that English bands are more "real" and have a wild and shocking disregard for band practice. What Gibbon is trying to do here is reverse the truth. While in England last year I was startled to find out that Ms. Gibbon was a former member of the most pale skinned and bad breathed bands in the kingdom, Destructors 666.

Gibbon goes on to say, "I have been playing in bands since I was thirteen and I moved to US when I was twenty-three, so I had a few bands under my belt so to speak." Impressive, but listen to these numbers—I have been playing in over one hundred and seventeen bands since I was five years old and I am now twenty three. I have been on seventy-two LP's, in hundred and twenty one 7"s and over five thousand demo tapes. Throughout all of this not once have I practiced. I consider musicians who know how to tune their guitars to be sell-outs.

You know what's worse than "professional" bands that have band practice? Unprofessional rock journalists who write about absolutely nothing in this wack ass magazine. If anyone needs practice it's you people. Seriously, most of the columns in here don't say anything. Old men and women making lists and lists of bands and many time describing what their boredom is like, what it's like to write in maximum rock 'n' roll, and antique furniture (?!?!?). The worst is the remaining presence of the ghastly '90s writing trend of public self-reflection on your childhood, members of your family and all major and minor personal tragedy's that have ever happened to you. It's boring. It's not cool or interesting. I am cancelling my subscription immediately. I hate you all.

*My secret is revealed, Destructors 666 was actually started by Ann R Key, and has since 1985 been entirely staffed by various MRR columnists including Erika Ransome, Ryan Richardson, Arwen Curry, George Tabb and Brace Belden.The monthly release schedule of the Destructors 666 corp. CD has enabled the magazine to get through many a difficult time financially, and while we have no control over what music we release, that is decided by the board members at MRR, it has been a learning experience, and one that I feel has made all of us grow in a manner we would not have otherwise.*

*Best,*

*—Layla*

*Dear MRR—*

Keep doing what you're doing. Haters are gonna hate. Mariam's "End of the World" rant in the most recent issue was hilarious, totally spot-on and I agree with all the points made. Enclosed for review is the Charley Few tape. Four Songs of Super-Posi Philly Oi! Anyone with a cassette player who wants a copy can send five bux to:

Billy Barton
2016 S. 13th St. #2F
Philadelphia, PA 19148
— Billy Barton

PS Mykel Board sucks. Keep the 60-something pervs and creeps out!

*MRR—*

There is a lot I have in common with Mykel. There are a few really important areas where we really connect. There are even more areas where we simply do not connect and likely never will. Somehow, we have remained friends and have had mutual respect for each other over two decades.

Some of his opinions, in areas I feel intensely passionate about, frustrate me—as I simply can't see how a guy so smart can be so wrong. Many of my friends, people very well-known to readers of *MRR* and who have debated him on a variety of subjects, feel exactly the same way. Still, it has been an honor knowing Mykel, even with his mishugas ["craziness", in Yiddish].

Further, just about every one of us has appreciated Mykel's unique ability to bring a unique perspective, which is something most people can't do. It doesn't come from CNN, or FOX, or a Hollywood movie or anywhere mainstream...or from any particular orthodoxy, even if it's from the counterculture. Mykel's mind is a free agent, when it comes to where his ideas come from. Therefore, his perspectives often represent original thinking, which I would hope *MRR* still values.

Mykel's other unique ability, is to get someone to question the very foundations of their most basic and strongly held beliefs. Wow! Let's take a second to contemplate how valuable that is for people to experience and what a gift it can be. Being free, if only for a moment, of our most basic assumptions... wherever they have originated, allows us to know what it feels like when our minds have truly been opened.

Don't we need more people who actively help or even force others to interrupt the basic patterns of their thought process and really challenge them to *think for themselves?* Well, Mykel has done that for me. I thank him for it...and I thank Tim Yohannon, who had the guts and the wisdom—the deep, deep wisdom—to have Mykel write for *MRR* and who kept to his promise to always let Mykel

have his say, unedited and uncensored. It has played a major role in shaping this important global community.

*MRR*—You're Wrong! But I have an idea on how you can make things right: First, in a letter to the readers, let people know your thought process in not publishing the article and how your thinking may have changed (if it has). I think it would be valuable to all and is a brave and honorable thing to do. Then, print the article, side by side, next to Mykel's regularly scheduled article.
—Marc R., Furious George

*Dear Maximum Rocknroll—*
I was wondering if you have considered the option of having your zine delivered to subscribers by drones. It could be very cost effective, and emphasize the current age of robotic efficiency for tasks too trivial for human interfacing.
Sincerely,
—Daniel da Silva

*Dear MRR—*
Re: Landons letter in issue #356
Landon,
Whether you "spend loud night," or not, your delusions will continue to define you as "poor." You are getting jumped because you cannot see the reality of things. The gun in your gut is real. The way you think the world sees you is not... The kid who took your jacket most certainly did not have "a moment," upon finding the protest fliers. If I remember correctly, I think we laughed... When you get tired of reality, maybe you will move back home—maybe not. It looks like you're finding out the hard way that you are not "one of the poor"—that you are something else. You need to figure out what that is... What is happening to you in the streets is much more rational and "systemic" than you think. Maybe in the near future you will look back at these moments in your life and laugh at yourself for being so naive. The world is hoping so. *Good Luck*! It sounds like your gonna need it.
—Arbitrary Jerry (I couldn't think of a more obvious pseudonym, sorry)

*Dear MRR—*
So I've been reading *MRR* for a full year now and it's what I look forward to every month. I'm shockingly only eighteen. Most kids my age are listening to the fakest rapper or some country bumpkin shit. I cant stand all that. Give me an overly distorted guitar and vocals that sound real and give me the speed punk has.

I have a very different attitude than my country counterparts. They're content with the redneck way of life and the way of this inbred south. Racism, conservative ideals and ignorance plague the place I grew up in. My uncle asked me recently where I learned such social awareness from. We were debating (something I have done with my uncle since I was very young) about the Texas Republican Party and their platform's position on teaching critical thinking in the classrooms. I told him that I am very different than most kids my age because I'm not into mind numbing things. I don't drink, I don't smoke weed and I listen to punk music.

Just being into different things and being more open has made me very different. This publication has made me very aware of things I would never have heard about unless I read it there. I love *MRR* very much. I have my very own band. I'm not sure if we're *MRR* material, but when we record our demo soon I'll be sure to send it in. We sound very indie, I guess. But I have written several punk songs that we are playing as well. So I guess we are light punk. Like I said, I'll let you decide.

I'd love to write a lot for this magazine. Favorite columns: George Tabb's, Mariam's!, Al Quint's and Mykel Board's. Bands I'm into lately: the Spits, Mean Jeans, the White Wires, Tegan and Sara (yeah, I know they aren't very punk, but I cant resist them), Furious George, Gorilla Biscuits, I'm always listening to Minor Threat, the Breathing Light is pretty great as well, Zero Progress (found them through their tour diaries) and Ghost Babies who were reviewed in the November issue. I'd love to hear back you guys keep it up.
—Bo

*Hi MRR—*
I was just reading the letters column in #355 and I have something to say about CD-Rs being considered demos. To me a demo is only a demo if the band says it is—same thing for an "official" release. I think of a demo as a showcase for songs in progress, which will later be recorded in a better or different way. And then a release is a final version. That is what I have always thought, and I was kind of surprised that others don't agree on that.

Something else I really don't like is the long standing "cassettes are demos" rule. I thought this was a mistake at the time and I still do. Cassettes and demos should be considered real releases and appear in the regular reviews section *if* the band states that it is a final release. Shouldn't it be the band's decision on what is and isn't a demo?

I also have something to say about records. I keep wondering why vinyl is still considered the ultimate punk format. Is it just because of tradition? Don't get me wrong I love records. But most kids (and shouldn't we be encouraging young kids to make music??) aren't going to be able to come up with 100s or 1000s of bucks to press a record. And not every good band gets on a label to foot the bill. I think the cheapest record (7 inch) you can get would be around $500 for 100 records or so, and that doesn't even include packaging.

Right there that is a price that is out of a lot of people's reach whether they are kids or adults. Meanwhile you could be making cassettes or CD-Rs at home for incredibly cheap. Both cost almost nothing. Just wondering, which is more punk? Saving up $1000 to put out a record? And then you are paying someone else to do that for you.. Or a band being DIY at home dubbing tapes or burning CDs? To me it's the kids at home being DIY about it.

In a roundabout way, that is why I think at this point CD-Rs and tapes are actually more punk than vinyl. Most people I know don't even own record players. You could say the same about cassettes I guess. But at least cassettes are cheap. With CDs even if they aren't as popular anymore..the average person I know still has access to a CD player. So aren't records kind of an elitist "I'm cool" thing at this point?
Thanks and please keep *MRR* going,
—r S

PS I have been reading on and off since the early '90s and have a lot of the older issues through a friend to read as well. I don't mean to be too critical and I appreciate the work all of you put into *MRR* and enjoy it. Just wanted to make my opinion heard. Sorry for the bad grammar/spelling/paragraphs they aren't my strong suit. Hope I could just make myself understood.

*Hey, thanks for your letter. I totally understand where you are coming from, but I would like to give you a couple different perspectives on this.*

*First, I will say what I said to the previous letter about this. While I see your point and I agree that making a large run of records is not a point in itself and a "proper" release is not necessarily something printed in hundreds or thousands of copies, in my opinion, getting music out to and reaching out to as many punks as possible should be a goal no matter what the format. I can see why it might seem confusing, begging the obvious question "why are non-demos in the demo section?"*

*The answer to that is two-fold.*

*Firstly, when the magazine first started, there were no CDs or CD-Rs as they didn't exist as a format yet, so we didn't have this issue. Also, tapes were mostly demos, back then as well. CDs first came about and the* MRR *powers-that-be decided to include them in the records section. When CD-R's appeared the decision was made to put them in the Demos section, seeing how they were all exclusively, and mostly still are, demos. We keep the layout based on the original format. The reviews themselves address the release within it's chosen format. So the first reason is consistency.*

*The second reason is that we simply do not have the shitworker power to facilitate the separation of formats in reviews section. Honestly, some punks would never read about a CD-R if it wasn't mixed in with the demos; and the frequency of CD-Rs being a CD-R-only release is still very rare. The separation of "demos" and "records" is not a qualitative issue or an "anti-diy" issue." So, cassettes are in the demo section for formatting mostly, to make a separate section for each format would be a lofty undertaking for the content coords. We aren't lazy bastards, but that is not a project I am willing to take on while I am here, just sayin'.*

*As far as CD-Rs, well, what you have to understand is that most of the CD-Rs, whether they are demos or "releases" deemed by the band, are actually just burned CD-Rs with no lyrics artwork, nothing. Just a CD-R with a name scrawled on it with no information. Not all of them are like this, but most are and all I have to say is fuck that. If you want to make a demo, great, but have some fucking pride in your work. If we want to talk about what demos are for, I agree with you to some degree, but now we get these bullshit CD-Rs that are just a burned disk of someone's soundcloud.* SO HERE IS WHERE I CAN TELL ALL THE READERS: IF YOU SEND US A CD-R DEMO WITH NOTHING: NO ART, NO INFORMATION, NO LYRICS, NO CONTACT, WE WILL NOT REVIEW IT. *Now, any varying degree of the requirements listed will do, but if you just throw a CD-R in an envelope, self-proclaimed "full release" or not, we aren't reviewing the shit. Give the demo reviewers some lyrics, draw a picture and include a contact at the very least. We already will not review "promo" CD-Rs, never have, never will.*

*Our reviewers work hard and honestly, we really appreciate everyone who send us us stuff, especially with rising costs of every damn thing, especially postage, but how fair is it for people who do work on their demos including art and lyrics with the intent of getting their music out there, and the people who appreciate them. Don't be fucking lazy.*

*As far as price comparisons and accessibility, I agree with you that getting your music out is the main goal and vinyl is not available to all (though your prices are a bit off), but when I think of how many bands from all over the world put out records in cooperation with other labels, to say it's out of reach is defeatist to me. I think self-releasing on the format of your choice is powerful and DIY, but so is a DIY punk label banding together with other DIY punk labels all over the world to get a record out by a band who does not have the means. I am not saying vinyl is the "ultimate punk format," but I don't think there is anything wrong with bands wanting to be on vinyl.*

*I do understand that some punks believe that merch is evil and that the toll of the plastic you are using for a record leaves a "carbon footprint." I'm honestly not trying to be snide here, I get it, perspectives are different. Do I hate the 10", yes. One sided 12", fucking lame. I digress.*

*As far as cassettes, there are tons of tape labels now, which totally rules because they are cheaper and easy/cheap to send, but now tapes are getting more expensive! Also, finding a tape deck is not as easy as it sounds, Especially now.*

*Saying a particular format is "more punk," sounds just as bad to me when people say, "Vinyl is the only punk format." The idea of things being "more punk" is fishy to me, thought I understand that self-released shit is more radical and DIY—hence punks creating their own labels. I agree that if a band says it's their release in whatever format they choose, it is, and I really appreciate your letter. But we are keeping the format and CD-Rs are staying in the Demos section.*
*—Thanks! Mariam*

[redacted] *Dear MRR—*
How is life in California? I don't really know what type of collective panic spread across France, but a lot of places seem to be evicted this fall. In Paris, La Miroterie, backbone of the scene there is going through the process and might even be closed by the time this letter makes it across the ocean. New governments, even "Progressive" ones lead to these sorts of changes.

Touring as a one-man act, I hear about venues closing the week prior to my show, as it happened twice during a week-long tour last year, but those were bars changing owners, or ones not closing in time according to various city laws—and being punished for it. In Nice, our venue is legally rented and quite legit, also where most punk bands practice. Since 2004, these two adjacent buildings basements have been mostly turned from a shit hole to a nice place, which seems to be the problem as the landlord now wants to benefit from the renovation work our collective did along the years—different places, same stories, everythwere. The next hearing is on November eighth. There are two online petitions for these spots designed to show the public's interest in these spaces. Le Voure is the only non-mainstream venue, having from two to six shows a week and ranging from punk, reggae, rock, metal, pop, etc. We do screenings, offer bands practice spaces (usually for free) and have music classes.
Take Care,
—Giz

PS What kind of help do you need for the magazine/fanzine Whatever? I'm not really good at music reviews, but I guess editing things is the same whether in French or in English.

Also the zine enclosed is called "Sweating Pepper." I'ts punx telling stories involving hotsauce. 2 Eu ppd through paypal at xtramedium or $2 through the mail.
Bus Stop Press
c/o Thomas Ledru
19 Montee Du Caroubier
06240 Beausoleil, France

[redacted] *Hi MRR—*
How are you doing? I wanted to spread the world about two zines looking for writers. One about hot suce, really nerdy I admit, and the other about Border Crossing narratives. Could you put it in the classifieds? I don't know if it's too long or not.

On our way to a zine tour in England, a friend of ours got rejected to enter the country, for no particular reason. Talking about it, we all started to tell our own similar stories of strange border crossing and whatnots. A.B.A.C., standing for All Borders Are Crap, would be a project to compile these narratives into zines, as well as emigration and other border crossing tips. Deadline is September 1st 2013.

Anyway, thanks and take care, the first issue of *Sweating Pepper* is out and I'm already being offered new reviews and stories involving your hot condiment favorite! So yeah, no deadline for that one yet, but a new issue should be made out of new submitted material, involving hot sauce and other

peppery stories. Get in touch for both these projects at: xtramedium@laposte.net.
—Giz

*Dear MRR—*
I have been reading *MRR* on and off since 1988. It has been an incredibly crucial part of my punk rock life. I am grateful the magazine still exists and that it continues to evolve. I have had the honor to be interviewed in its pages a few years back and also to have some guest columns that I have written published. In *MRR* #356, a column that I wrote was printed and I am grateful for the opportunity to be heard. Unfortunately, an innocent mistake was made and the column printed in #356 was written three years ago and was printed in *MRR* then. Therefore, while I feel the information is still relevant and important, it doesn't represent where I am at today. Since the main focus of the columns that I submit to *MRR* are about mental health struggles and in particular, my experiences with these types of struggles, it is hard for me to have such old and out of date information presented as representing where I am at today when it really represents where I was at three years ago. However, mistakes happen and moving forward I look forward to having my current and up to date guest columns included in future issues.

I was planning on writing a letter to *MRR* soon about some of the punk rock/mental health projects that I am working on. So, as I am already writing about this in the column, I will take the time to do this now. I have been working on a book titled *You're Crazy*, which compiles first hand accounts of people from the punk scene/community who live with a mental health condition and/or addiction. The purpose of this book is to empower and inspire those of us who live with these difficulties so that we can live happier and healthier lives, and to also fight the stigma and shame that we often face for having to deal with these types of problems. Even in our own open-minded community, there is a great deal of stigma and maltreatment that people like us (like me) face. This book is being published to help people take more control of their lives and to help allow people to own who they are and what they deal with without being defined by it. The first volume of *You're Crazy* will hopefully be published by the summer and there will be subsequent volumes. Interested potential contributors please get in touch for more information.

As a punk rock and mental health activist, I have developed and have been giving a talk titled *Punk Rock, Mental Illness and Recovery* in different cities since the beginning of 2012. This talk is intended to help empower and inspire my punk rock peers and our friends, family and supporters so that we can live happier and healthier lives. In 2013, I will be giving talks all over the New England region as well as taking part in a speaking tour in Quebec this spring. I am hoping to speak in either the Midwest or west coast sometime this summer as well as having more long term plans to speak in the UK, Europe and beyond. I am in need of interested and willing potential event organizers to please get in touch with me from anywhere in the world so we can communicate and work on setting up my talk in your city. I look forward to hearing from you.

In closing, I will have a website up and running soon as well as having *You're Crazy* volume one available in book form. Any and all interested people please get in touch. I am in recovery from a lifetime of mental illness and chronic dysfunction and I know I am not alone. Join me in my (our) fight to live happier and healthier lives and to destroy stigma.
Sincerely,
—Craig Lewis
punx.in.recovery@gmail.com

*Dear MRR—*
Hello, my name is Justin, I am a 31-year-old long time dedicated skatepunk currently trapped in the midst of a nightmare Florida prison system. I am writing for a few reasons:
1. To say thanx for keeping the DIY fire burning with *MRR* and all it is (thanx to everyone involved over there).
2. I want to share my story and what I have planned for the future.
3. I hope to garner some support from outside this shitty situation.

First things first, the only issues I've had of *MRR* for the past couple years (after my sub ran out) are #335 and #338 that I had someone send me through the mail. I was so saddened to hear the news of Bruce Roehrs passing. I loved the enthusiasm in his reviews. I would have loved to meet the guy. R.I.P, most definitely.

I dropped you fine folks a line a line a few years ago, a letter outlining my situation at that time and what my plans for the future were at the time. You published the letter in the June '09 issue #313 of *MRR* and you, Layla, gave me a good reply in the letters section of that issue. Thanx! Having that letter published also resulted in the start of a solid pen-pal/friendship with a young punker lady from Canada who, as of this time (8/23/12) is still writing me and who sends me the occasional issue of *MRR*. She also puts together a zine *Bunko's Army*, which I contribute a bit of writing to.

Anyways, if you re-read my '09 letter in issue #313 after you read this and the other missive I've included, you will see my vision for the future has shifted slightly. I ask that you read the typed letter (nice logo huh?) and if it piques your interest please pass it around and encourage others to drop me a line of support. I need some mail!

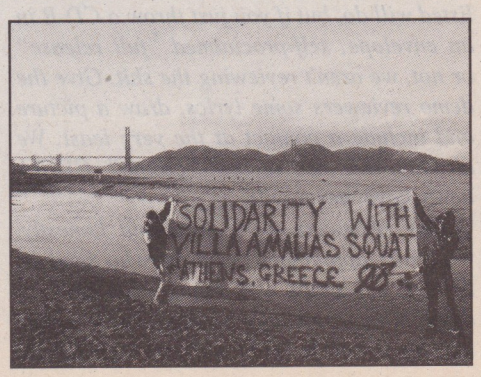
It would be awesome if you could publish the typed missive and perhaps even throw the logo in there somehow.

I also would like to know if there is any possible way for me to get a free sub to *MRR* or at least get issues on a semi-regular basis. I am poor. I know you are too, so if not that's cool. Just thought I'd ask.

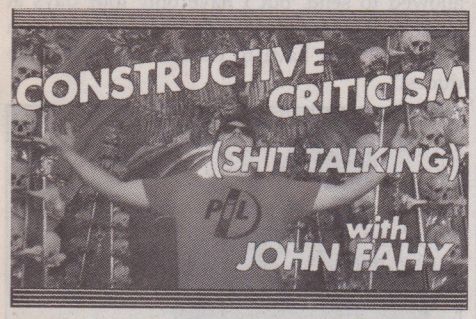
It would be great to hear from one of you sometime soon. Layla, you mentioned in your reply to my first letter (#313) that I maybe should think about taking my idea to a place that really needs the resources. I've thought about it and even though bringing in the streets-skate culture space to the Bay Area would be a kind of "Bringing sand to the beach" thing, there is still no other "beach" I can imagine being on… So we will see! Got any ideas? *Let me know!*

Oh, I do have some good news. They now sell mp3 players in here and I am stoked up on some great fuckin' tunes. Definitely a lifesaver! Take care and keep up the good work. Up the SKATEPUNX!
—Justin M. Curtis #K62605/C2.136.S
Gulf correctional Institution
500 Ike Steele Road
Wewahitchka, FL 32465
For info on this facility: www.dc.state.fl.us/facilities/region1/109.html

*Hey Justin, Thanks for the letter! While we can't offer you a free sub, there are places that you can get MRR! We are working on compiling a new list for prisoners to get some printed material, including MRR. The programs change rather quickly, but we will try our best!*



# COLUMNS




**Glamour Vigil**

By the time this column prints, I will have been made into a thirty year old man, against my will and after a hard-fought struggle with the cruel hands of time. My only plans of marking this milestone are the usual amounts of beer drinking and partying, possibly playing around with the drum machine I just got If I am really going for it, I am hitting up one of those trampoline amusement parks and jumping of the floor, walls and ceilings adorned with trampolines. That's about as much goofing as I think necessary. It is weird to be 30 and still have these simple pleasures and desires, but most punks my age would probably want something similar. I think it's strange how much older the crowd at punk shows is becoming and a lot has been said about the circumstances of entering the world of underground music and how that's changed age demographics, mainly by the internet, including my own blame on the bored youth moving on from a dose of punk to Gregorian chants or whatever else with the click of a mouse, instead of staying festered in the grime of hardcore. What is a more fair charge is that punk is just less prone to originality to actually draw kids to our shows.

I've never been much into straight up D-beat bands. This is an easy subgenre to pick on, but it makes a good example. We could easily identify powerviolence or neo-crust or anything else. The D-beat itself isn't the problem—it's probably one of the top three crushing beats ever written, along with the skull-splintering ACRID beat, which is to say, the SLAYER beat. The problem is DISCHARGE did it, and there's not a ton of room to maneuver around in and explore, so why bother? Now, I'm not normally against this kind of experimenting; I actually think it's great to find a musical alley, explore onward, and have a blast. Like, I really dig that when the BEATLES ditched some of their more jolly-jangly shit, the BIRDS were like, "hold the phone, this shit ain't over." That is cool, if there is enough room for expansion and exploration.

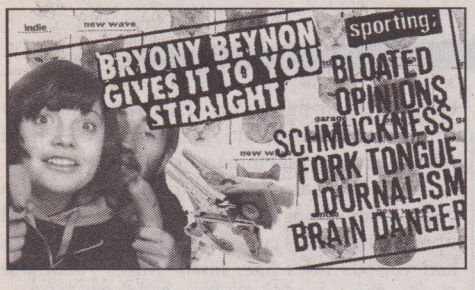
Lately I'm listening to a shitload of CHROME, who because they're at the top of my playlist and I am feeling bold, I will say are the world's greatest San Francisco export beside the rag you read at this moment. The chapter devoted to CHROME and TUXEDO MOON and cohorts in Rip It Up And Start Again is possibly my favorite because of CHROME's story of starting out as acid rock and tape loop fiends then discovering punk at the same time as a band. The sounds are everywhere on the CHROME discography; industrial precision and psych rock freakouts with terrifying soundscapes and some full blown goofing on the vocals. There is straight up rock and roll one minute and a horrifying, science fiction-style existential crisis the next. The hyper-silly beat and simple punk riff that make up the chorus of "You've Been Duplicated" are topped only by the ridiculous-by-way-of-menacing whispered vocals; "you've been duplicated/ you've been recreated/ you've been...replaced!" CHROME could easily be a band to ape and there would be plenty of room for exploration and expansion of their ideas. I think CHROME charted as much new territory as DEVO and with as much of a brilliant delivery. What would make for a greater cause is the search for new territory.

The best punk bands are always taking cues from things extra-punk. Common sense tells us that only pulling from our own gene pool is going to create some gnarly, bland, incestuous offspring. I think this is why we so often reach for the past. Being in a punk band myself in the modern era, I can barely tell record reviewers how sinister the term "modern" is. "Modern hardcore," "modern punk," nobody I know would want to be described this way, even though the term isn't meant to be bad—it's just that so much modern shit sucks. I think we are likely to fantasize that older bands weren't so aware of all kinds of music and just performed what they needed to release, but I think it's also likely that bands were less reluctant in the past also to deny outside influence. I think we're morely likely to give bands like PORN ORCHARD and MECHT MENSCH a second look because we feel that we're more likely to find something real and untainted. I think the reality is that all of that can easily exist in the present if people are willing to take more risks, rather than simply starting a screamo/thrash/insert-genre band. The bands that are institutions now have only become that way because they took risks, like the DEAD KENNEDYS adding some surf, heavy politics and way-over-the-top vocals to the regular punk formula, or the MISFITS writing simple but punchy riffs and belting it out full-blown ELVIS-style in the vocals. That shit was crazy and everyone loved it. Another CRASS ripoff will never have that impact or interest.

Lately I've been listening to a lot of European compilations from the eighties, which I stumbled upon and got very curious in a hurry. The comps had various titles like, *Insane Music For Insane People, Therapie, The Endless Fight, The History Of Jazz, Homemade Music For Homemade People*, etc. The bands spanned Europe and some comps were more area specific than others, but the genres collected were truly interesting. A random compilation would start as one creepy, minimal electronic number followed by a lush, gothy, cold-wave kind of band and then some entirely harsh noise. ALGEBRA SUICIDE on the Desperately Seeking Suicide compilation gave up a meandering guitar riff and a steady, metronome-like drumbeat and a few scattered keyboard notes, underneath an oddly paced, bizarre poetry that was eyebrow-raising and hysterical. Another track sounded like Nine Inch Nails, but ten years earlier and a lot harsher. The bands popped up on all of each others comps and it seems like a strong, mail-based community of weirdos making weird music and guess what? It rules.

Now, experimentation and variation can lead to utter failures; that's why it is risky. But when it works, it's the best shit in the world. So some tracks on these comps hold no value for me whatsoever. This is why experiments need to be completed: the product needs to be good to be actually worthwhile. Some guy jamming on a broken sitar is not enough and not worth anyone's time. The reason we listen to punk is because it has a hook, a punch, something that pulls. This is something I need from all music, so no ambient noise is going to work for me. There is a reason people think musical ignorance is bliss; they're half-right! "Devilock" is an incredible song and makes you want to explode! But how many times can it be done? So the answer is a marriage of the two schools, says me—musical power coupled with a prolonged exploration of ways to do things. This is exemplified by many of our favorite bands. Like RUDIMENTARY PENI—it's hardcore, but it's got a death rock vibe one minute and a peace punk vibe another and it's all wrapped up in being its own weird thing! PUBLIC IMAGE LIMITED creating depressed dub shit or as a more (I hate to use this word, but it cannot be avoided) modern example, BAADER BRAINS aural, visual and psychological assault blasted as loud as their wild vocal insanity, stop on a dime, precise, militaristic drumbeats

and swinging riffs culled from a '90s hardcore kaleidoscope as much as some of the soul and funk samples that grace their records, a hugely exciting combination that create their own world to enter, an achievement that portrays exactly one of the reasons the world will miss Sarah Kirsch so much. Contact me here: fahy_john@hotmail.com or John Fahy, 15011 Lakeside View Dr, Apt 2402, Fort Myers, FL, 33919/USA




This month's column will be a short one as I'm about to get on a plane to go to New York and Philadelphia. The person I'll be travelling there with has not been to these places before, which got me reminiscing about who I was the last time I passed through those places. Each is less of a city and more of a hollowed out shell stuffed full of meals, in-jokes, missing links and the-things-you-know-are-there-but-never-saw, all padded out by film stills. Places mean new things all the time; memories become half fiction, better in the retelling. Consider this a shaking-em-upside-down-onto-the-floor and filing the contents:

New York. An enlarged photograph in a weird, brown frame that hung on my grandmother's wall. It is of me tucked between my two sisters in the back of a limousine. Beaming. I am nine and my oldest sister has won a competition with a pop magazine (she is heavily into Take That at the time) courtesy of a newly launched transatlantic Airline. A long weekend in New York for four. I am the fifth child. Mum somehow persuades Branson's heavies to let us all go. First time in America. I have never experienced Jetlag before, it's 2am and Dad takes me to Grand Central Station. We bring back doughnuts for my sisters who are glued to MTV and "Gangsta's Paradise". I drink a Coke. All of these things are contraband in our house at home (staying up late, doughnuts, let alone Krispy Kremes or music television). Land of the forbidden.

New York '95. The top of the World Trade Centre. I learn that here it is called an elevator, not a lift. I am wearing desert boots and a denim skater skirt and Dad has a heavy Olympus Trip around his neck.

New York '05. Central Park. A polaroid. Eighteen years old, with tufty dyed green hair, drinking wine on the strange, different grass, with an internet friend I've been emailing since I was fourteen, about the same age I started drinking recreationally. The drinking laws baffle me. We put other polaroids on our faces as another internet-friend-made-real takes the shot. My parents live in Australia now and are a distant concept. Gorilla Biscuits are playing down the street.

Philadelphia. Same trip. Pointless fest. We don't know anyone. Jess talks to strangers and crowd surfs with abandon, I stand aside nursing a ball of envy deep in my stomach. We miss the end of Limp Wrist to run for the last train back to where we're staying with her much older academic friend and his wife, in an ivy covered house that feels like something out of Annie Hall, all scrubbed floorboards and meandering philosophical discussions. Jess and the academic fuck in the night and I decide not to hear it.

New York '05: Lost. We'd got on together and somehow got separated. I am alone on a speeding subway car with only the screaming realisation I have no numbers for anyone or no idea where we were going for company. An exciting new place has become an unfriendly strange world battered by an internal "shit shit shit shitttt" refrain. My wracked brain turfs me out almost instinctively at 'Port Authority' with the vague memory of something about catching a bus to somewhere with a weird name. Adrenaline kicks in and gets drowned by euphoria, as is also waiting at the stop for fucking Hackensack.

Philly '05. Blocks, walking, walking, walking, blocks, block, blocks. Straight streets are not normal to me. Something about a bad neighbourhood, but I'm too hot to be scared. We are at a house show that has a fridge outside. I have never seen crusties this committed before. I consider dreadlocks for a fleeting dark moment that haunts me a little even now. I am just as awkward but still manage to drink from my first Keg, watch Asshole Parade in my first basement and hear my first gunshot.

New York '09: Outraged that the Lower East Side feels less Cro-Mags and more Shoreditch. I feel betrayed by Patti and Lydia and the passage of time. And this venue doesn't even actually sell cake. We go to a bar where the beer is free but you still have to tip, my mind is a bit blown. Free isn't free but tipping, which we only do for hairdressers and cabbies in the UK, feels novel, honest and kind, even though it isn't. I know that the boys went to a roof party and injected drugs into each others' butts that night, because they whisper conspiratorially about it in the van for the entire rest of tour.

Philly '09. Second date at the beginning of a tour with Shitty Limits that I quit my job to do. Invincible, dizzy, very taken with the area name Northern Liberties. So grandiose. There are close friends at the gig I won't meet for another three years. There is a welcome barbeque, a skate shop gig, and later that night Louis lets me sing one of their songs. I get sad thinking that maybe that is the closest I'll get to playing in America, but then there is a disastrous scab-Sceptres set in an L.A. parking lot a few weeks from this point.
Hey, that'll do.

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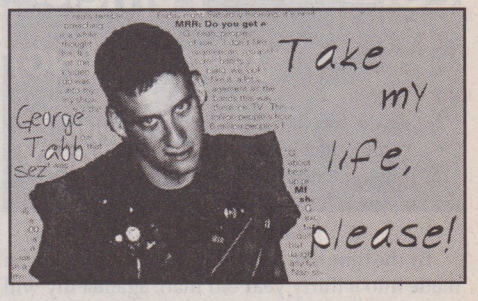
After the timely demise of Dire records, I've started something new with Ben called Muscle Horse, named after the Sexton Ming/Billy Childish earworm of the same name. We're gunning for mostly London-based punker releases, plus quality mailorder done with style, and we have a risograph machine that we sort of know how to use too. We have put out some tapes so far because that's always best to start with. The first one is a benefit for the DIY show space we're working on with some other great people in London, and has two songs each from Satellites of Love, Woolf, Good Throb, No, Warm Ways, Croup, Hunger and Domestic Blitz. The second one is a quick'n'dirty hardcore demo from a new band called Voidhammer. I promise not to plug this every month if you buy 'em: www.wearemusclehorse.com

Must mention: this month I got some rad prisoner post from two awesomely talented incarcerated punks in Arizona. I want to write back properly soon and check up on what I'm allowed to send, but I have only four days at home in the next months, so I hope this column shout out will have to do for now. What up dudes!?




So, I'm standing out in front of Bowery Electric on a recent November evening, preparing to play a show with my band, Furious George, as well as Hammerbrain's new line-up called Damn Kids, which is a fucking great name if you ask me, and also my pals Tina and Yv's band, Ingred and the Defectors, who used to be Charm School. Everyone plays the same kinda music, only some of the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Anyway, out of the corner of my left eye I see a SUV about to pass us then I hear some guy yelling "Sissy" at me while he throws an almost full can of Pabst Blue Ribbon at me. I'm offended.

What a waste of beer.

And as for the wisecrack, it pissed me off because I was called a "sissy" way before that. But wait, I think I should back up a bit and explain.

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Okay, so some years back I am at home enjoying a night of staying in. On a Friday night. Something I rarely do. At all. Unless, of course, I have the flu, food poisoning or have rented a really excellent movie that has the three B's: Boobs, blood, and more boobs. Anyway, somehow my pal Tracy convinces me to go to some party in the East Village where she promises me there will be lots of alcohol. I am kinda skeptical since Tracy is really not all that punk, and actually likes Sonic Youth. But I agree to go anyway. I figure ya only live once, and ya might as well meet new people and try new things. But more importantly, ya never turn down free booze.

So I go to the party with My Future Ex-Wife, and it is sorta what I expected. It is in this building on Avenue B, on like the fifth floor, and there are all these yuppie type east village wanna-be trendy motherfuckers hanging out. In the apartment the party is in. And also in the hallway

of the building. In fact, as I make my way toward the apartment to get some beer, someone tells me that, "I don't wanna go in there." I ask him why, and he tells me that it is way too crowded. Great, I figure to myself, I'll never be able to get to the booze. I knew I should have stayed home and worked on getting them bananas in Donkey Kong Two, Diddy's Adventure, which by the way, fucking rules.

"Did ya just get here?" Tracy asks My Future Ex-Wife and I as she walks up the hall. My Future Ex-Wife tells her that we did, and that the party seems too crowded to go inside. Tracy tells us that she will brave the crowd, along with her boyfriend, Jan, and get us a drink. Jan. Pronounced like "John," except replace the "J" with a "Y". Like in "Ya." Or "Ya-hoo!"

What a name.

Anyway, I tell them that is cool, and soon they return with drinks.

"How do you like the party?" asks Jan.

I tell him that it is fine, but I'd rather be at home playing with my two monkeys. He tells me that I am just "too punk rock." When I ask him what he means, he tells me that I need to expand my horizons, or some shit like that.

I just look at him. He is wearing a black knit cap, cab driver scarf, ya know, those checkered things, a big black winter jacket, a drab shirt, and drab jeans, and boots. Typical communist outfit. Oh yeah, and he has wire rimmed glasses. On top of everything else.

So I tell Jan, pronounced like "John," expect with a "Y" instead of a "J," I like things the way they are, and who is he to speak. I tell him that every time I see him he is wearing the same outfit, and looks like every other commie that lives in New York. I tell him he shouldn't be at this party, but leading some parade somewhere protesting the rights of the underprivileged, but in all reality, actually just working with the Yippies to support the legalization of Marijuana. He asks me what I am talking about and I tell him nevermind.

Ya see, here in New York, every time some great protest or parade is staged, it always turns into a "legalize weed" fest. I mean, that is not a bad idea, at all, but fuck. There are other more important things going on around, and these guys always seem to draw the attention back to themselves, and their issue. Marijuana. Fuck that. Oh, did I mention my books *Playing Right Field* and *Surfing Armageddon*?

Anyway, Jan, pronounced like "John," except with a "Y" instead of a "J," and I continue to argue about things. We finally decide that I am just a punk rocker, and am never gonna change, and he is what he is. Whatever that is. I still say a commie. So we drink more and more and get a good buzz going. Then the conversation turns to art and I get kinda bored. I tell My Future Ex-Wife, Tracy, and Jan, pronounced like "John," except with a "Y" instead of a "J," that I am gonna take a walk up to the roof. I do.

***

On the roof I run into this girl who keeps calling me "Furious George." I figure she must have seen my band, and that I must of met her, but can't really remember. Actually, lately, I can't really remember a lot. We, Furious George, played this show about a month earlier, and I got so drunk I blacked out.

I kinda remember waking up on the stage at the Continental, a local club here, covered in beer and dirt. Somehow I managed to get home, and the next day found all these pieces of paper with phone numbers and people's names and on them in my pockets. And I have no recollection of meeting anyone. Everyone tells me that we played a great show that night, and I even have a video of it. And we did play well. But I can't remember a damn thing.

Anyway, I get to talking to the girl who is calling me "Furious George," and ask her where I met her. She tells me she met me at Jan's party a couple of weeks ago. Jan, pronounced like "John," except with a "Y" instead of a "J." I tell her that I remember. I also tell her that I remember she published some magazine or something like that. She tells me that she is the editor of "Cigar Aficionado."

"Wow," I tell her. Then she goes on to tell me that I would really like the magazine, and could she send me one? I give her my address. And got the magazine two weeks later. It has Matt Dillion on the cover. With a cigar. It says, "Matt Dillon, a rebel with class." Right. I wonder if he told her, "Hey, I'm Matt Dillon," when he met her. But that's another story.

So I get tired of talking to the editor girl, and get sorta cold from being outside, and make my way back downstairs, and back to the party. Outside the door of the party I see My Future Ex-Wife, Tracy, and Jan, pronounced like "John," except with a "Y" instead of a "J." I tell them that I am bored and can we please leave now. They tell me that I am a party pooper. I ask if that is like a stoop pooper and they just look at me.

Whatever.

So I hang out in the hall a bit longer and listen to them talk about graphic design. And about some guy who designs for some magazine called "Raygun" or something. They are saying that he is at this party, and he is really important. I could give a shit. There was no more booze left and it was time to go. Then the guy they are talking about comes out of the party, and Jan, pronounced like "John," except with a "Y" instead of a "J," and Tracy are all over him like flies on some current "Indie" bands.

They talk for awhile, and finally the guy leaves. I then ask if that means we can go too and they all say yes. Finally.

As we make our way out of the building, I tell Jan, pronounced like "John," except with a "Y" instead of a "J," that who cares about graphic design and stuff, and that he needs to be more of a man. I tell him that he should dress differently and lose those glasses. He tells me that I have probably dressed the same for twenty years, I say, "Yeah, so what?" We argue some more, and he tells me that I have a hang-up about being "manly" and stuff. I explain to him that he should be more "manly," and then he wouldn't fight with his girlfriend, Tracy, so much. Tracy is a tough little thing. Cute. But kinda like a pitbull. And Jan, pronounced like "John," except with a "Y" instead of a "J," just seems sorta whimpy. But I'm sure he could change that. And I was just kinda trying to help him. But he didn't wanna hear about it.

*To be continued…*

## MIND LESS CONTENTMENT
### WITH CHUCK BARRELS

I'm old enough to know that I don't have many years left where I'm still going to be able to dig what the kids have to say. Thankfully, I'm still juvenile enough these days to keep up, and the past few years have seen some wonderful new strains of punk rock evolve. I really couldn't be more thrilled to see the merging of garage-punk and hardcore happening across the map, the intersection of scenes that don't usually mix well if at all. One band I feel are doing it very well is North Carolina's BRAIN F≠. Their merging of hardcore velocity with garage-rock hooks that shows equal respect for the Rip Off or In the Red records rosters as well as Dischord or SST is exciting to hear. Nick Goode is the main brain behind the band, a hardcore kid who started out in a hardcore band (JOINT DAMAGE) and whose tastes grew into BRAIN F≠, the even punker JOINT D≠ and more we'll talk about below. Give his bands a listen and enjoy our chatter about COC, "the scene" and HANK WOOD & THE HAMMERHEADS (Best Record of 2012). RIP PASCUAL PEREZ.

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**North Carolina isn't exactly a punk mecca, but two bands I think of immediately are ANTISEEN and COC—did either of these bands have an impact on your local punk upbringing? Was there much of a Charlotte scene when you were getting into things?**

I was born in the same town as VOID in Maryland, then I lived around here during middle/high school. Didn't really figure out punk or see a real show until I was in college outside of DC. Never been down with ANTISEEN (meeting Bruce Roehrs when he came to town for their anniversary show or something is the only good thing I can think of about 'em), but sure on COC... though I first heard *Animosity* the same week I got a tape with the *No Core* and *Why Are We Here* comps on it (which I dig more than any COC record). And no—there was not much of a scene here. I would drive three hours to Raleigh just about every weekend once I moved to Charlotte. Raleigh in 2006 (and for a while after) was one of the best places in the world for punk, and DOUBLE NEGATIVE proved to be great influences, historians, anti-dads, peddlers of smut, etc. Charlotte's odd, there's some story that DOA had a bad time here and spread the word that no one should come here. The Milestone (which is still open and still killer) had FLAG in '82, MINOR THREAT, BAD BRAINS, SACCHARINE TRUST, etc—it's bizarre

that more people didn't start bands. I think NO ROCK STARS was the only hardcore band from Charlotte that recorded, the stories go that everyone else that was into punk from around here moved to Raleigh (which I pretty much did on the weekends for a while too). There isn't a lot of lore or punk history in this town if you aren't into confederate scum punk, which makes it fun to see just about any kind of band start—it's probably the first time anyone's done it here. It's getting real good at the moment.

**I've rambled at great length on tangents about Brain F≠ being the intersection of garage and hardcore. I don't know how right I am about it, but I am interested to know how you got into the more garage side of punk (say, TEENGENERATE or REATARDS) as a kid who was playing in/listening to hardcore a lot. When I was younger, the hardcore scene and garage-rock scenes didn't mix so much. That seems to be less and less the case these days I think…**

You are very right—I was pretty much just going to hardcore punk shows when I lived in DC, but towards the end of spring '06 we went to Richmond and caught a (killer) show with GORILLA ANGREB (and GOVERNMENT WARNING, WASTED TIME, FUCKED UP... it was pretty stacked) at NanciRaygun. I only knew they were ex-APA, and hadn't heard them. I watched 'em, they blew my mind in some new ways, and I realized I needed more things like this. Badly. Started listening to everything they were compared to, etc. Had to move back to rural NC and work off debt, so I had lots of time on my hands—much zine-mining and punk nerd internet research later, I had a better idea of Dangerhouse and shit, but the hook was when I stumbled into buying the second CARBONAS LP at a record store solely because the sleeve was so brilliant. It had a similar taste-expanding effect and was dubbed to a tape that I probably listened to every day for a good half a year. That record is such a monster—the perfect gateway drug for an angsty punk at nineteen. Great riffs used to write actually great songs, but still having venom. To me it was just as hardcore as ZERO BOYS, but they played with bands I didn't really know—I looked 'em up and checked out the labels they were on, and whom they played with, and was very excited that I didn't know shit about any of this. I went to Atlanta and got to catch 'em at Rob's House and realized how different the vibes were at the show—it's weird how distant the concept of rock and roll is if you're absorbed in '80s hardcore culture. I think this coincided with the first time I heard the Iggy mix of *Raw Power*, which I determined to be the best guitar noises I'd ever heard, and I had a new way to spend my time. Van rides with DOUBLE NEGATIVE turned me on to PUSSY GALORE and so much other shit of that ilk. Somehow (definitely Terminal Boredom, at this point—which is *thee* reason I was able to find out about so much) I found the HUNCHES and started chipping away at In the Red's back catalog and everything he put out afterwards. In here somewhere, a blog or something and a friend owning *Wild Zero* led me to TEENGENERATE'S *Smash Hits*, and I had a new favorite record of all time (it's still up there). The original songs on that, the recording, the covers that I didn't fucking have a clue about just blew the doors off of everything I knew. Had the exact same effect as the first time I heard *Hear Nothing, See Nothing, Say Nothing*.

**Well, I'm glad I was finally right about something. What would you say is unique to the NC scene/music, (or even the wider Southern scene in general including ATL or Richmond) that differentiates it and the bands from stuff up North or West? Or is it all the same? Have you ever got any trouble from punk-hating redneck types in your time?**

Raleigh is bizarre cause it seems like COC is in the fucking water—even people who don't listen to 'em sound like they probably did at once—and that the scene skews mainly to 18-28 and 40-50. Charlotte is unique in that no style has enough people around to sustain itself, so there's lots of punk shows that mix with really great jazz musicians, really weird bands that are like actual modern private press proto-Costello rock and everyone keeps an open mind. Other than that, yeah it's all the same. North Carolina also has Cookout, which is the greatest fast food chain of all time—all bands should demand to be brought to one. There are definitely punk-hating rednecks, but they're just all into metal. Or they're juggalos.

**Your region has been very fortunate to have labels like Grave Mistake and Sorry State locally active, how much help have those guys been aside from just releasing the records, and where do you think the area scene might be if you didn't have those labels around?**

Alex (GM) helped with almost all the BF≠ art on the records he did—he's a great designer (and hoarder of rub-on letters). Both distros had an immense effect on my tastes as a young one. But being in a band with Daniel (Sorry State honcho) probably broadened my horizons a thousand times over. That dude's record collection is obscene and his tastes are almost always right near mine. Plus, I don't think the first real band I'd ever been in would have gotten off the ground if the drummer and I hadn't met him in Raleigh. He's absolutely instrumental in helping me do most things I've done. They both do a lot for their respective locales, though Richmond is a way different place than it was a few years ago. I think Raleigh is still one of my favorite punk towns, and a lot of that has to do with Sorry State Dischord-ing just about every good band of the ilk from the state. Most of the new wave of kids out there is largely informed by his label—it's awesome.

**What is the current status of Brain F≠? Is the new LP done and when can we expect it on the shelves? Any touring possibilities or other recordings coming?**

We're all in different cities, so you could probably call us "dormant." I'm pretty busy with JOINT D≠ and MEATGROUP, Bob is even busier with DOUBLE NEGATIVE (and their OFF/SPITS/NEGATIVE APPROACH/AARP-Metamucil tours) and INFECCION, and Eddie is working on a really insane and great project called DAS MIERDA. The second album is in the can, we just have to tie up some loose artwork and mixing ends. There's a fair chance we'll play out in early 2013 when it's released.

**Tell us about MEAT GROUP. And while we're at it, what's up with the new JOINT D≠ LP? How would you describe the differences between JOINT D≠ and BRAIN F≠ for someone unaware? Or how do you figure out which songs go with which bands?**

MEAT GROUP is me and three dudes I never knew were into hardcore that were guided by beer and punk DJ nights in our shit city into starting a band. Drummer plays like we're in GLOOM, bass and guitars like we love the second TOXIC REASONS LP more than anything, vox from a Norwegian dude that sounds like he is Poffen from TOTALITÄR. It's a weird mix that makes for something I completely love—and certainly the meanest band I've been in. The JOINT D≠ LP has just been finished, recorded by Ryan from GG KING/BUKKAKE BOYS (RIP), and sounds like what I imagine Chris Gunn growing up only on DEATH SIDE and stuff Touch and Go would cover—the FIX had a more genius songwriting element to them than history would have you think. Also, I do not know Chris Gunn—I just think the HUNCHES were the greatest band of this millennium. It's my favorite thing I've done and it will be out quite soon on Sorry State.

BRAIN F≠ definitely had a little more accessibility until this newest JD LP, but mostly you can chalk up the differences to the drummers involved. Bob (of -/-) is more raw power and a twin-like ability to detect what drums go with whatever riff, and our bassist wrote songs in major keys. Houseman (of JD) is technically perfect and more into turning that talent into total assault and destruction (and huge drum riffs, if that makes sense). I can't sing as weirdly and pretty as Elise can in BF≠, but this new JD record sees hooks that are stronger than in that band.

I write when I feel like I need to write, and the context generally guides it. A third of the new JD record is written around (brilliant) esoteric jazz-based ideas our drummer has—I feel really lucky to be involved with so many weird great drummers in such a barren city—I don't think I've ever had to choose which band to shoot a song to. I only work well when time is running out, so it's much more like deadlines approach and I have to start spending time alone venting in front of a practice amp. And whatever I have to vomit out through my hands is usually of a certain ilk.

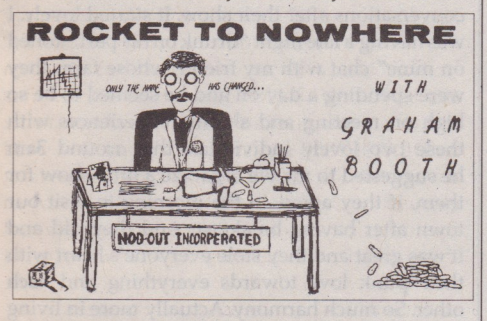
**Since we just wrapped up 2012, what were a couple of your favorite records released this year and why?**

The GG KING single on Total Punk is A+— I've had "Bag" stuck in my head since I saw 'em play it in June 2011. The ILEGAL LP is a monster on every front, totally fuckin' mean, the weirdest mix of styles and the artwork is incredible (somehow even better than that version of their first 7" with "Fuck You" stamped all over immigration paperwork). The absolute favorite is HANK WOOD & THE HAMMERHEADS, though. Good god. I imagine this record is what Townes van Zandt's head sounded like as he lost teeth from huffing airplane glue. Complete

lyrical genius bolstered by the only acceptable use of sampling in punk (*Ghostbusters II*). Get outta my house!

NICK'S DISCOGRAPHY:

Logic Problem - S/T 7" (Sorry State, 2008)
Logic Problem - "No Center" 7" (Grave Mistake, 2009)
Logic Problem - S/T LP (Abuse, 2009)
"No Bullshit Vol. 4" comp (Logic Problem) (No Way, 2009)
Brain F≠ - "Restraining Order" 7" (Static Shock, 2010)
Brain F≠ - "So Dim" 7" (Grave Mistake, 2011)
Brain F≠ - "Sleep Rough" LP (Sorry State/Grave Mistake/Static Shock, 2011)
Joint D≠ - "Strike Gently" LP (Sorry State, 2012)




Man, I was all set to write a scathing expose on the state of internet record prices, but I literally just got a package in the mail that made me forget what I was so angry about. I mean, it was only like three months ago I was cursing a gaping hole in my Italian Hardcore collection, and then, just like that I snag a crisp OG copy of ICE AND THE ICED's muy raro EP for 75 bucks. That's like half price (or less!). I guess waiting ten years finally paid off.

It's been a weird month like that. I just had a jaw dropping real world weekend, rounding out a day of digging in some East Bay cheap bins, I got another ten-plus year wantlist staple for a *quarter*. 25 cent records are a rare thing in this millennium, let alone finding one that you're specifically looking for. I can now happily say I own the *ALS JE HAAR MAAR GOED ZIT* LP Compilation. I don't know what it means, but I can type that shit from memory, having typed it out so many times over the years. Can you say Dutch Hardcore Bomber? (Sorry folks, this is a bit too early for a true Bonzer).

I have to wonder how many people reading this are familiar with *ALS JE HAAR MAAR GOED ZIT* already. I guess if you're Dutch (or from the Netherlands) this is like your *FLEX YOUR HEAD* comp. Err, hmm, maybe more like your *BUSTED AT OZ* comp. I like the sound of that. *ALS JE HAAR MAAR GOED ZIT* is on the infamous Dutch Vogelspin label, best known to us Toucan Sam's for the Alternative Tentacles band BGK a.k.a. BALTHASAR GERRARDS KOMMANDO (I had to look that one up). But if you're already in tune with the Dutchies, you'd also know NITWITZ, NV LEANDEREN, the STUDS and shit well—and this comp, and Volume II (that I still do not own goddamn it). If you are a fat lazy slob you can listen to the entire compilation on YouTube, someone posted all 38 minutes of it.

I think this comp is most famous for the AMSTERDAMNED tracks, hailed as one of the greatest Dutch HC bands ever (with a girl singer too), but they never had their own record, so they were super secret and you only knew about them if you were a true HC fanatic. There're also tracks from other famous acts like FRITES MODERN and RAKKETAK and a bunch of sick shit. There's actually some rad gothy, post-punky shit on here too. I am hella stoked that it only took ten years and not twenty years for me to get it. Cool story bro.

The cooler story is that earlier that day I found another wantlist item *in the real world*. I probably never did tell you all this for stupid self-promotion related noxiousness, but I did help some Chicago friends at Numero Group in compiling an Illinois powerpop compilation that came out many months ago called *BUTTONS*. I will say, unless you are really into limp dick lightweight pop with keyboards and CHEAP TRICK aspirations, you should probably stay far away from it. What can I say, Illinois pop is kinda cool, but it was a lot of bar bands trying to make it big, and that's what their records sound like.

Anyway, there are two records on that comp that I do not own. I am from Chicago, I've searched for records there, I know many other people similarly searching for records there, and these records are impossible. Like give up—or, well, I could've given up my kidney to get my friends spare copy, but fuck that, I like a challenge.

So one record I need, the band claimed they made 100 copies. I can't believe 100 copies, but fuck, you never ever, ever see the record, so maybe it's possible. I don't know. It's impossible. So I'm looking for this impossible Chicago powerpop record, and I am at some mini neighborhood record swap in Oakland CA and I find the record for five bucks after a half a dozen other record heads went through the same box. What the fuck! So I gots me my very own NORTHSHORE 45, the killer cut is "School Yard". Not quite punky to these ears, but if your powerpop tolerance is low, it's one of the few edgier comp tracks you might be able to sit through.

It was a good weekend. I finally paid off another order I was slacking on… I am stoked to finally be capping off my Kansas City DIY triumvirate: the missing third EP from DUCHAMP complete with "rare" picture sleeve. Man, now DUCHAMP is tough. I always used to see sleeveless copies of their records, they have a real weird label logo, but the picture sleeves are another story. They are also pretty sick, super arty collage-y (college-y?) shit. Some copies of their *Intimacy b/w Energy* 45 popped up in the last couple years with its rad oversize sleeve, but that *Elect* 7" took fucking forever. But that had *nothing* on the "*Rain b/w What You Say*" 45. I only saw that for sale one time, I missed seeing the auction, only later spotting that my Japanese Arch Rival scored that shit for a hefty pricetag. I gave up after I saw that, like two years ago. Owww.

Well now it's coming in the mail. DUCHAMP were a sick weirdo art punk outfit, maybe "punk" is pushing it, but it's cool kinda punky. They actually have a song on youtube and if you google "Duchamp Energy" you will see the rad picture sleeve. But it is annoying music—very, very "sick." God this music makes me super stoked. Also it is from Kansas City, and there was like *zero* punk scene there in the '70s. Or maybe just nobody put out records. But I have a friend from KC and he basically said that most '70s/'80s music from KC is absolute shite, and I believe him because he has good taste and is not a liar.

Fuck I am stoked on DUCHAMP and NORTHSHORE (I am from the Northshore [and I know that is "lame"]) and *ALS JE HAAR MAAR GOED ZIT* and ICE AND THE ICED. What a random smattering of new wave era detritus. This shit never really gets old. Actually, the fucking sickest shit I got all month is also the lamest shit I got. I mean, people have talked about this legendary turd grail for a couple decades at least and I *never ever* saw a copy for real, just heard about them. So anyway, I sees this copy when I'm doing my self loathing troll thru eBay a couple times a week and I see this fucker just sitting there. It's a auction at like 30 bucks and I just laugh inside my brain like, "no, I can't, fuck, *that* thing? Fuck. I have never seen that thing before. It's just sitting there. I wonder if anyone will see it? Ha ha ha, that shit is going to blow the fuck up. *Wow. That* thing? *No Way! Ha Ha Ha*. Jesus." So I sets me snipes. Like 40 some bucks. I mean, what the fuck, I *have* to bid. I'll lose. Who cares? Just on principle. Fuck it.

So, I won a *goddamn* CRO MAGS *Age of Quarrel* LP *with raer profile records mispress RUN DMC B-side labels*! It was 40 bucks and I felt sick, but whatever. That is a pretty famous record for straight edge people fifteen years ago. Did you know that? Like on every Revelation records Trade Board Wantlist famous record. I have it. This is the fucking shit just whatever, *Fuck!*

**Reflections on Accountability**

I write a lot in this space about community, and what that means in punk/hc/local music scene context. The fact is we depend on one another a lot as punks—sometimes for our livelihoods, often for our personal safety.

And that means we all need to have a certain level of personal responsibility to ourselves and to our other community members. We have the responsibility to not impinge on one another's boundaries, to listen to and respect one another—to show up on time (or let people know we'll be showing up late so the order can be switched) and respect the space as performers and attendees. To pay bands fairly. To not steal from one another, assault and abuse and harass one another (and yet these things happen. They happen all the fucking time).

This doesn't mean that punk should be All Rules/No Fun or that all of our relationships with one another are somehow static.

But there is a core of respect we should have when dealing with one another. I can't even count how many people's couches I've crashed on because of the Punk Network, how many shows I've gotten to play, how many favors I've done for other people, how many favors have been done for me, how much support I have received and given, how many friendships I've made and lost, how much real impact this community has had on my life. That is why I give a shit. We're not individuals who exist in some kind of isolation-space where we don't have significant impacts on one another, where our behavior to one another really means something. This is what "community" means to me.

Accountability isn't easy. It isn't meant to be easy.

We have all fucked up. We will all fuck up again. Some of us will fuck up in innumerable small ways, we will catch ourselves, we will try our best to not repeat our mistakes. Some of us will fuck up in huge ways and we will have to come to terms with the hardest of all facts: that some actions cannot be rescinded.

The only way to start being accountable for all of our fuckups, large and small, is to not run from them and to not displace our guilt and blame onto others. Sometimes we need to reach out for help, and we need to listen to one another when someone else is reaching out for help. If we can't personally handle helping in certain ways for whatever reasons, we can at least support one another and help direct one another to the appropriate resources and help pool resources for one another if necessary (being as many of us don't exactly have a ton of money, and sometimes help takes money. It definitely takes time, in most cases, and energy). We need to hold one another accountable. We need to not shy away from the most difficult of conversations.

I have a personal tendency toward self-flagellation (the product of being in abusive situations for much of my life until my early-to-mid 20s and having that shape the way I related to people and to myself), but self-flagellation in and of itself is pointless. Figuring out how to carry the weight of one's transgressions in a responsible manner that does justice to the weight of said transgressions without turning it so far inward that one renders oneself immobile and/or makes oneself the center of the issue (when in reality the effects of one's transgressions are the center of the issue) is difficult, situational, and specific. There are no easy answers or aphorisms here, only ongoing and often nonlinear processes and complicated relationships and situations.

My life is a fairly good one, because I have narrowed the range of people I keep close to me. When I was younger I needed for the sake of survival to believe in the best in almost everyone I met, even people I didn't like, because I had been so hurt and damaged that I didn't know how to keep going if I couldn't find something good in anyone. As I have gotten older and stronger and healed some I see that my willingness to overlook flaws in my interactions with some people was causing me to not trust my gut when it came to dealing with people who would ultimately be dangerous to me in some way or another. I've come to a happy medium at this point where I don't need to like everyone and I don't need everyone to like me—but I do need to go through my life being respected, and I can return that base human respect to anyone, regardless. That does not mean I will forgive immediately (or ever) in some circumstances, but it means that I cannot be cruel.

I'm just musing here on basic How To Live Your Life Without Causing Harm To Others stuff, but I think that we need to have these conversations as punks once in a while, to remember empathy and respect and—yes, accountability—personal accountability as well as being willing to call our friends and acquaintances on harmful behavior. If you've got other thoughts, I promise to actually check my email this time: modernistwitch@gmail.com // themodernistwitch.tumblr.com.

Life update stuff: New all-femme noise rock band is called Split Feet and we should have a demo out within the next couple of months (maybe even by the time this sees print). I'm real amped for Population's January west coast tour. I hate Rahm Emanuel more with each passing day. I can finally get back into working on this book about women in punk and post-punk, I just need to focus on it.

December is coming and no one has any plans for New Year's Eve, so they just keep reiterating their hatred towards celebrating the end of another twelve months. They are all going to hug each other with puke breath in the end. A year ago on the 30th I got an e-mail. I was asked if I wanted to participate in telling my version of everyday life as a punk. All I had done before was make a zine in English and I wrote a scene report. And I have a friend in the inner circle who, I guess, had my back.

Years are time intervals and time is an opportunity for things to happen. Was this a good year or not? It was just a year. There are no simply good or bad things, except that punk is good and jazz is bad. Thus punk was good this year. It was for me. All I think about while writing this, is that for almost a year I wanted to participate from the first time I read this fanzine. And while the actual process of writing my columns does not give me more pleasure than it did when I was doing it for my own zines or blogs, last month's letter section with Mariam articulating that we are punx and we have our secret world made, almost made me brake down in tears of joy—that in a way I'm doing something together with this kick ass girl. As we all do, who understood her words.

The words are always the same. We say young, true, not, giving, fucks and so it goes. But if the secret is not a real secret for you, you could spot "real" even among ordinary things too. So whoever and wherever you are, if you are doing it on the way you think is the bestm you will be spotted as well. Or not, and live a terrible life and commit suicide as Kafka did.

I have no great thoughts or beef this time so I will mostly talk about music and regular punk enthusiasm.

We had Street Eaters over in our flat, town, rehearsal room for a last minute show and some early afternoon punk lunch with pasta and bottled tomato sauce and late night drunk conversations after their show. It started lovely. I was having a late night "drunk on his part, stoned on mine" chat with my friend, whose farm they were spending a day on and he seemed to be so high on meeting and sharing experiences with these two lovely individuals that around 3am he suggested to me we organize a little show for them, if they agree, in the morning to visit our town after having breakfast. And they did and it was great and they stole everyone's heart with their punk love towards everything and each other. So much harmony. Actually more in living their lives and dealing with the world than in their music, which is already filled with great grooves and beats. So go figure how they are as individuals when the band is actually a bass-and-drums duo. I doubt that many people's lives would be changed by well put phrases about happiness that may be true. In fact, those phrases are never true but simple and dull enough so you can project them onto your life to get you motivated. But when you see this in practice, as other people really live their everyday lives by them, even on tour, which is not the most typical scenario in one's life...that is so very different and inspiring. Their presence was unique. And it wasn't stupid and dull like those phrases. It was more than that, and at the same time it was just so simple. I don't say that no one is happy, but they also might have problems. It was just simply good to see lovely people among us. Maybe for a roomful of kids who have nothing else to do and who are late for nothing on a morning following a Thursday night, it could mean something.

Now to music and listening to records. Isn't that boring that I put music always in the second part? At least this time there is no shady explanation why I was listening to bands and some pathetic bridge between the message and the entertainment. It is weird, because while being important for life, music itself has so little meaning. There are books and movies that are analyzed and considered as materials of serious meaning, while music is just being reduced to entertainment as primitive indulgence, since people realized that pieces by classical composers are not that good to listen to all the time. When people are analyzing music, it's more of a tale of the industry and the people behind music, not the tale of the music itself. And tales of us as listeners. There are very few descriptions of music in terms of its meaning. Maybe it's too basic and ancient that we don't need to do all the thinking

we normally do when we try to understand everything else. Even if we want to understand music. I don't. I find joy in music. Music amazes me. I bet that's why I mostly like music that's either brutal or beautiful. This year was a blast in the sense of the releases of punk music and I have some absolute favorites; meaning I let my enthusiasm decide what are the best records for me this year and I don't have to push my enthusiasm to pick some albums to create a list that represents my adoration of music. The good thing about punk is if it's good, it won't get worn out by time and trends. I was cheated into liking ska music by the blindness of being young. As I see now, I won't indulge myself in any kind of nostalgia and find myself banging my head to Operation Ivy anytime soon. However, the bands I'm still listening to are covering a wide range in time and scenes, and talking about them could still be fresh because these bands are still fresh.

Let's start with something obvious: Christ Thompson is some angel voiced punk perfection. All of his bands are pure gold and it could be attributed to his amazing voice in great part. My favorite is Fury. Not because you almost can't go wrong with less. It might be easier to seal your perfection into one 7" to last forever, Fury is a band I wish would have done more. This is amazing "right-before-post-hardcore hardcore" that hints into the future of sounds of a genre that draws its borders clearly. Fury is just so great in mixing viciously cool rage with groovy hardcore. The DC sound dominates on this EP, while there is high speed rage that's been held in chains by some epic, "slapping your tights on the bus as heavy as you can" guitar parts. Space love, space guitars, space hardcore. It's so perfect like rocket science. Whole things feel like it's a genius master plan done by some extraordinary juxtaposition of people. Like bandits of music committing the perfect crime. While it resigns from rolling with everyday bullshit and rises above us poor fucks it's also very detailed and focuses all the anger they had into all those brief one and half minutes. The EP is so short it could fit into you and you always could reach for it to be your ultimate weapon to throw it into the face of desolation. While it's futuristic in a way, it also stays true to the aesthetics of pure rage from the impatient youth. This is kinda how I hear Thompson's voice. It may sound squeaky, almost childlike, but it is more like it suffers from GHD as it has full potential for knowledge. One of the best things in music ever.

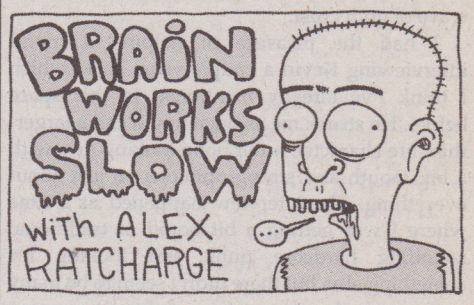
One of the other best things, but this time in New York hardcore, is Citizens Arrest. One of the few bands that still can release good records. It seems like there is a fountain of oppressed rage that never goes out. Usually I look for some relief if I encounter something this dark and massive, in the way of being a complex house of suffering, but the relief in Citizens Arrest is that there's no relief at all. Their sound has filth, but not what they put into, but what they discovered about themselves in other humans. It's just so honest and those fidgety guitars rhyme perfectly with desolation. Their songs exist in a lifeless, brutally sterile landscape where all these frustrating noises punch my brain; they also cuddle with it with their fucked up beauty. Horrible things are carrying some beauty, that's what I realized at a punk fest once, where I was standing with a plastic bag full of beer and watching some Brazilian band shock everybody.

It's easy to continue this analogy of weird brutality with Zouo, the music I listen to nowadays. This Japanese band amazed me the very first time I heard them. The concept is beyond crazy, like they have translated whatever bizarre things I was thinking about Japan in my own stereotypical way—and that's also what's good about them. The menacing sonic awkwardness goes along a solid backbone, meaning what they are doing is freakishly good, because it is freaky strange and it still feels like it just has to in order to exist. Just because some people thought "why not to play ultra brutal hardcore restrained on mid tempo?" That's why it is good. Like if some people have read about United Mutation and strange guitar-centric apocalypse punk and created it in their own way from their own imagination. It brings the warmness of fantasy through creativity into the rigid reality of existence. It's just ugly psychedelic hardcore, like dough stretched out and lengthened; it still can't fail my attention, even if I am against punk over two minutes long. The rule is that there is no control and no boundaries. That's why everything they have thought to do is possible to be done.

So just think about what life is. We desire things and we struggle to meet them. If we can't, we have to cope with grieving and this makes us different or better people. It forms our identity. And if we can reach our highest desire, which, according to Maslow's pyramid of needs, is self-expression in its fullest, we reach the absolute. And because punk is a platform where one's desire can be met, punk might be the absolute. If I'm listening to Zouo I can believe this.

The other aspect in music I'm listening to nowadays is presented by bands who are more on the side of making life more bearable, than focusing on why we should be angry. So there are bands that blow this bubble that is big enough for us to find some solace. Like Gun Outfit. First time I heard this band they sounded like I had already heard them. It sounded familiar. And not like I have heard it for the millionth time, but finally the sounds in my head had a body. This needed to be done because it was missed and as it is so obvious, it just makes it more close to nature, which is something true/deep for me in Gun Outfit's music. The sounds are slacking, guitars slowly waking up from a sonic hangover with a stoned glaze. It's music beyond music, that resonates with the sub- and unconscious. Music to wonder about, smoking weed and wasting whole afternoons with sitting in a garden swinging your legs half drunk. Their childish but brilliant melodies grab me, just as their down-to-earth while also dreamy lyrics do. It's dreamy enough that I wish it would be reality. One of the best current bands.

One of my current favorite old bands as a rediscovery from underground noise's eternal archive is the Clean. I've know about this band but I came close to actually nerding out to them just in the last few months. Total rain music, where the drops hitting my windowsill are going hand in hand with the imaginary dance party they create and I have in my mind in my room alone. Wandering around sounds, that are collecting the whole thing that is playing on guitars. So powerful while dreamy and familiar. It's a soundtrack for everyone in every moment, thus it makes life more bearable. Their sound is so wide, you imagine landscapes to their music, whether there are people like a whole new universe, or just a scene like a dream that you are carrying around in your pocket on your listening device. Wall of goodness that's what it is. Oh shit I'm running out of space so I will quickly say that Neu! is fucking amazing space punk forever.




Beatniks, bozos, black flag wavers, goat worshippers, cock-smokers and maximum rock'n'rollers, welcome to another installment of *Brain Works Slow*. By the time you read this 2012 will only be a blurred memory, which means it will already be time to start betting on new ways the world could end. Just a hint—I've heard the Maori calendar stops in 2014. Creepy, huh? Anyway, another non-apocalyptic year just flew by with few records to get truly excited about—there were *some* of course, I'm only a human y'know, but for the most part I've been really unimpressed by all the third grade noisecore, all the ex-crusties now turned into goth-kids (same stench, different clothes), the rise of Ty Segall outta the gar(b)age, tough guy hardcore making a comeback, that shit's been a big yawning party to me so I spent most of the year getting my fix of good/ bad vibes from books rather than records. My resolution for 2013 is to listen to most music on mp3 and to keep the little money I have for paperbacks—fuck, even my favorite mag of the year wasn't a punk zine but the French edition of American literary magazine *The Believer*. What happened to me? Well, I'm not the same, something in my head made a violent change—I turned 30 and I spent more nights playing scrabble than pogoing this year. I ain't no grandpa yet, but I can feel my interests evolving a bit, and it feels good, baby. Only teenagers don't want to grow up.

If you're still reading I'll assume that for some strange reason you still care about what I have to say regarding punk music, so let's get down to business. The new Pink Reason 7" is the record you need if you're feeling bummed the world didn't end last December—it's a punk record with two electric guitars plus bass and drums, as opposed to the downer folk solo Pink Reason ones (like the fantastic *Cleaning the Mirror* LP

from 2007) but it's still more oriented towards mature audiences than your average teenage D-beat fans. It's the kind of punk older fellas are gonna dig because it's more subtle, more time was spent crafting the songs and guitar licks, and no easy gimmicks were used in the process. The result is a dark, moody, angst-ridden up-tempo fuckin' rock'n'roll jam called *Ache for You*, a song fans of TSOL or even the Misfits should be able to relate to as it's got a similar desperate, dramatic vibe. On side B, *Darken Daze*'s got more of a bummed out/ slacker feel—it's slower but still pretty rockin', and confirms Kevin De Broux's voice as one of the strongest in modern punk—that guy can sing, my friends, and this record is yet another proof of it, so get on board if you're more interested in adult punk than in the new wave of goth crust.

I had the pleasure of helping a friend interviewing Kevin a couple years back, which I think I've already mentioned in this space before. He struck me as what you'd call a larger-than-life character, a tall hobo-looking guy with a big mouth and strong opinions on just about everything. The interview happened at a time where I was getting a bit bored of traditional sounding hardcore punk and looking for something else, but there didn't seem to be many options out there apart from right-wing garage bands or plain boring soft-rock ones, so finding a band like Pink Reason was an important step—I was looking for music coming from the gutter rather than the fancy clubs and art schools, and Pink Reason fit that description perfectly. So I got pretty excited a few months back when I heard Kevin was running a label called Savage Quality records—the aforementioned new Pink Reason 7" was put out on said label, as well as *Throw It Away*, the very first 7" from 2006. Label-wise nothing happened in the six years separating the two records, but Savage Quality recently started putting out other bands music, namely long-players by Modra and Teen Anal Terrorist.

Modra is fucked up music for ghosts and dead people—tunes to listen to while staring at the ceiling and tripping the fuck outta your mind while remembering and then forgetting everything that went wrong in your shitty life. I'm not too familiar with this kind of sound so I won't risk any grandiloquent comparisons but Modra's hubbub is disturbed and haunted in the same way that I remember US Girls being when I saw her live, the kind of quiet yet deranged psychedelic racket you should play while watching early Richard Kern shorts in slow-motion with the sound turned-down—more dismantled than no wave but just as paranoid and urban, and I'm not just saying this because the band seems to be based in NYC. The record comes in a homemade sleeve with a glued-on picture of grown-up old school punks queuing to take a piss in some kinda desolate pub, and like all Savage Quality records it was pressed in the basement of a residential home a mile up the road from the label HQ.

At first I was a bit bummed to realize that Teen Anal Terrorist wasn't no Teenage Jesus and the Jerks or Jesus and the Gospelfuckers, two of my favorites orchestras in the "great outrageous punk band names" department, but after a couple of spins I got into it. T.A.T is even more out of this world than Modra—what we're dealing with is slowed-down, nightmarish broken electronics sounding like it's coming straight from the basement of an abandoned factory in Wisconsin, and the fact that I'm into it should tell you something as I'm not easily attracted to non-guitar based music. The whispering female voice is a nice addition, and I swear I'm even hearing something in French at some point.

Look, here's how I would sum it all up—I'm excited about Savage Quality because my bullshit detector tells me that I can trust Kevin's tastes in the same way that I trust *Negative Guest List*, Siltbreeze and a couple other labels and fanzines who helped big time in making me realize that punk wasn't just one sound but endless possibilities. My interest in music tends to gravitate towards thoughtful yet ill-adjusted types (or retarted ones, but that's another story), and this first batch of records from Savage Quality seems to indicate that's just what this label is about—under the radar, outsider sounds straight from the dark alleys and cellars of America. Let's just hope we don't have to wait six more years for the next releases; being a bit familiar with Kevin's tastes, I'm crossing my fingers for some Soviet reissues, but that's just a hope, not a guess. In the meantime you can hear preview tracks and order the records at savagequalityrecordings.com

Endnotes:

1. Late warning—get the two latest issues (37 and 38) of *Distort* mag. Still mandatory after all these years.
2. *People at War with Themselves*—stories by Aaron Aspinwall.
3. Jay Hinman is currently selling stock copies of the last issue of his zine *Superdope*, sub-titled "*Forty-five 45s that Moved Heaven and Earth.*" From 1998, it includes writing on the electric eels, Meat Puppets, Pere Ubu, Crime, Pagans, Weirdos, Middle Class, Stooges, Urinals, Gordons, Royal Trux and so on. I ordered one and so should you. thejayhinman@gmail.com
4. Blank Realm new LP, Lotus Fucker live and new LP, Absurdo live and 7".
5. Send me money and I'll send you the Frustros demotape, weirdo rainy punk sung in French. Ratcharge@gmail.com

**Show Review: Halloween Show with Neon Piss, Opt Out, The Light at Thrillhouse records, October 27th, 2012**

Having shows in your basement is the best thing about living in a big dirty punk house. Having shows in your basement is the worst thing about living in a big dirty punk house. I live in a house with seven other people (nine if you count habitual couch crashers), which is both awesome and exhausting. I love the excitement. I hate the mess. I love the chaos. I hate the chaos. But it's not just a punk house; it's also a record store, a meet up spot for bored weirdos, and occasionally a show venue. Chaos, chaos, chaos. And like it or not, I'm in charge...Responsibility....The chaos/ responsibility dichotomy is probably the most frustrating (and common) dilemma in my life. And this conflict is never more pronounced than when we have shows at the house.

So it's the Saturday before Halloween. I had to work all day and now I'm rushing to make it home before the show starts. It's 7pm and the streets (not to mention my bus) are filled with annoying norms in costumes ready to party down. I tried to read my book on the bus, but the bros next to me were far too annoying so I settled for *Milo Goes To College* on my headphones. By the time the bus finally makes it my house, I'm already dreaming about a beer to take the edge off. Although before I can even make it to the liqueur store, I run into a normally dressed Robert Collins who promptly critiques me for not being in costume.

"I just got home 30 seconds ago. Beer first, costume second...and hey wait, you're not dressed up either!

To dispel my retort, he pulls out a computer-print-out of his own face and tucks it under the brim of his hat. Wearing it like a mask (the eyeholes are cut out). Hahahah, sheesh. I grab a beer and go home to change into my hand sewn skunk costume. Cracking the beer I go downstairs with the intentions of unwinding for a second before the show starts. This optimistic attitude towards the evening was short lived.

Immediately the drunkest guy in the house makes his presence known. He's loud, obnoxious and getting into people's faces. Right away people start complaining to me about him. Apparently when he showed up at 3pm he was wasted and has been irritating people ever since. I pledge to look out after him, but I soon find this to be a handful.

We don't have too many rules at Thrillhouse, but one is: you can't drink out front. We live on Mission Street, which has a lot of traffic and a lot of cops driving by. When cops see big groups of young kids openly drinking alcohol in public, they tend to stop by and fuck with us. To avoid inviting cops over, we discourage people from milling about out front, and are pretty strict about not letting folks drink out front. But if there is one thing this motherfucker loves doing, it's going out front (beer in hand) and making a scene. Soon I find out he is a friend with one of my roommates, so I asked my roommate to babysit this guy, which he agreed to. But he too was too wasted and couldn't really manage.

This guy was a handful and getting on every one's last nerve. I'd watch him from across the room while he did the three-mile stare. Then all of a sudden something would snap into his brain, and I'd see him walk up to a group of people. Within seconds they would either smirk and turn their backs, or tell him to fuck off

(which he didn't like hearing, so hostilities raised quickly). Now, before you start feeling empathy for this guy, just know he was really annoying. Like, way more annoying than you or I when we've been in his place. When I've been this far-gone, I've appreciated my friends that got me out of the public eye. Before I become the butt of all my friend's jokes for the next few weeks. Before I make some first impressions that I can't live down. Before there is a group of people that know me only as "that guy that peed himself at the Bananas show." You know what I mean? So, I grab my roommate and tell him his friend is probably too drunk to be here right now and we should probably hail a cab for him. But apparently this dude lives in Napa (I think), which is like an hour away. Some other dude drove them both, but that other guy is also too drunk. He suggests instead to make his buddy lay down in his room. This works, and now I am finally able to dash down to the basement just in time to catch the final song by The Light. They are an awesome new band with the drummer of Condenada and the singer of No Statik. As you can assume, they are totally brutal. So good. Definitely wanna catch their whole set sometime.

I walk back upstairs into the record store only to find my new friend has left his bed and is on the loose again. (Only like seven minutes have past since we put him to bed). But this time he has discovered two new hobbies: knocking stuff over and harassing girls. As I approach him I notice the girl he is attempting to engage dismisses him by saying something cold (and probably insulting). Romeo's cunning retort is "Whatever, I fucking live here." Ack! Now this guy is not only annoying me but he's also dumping on my house's reputation. My forgiving amount of patience is starting to come to an end. I aggressively grab his shoulder and tell him he's either got to go lay down or hit the road. His friend comes over and grabs him and helps him up to the room, but on their way up he stumbles and knocks over some shit. One show-goer is nearly injured by this (already annoyed by him previously) and he literally chases the guy out of the house. I reluctantly follow them out and find our friend hiding in the alley. And to my surprise some 30 seconds later a car pulls up, the guy hops in and they peel out. I hope to gawd that it wasn't his drunk friend he showed up with (but it probably was). I hope they made it home safely.

Relieved my babysitting duties are over, I head to the store to grab another beer. Time to make a second attempt at unwinding. Again my optimism is quickly dashed. Upon returning to my house, I find a passed out punk, sprawled across the sidewalk directly in front of the house. I look around, the street is eerily empty. Sheesh! It never ends! Where did this guy come from? I was gone for like three minutes. Ugh! My attempts to wake him up and help him inside go nowhere. He's totally unresponsive. I can't just leave this guy out here, but he's way to big for me to drag in myself. I head down to the basement with the intentions of finding assistance, and find two burly friends. Opt Out is playing, but no time to watch. We head back to the front sidewalk, but when we get there, our passed-out-punk is gone! Again the sidewalks are completely empty. I head back into the house with the intentions of watching Opt Out, but as I'm passing through the house I notice the passed-out-punk. He's laying on the couch, being cradled by his (I am assuming) girlfriend. She's being really sweet and stroking his face. When I get within earshot of them I hear her say "What honey? You have to puke? That's okay, just go ahead and puke."

I quickly respond "No! Wait! Lemme grab a bucket."

"Yeah, okay just be quick."

I run and grab our big plastic bucket (it's been puked in a lot). Handing it to her she thanks me, and places it under his chin. The guy tries to puke but it's not working.

"Here, let me help you baby" she says as she sticks her fingers down his throat. It takes a second, but it works. When he stops to take a breather I say to the girl "I know this sucks but can you please dump the puke in the toilet and rinse out the bucket when he's finished?"

"Of course, no problem"

I run downstairs again to catch the end of Opt Out's set. It's their last show ever and they are destroying! Dan Goetz is an amazing front man. I always loved seeing them play. Dan (who is usually fairly mild-mannered) totally lets his animal out when you give him a microphone. But every part of the band is equally as awesome for what they contribute to the songs. We're loosing a good one with them breaking up. I'm able to catch the last three songs of their set, and when they finished I yell for them to play one more. They tell me they played every song they knew already.

"Well, play the first one again!"

They shoot each other glances before shaking their heads and continue packing. After a minute or two of pleasant conversation, I decided to return upstairs and check on the two lovebirds on the couch. They are gone, but the bucket (full of puke) has been left, tucked under the coffee table. Great. Whatever. Time to actually enjoy the show. I return to the basement and lament to some friends on my thus far frustrating evening. Before long, Neon Piss begins to play and I wiggle my way up to the front. They are all dressed up but definitely not in any kind of matching costumes. One of them is Mummy Man, another is Fred Cole, another is a guy with bluebirds flying around a head injury... you get the idea. Right away I notice one of my roommates standing directly in front of the band and dancing like a maniac. The way she only does when she's completely black out wasted. This puts a smile on my face and it's a smile that doesn't leave for the rest of the night. As always, Neon Piss is pretty killer and I'm loving the set, then about halfway through they suddenly break into a Buzzcocks set. Now everyone is jumping and shaking. Who can resist dancing to the Buzzcocks? After a solid block, they play a few more of their songs, and then finish things off with "Kids of the Black Hole". Classic.

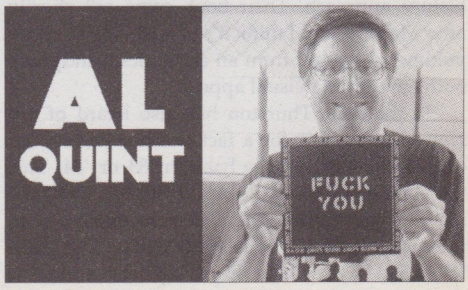
When they're done, the crowd clears out, and like most shows, my roommates and some friends and I remain in the basement to continue getting wasted. For a while we sit around and bullshit with each other, until all of a sudden we notice we are nearly out of beer. Someone suggest going for a run to the liquor store, but W.C. quickly leaps up and says "No, wait right there! I'll be right back." When he arrives back in the basement a minute later, he's carrying several bags filled with champagne bottles and a giant bottle of fancy whiskey. He passes each of us our own bottle, and we dive into the evening headfirst. Not much later someone comes into the basement proclaiming "I made it to the liquor store just in time!" as he unloads two 24-packs onto the floor. The rest of the night (as you can imagine) was a mess.

One of our friends was dressed up as a kissing booth for Halloween; and before long this became a hot topic of conversation. Which inevitably lead to some people making out. Which lead to more people making out. Which lead to most people making out with someone. It was sloppy, but totally harmless. No one got weird, and even some totally straight guys made out with other guys (or maybe I'm assuming too much). I remember taking part and giving a friend a kiss just as "Rockaway Beach" began to play on the boombox. It felt pretty romantic. And when the Ramones tape was over, it was replaced with a Dub-Step tape and a small portion of us attempted to dance. I tried for a few songs, but soon abandoned that ill-conceived idea. Opting instead to continue dumping alcohol into my brain and laughing too loud.

Just a bit after 5am my friend Jane asked what time it was. When I told her she closed her eyes and said it was time to go. I offered to walk her home and we tried our best to help each other walk in a straight line. When she made it safely inside her front door, I put on my headphones and listened "Holiday Road" on repeat all the way home (you know...the song from the *National Lampoons Vacation* soundtrack). Walking into my house I found bodies sprawled across all the couches (and a few on the floor). I weave past them in an attempt to get to the kitchen sink for a drink of water, only to find someone had also vomited in the sink. Sigh. I didn't really need that water anyway. Better off just finding a pillow to rest my head on.

Sometimes I love chaos, sometimes I hate it. Sometimes it's both.

If you ever feel like talking to me, feel free to write. I'd love to hear from you. I'm at: Fred Schrunk, PO Box 460207, San Francisco, CA 94146.




**Expressway to yr Skull**

Yes, that's the title of a SONIC YOUTH song

you see above and I'm not necessarily thinking of them, even though they're mentioned in a book about No Wave, penned by Marc Masters and titled, logically-enough, *NO WAVE*. That was a nice little acquisition during our trip to the Northwest. You can thank Ellen's eagle eye for that one. We were walking towards the Powell's Book Store in Portland and she happened to see that book sitting in the window of another shop. I wish I could remember the name of it but it's on SW 9th St., just off Burnside and next to Jackpot records. They'd just opened and it turns out they had a cool selection of older zines, including original copies of *Sniffin' Glue*. Mind you, they were out of my price range but I'd never seen them before. While I was browsing, Ellen asked the guy at the counter if he'd heard of *Suburban Voice* and when he answered in the affirmative, she pointed at me and said I was the one put it out. I kind of wish she hadn't done that but I'm impressed that not only had he heard of it, but apparently had some copies.

In any case, the book was a bargain, even less than I could have found it for on Amazon (yes, I checked, but after I bought it) and I was happy to buy it at an independent shop. And while I'm not a *huge* aficionado of all No Wave music, it's a good read. I do like the CONTROTIONS (their tracks on *No New York* are by far my favorite from that era) and it led me to check out some of the other bands from that period. Thank you YouTube and other "sources" that enabled me to sample more of those sounds. I really couldn't get into the likes of MARS or DNA but did enjoy checking out a single by RED TRANSISTOR. It's just good'n'noisy post-punk-rock experimentalism, for want of a better term, and it came out posthumously on Thurston's Ecstatic Peace label in 1990. The B-side "We're Not Crazy" is rather tuneless, although enticing. The "hit," though, is on the topside—"Not Bite," which comes on like a mesh of early PERE UBU and CHROME. One of the three members in this short-lived aggregation was VON LMO, who continued in a noisy rock realm with subsequent musical projects—I really liked his cover of the '50s-era rock chestnut "Shake Rattle and Roll"—all eight-plus minutes of it where the song is mutated nearly beyond recognition, save for the lyrics.

As long as I'm talking about No Wave here, I should mention that Thurston co-authored a book on the topic with Byron Coley (if you don't know who he is, look it up) also called *No Wave* subtitled *Post-Punk. Underground. New York. 1976-1980.*, so it has a narrower focus, but also does a good job interspersing narrative with an oral history approach. Their book came out shortly after Masters' and I think it's actually the superior volume, although, from an aesthetics standpoint, both have strong visual appeal.

By the way, Thurston has also heard of my zine—I know this for a fact because he ordered one of my early issues back in '83 or '84. This was before I'd even heard of SONIC YOUTH. And he had his own zine, *Killer*, and there was an interview with J. Mascis from DEEP WOUND/DINOSAUR JR. where they talked about me and made up a false story about me beating someone up. That's what I remember, anyway. I thought I had a xerox of the page but can't seem to locate it—odd since I usually save *everything*.

Hmmm, I guess that turned into more than a passing reference. The real reason I'm using that phrase is because it fits some of the bands reviewed in this installment. In the past year or so, I've already noted that the ugly, visceral rock sound of the '90s that found a home on such labels as Amphetamine Reptile and Touch & Go has really made a comeback of late. Or maybe I'm just paying more attention. I'm not talking about grunge or metal, but a lurching sound built on big riffs and pummeling rhythms. More JESUS LIZARD than NIRVANA or SOUNDGARDEN. In recent months, I've lauded the punishing sounds of PLATES, CHUMPS, CRANK and others. WALLS, who just broke up, fit that bill as well, with a provocative front man and a guitarist who liked to swing his guitar around—both times I saw them, it was in a confined space and I barely avoided getting gashed by the headstock of his axe. They were better experienced live but their album from earlier this year, *The Future is Wide Open*, was a pretty formidable statement. KABUL GOLF CLUB, from Belgium, is another band working that terrain on their five-song CD *Le Bal du Rat Mort*. Tribal rhythms that stomp and swing around like a tetherball that's going to wrap itself around your throat, along with nightmarish guitar squalls and jabs and a vocalist who howls like the spawn of MINISTRY's Al Jourgensen. No real hooks to grab onto but it's very easy to get caught up in the power of these compositions and there are things you notice, like the snaky guitar line for "5 Minutes 2 Midnight." (Uproar For Veneration, www.kgc-band.com)

FATAL FIGURES are a slightly different beast. Most of this band's membership was in the BLOWTOPS, who hammered out dirty, noisy garage blues churn. There's still something of that here and they drag their songs through the muck pretty well. The songs that favor a spirited shuffle work best here—"Party Girl," "Break Me" or "Blue Zed," the latter song previously appearing on a 2011 single. It's less successful for the dragged-out "Wayne Bent" and "New God," sounding like a musical interpretation of a hangover. Maybe not as much "VROOM" as their previous band (you should check out the BLOWTOP *Blackstatic* if your curiosity is piqued) but they have the right idea at times. (Big Neck, PO Box 8144, Reston, VA 20165, www.bigneckrecords.com)

NÜ SENSAE started as a bass/drums duo playing aggressive rock with an early '90s muse à la BABES IN TOYLAND. Even with just two instruments, the sound was booming—that was certainly the case when I saw them play in the summer of 2011. Both bass and drums had an authoritative punch and Andrea Lukic accompanied her four-string calisthenics with vocals ranging from howling to measured. Since then, they've added a guitar player and, if it's a somewhat more conventional approach, the results on their new album *Sundowning* are hardly disappointing. In fact, it has more power and, yes, fullness. After a quiet guitar intro, it's full on for "First Born" which does, indeed, sound like the BABES. And the new member, Brody McKnight, doesn't just add powerchords to the equation. There are nervier shadings, as well, like on "Dust." There's some desert twang for the lengthy instrumental passage on "Whispering Rule." "Spit Gifting" offers a jarring, post-punk drive while the relentless "Eat Your Mind" sounds a bit, uh, like SONIC YOUTH. (Suicide Squeeze, PO Box 80511, Seattle, WA 98108, www.suicidesqueeze.net)

Moving on to some records in a hardcore vein, there's Oakland band SHORT CHANGED's second album *We Will Bury You*. The disc introduces their new vocalist Bekka but the band's attack remains similar—fast'n'crusty hardcore played at a breakneck tempo and I'd imagine this is best-experienced in one of that city's warehouse facilities, if they still exist. And it could be scream therapy for 'em, since the lyrics are about people and institutions that disappoint them, but then they take solace in the music they're laying down here—a release, and that's something we all need. While there are global concerns for some of the lyrics, there are also tongue-in-cheek sentiments, such as "Fuck You, Fight Me" which is about differences of opinion over...video games? Don't laugh—I've been in heated arguments over which side of BLACK FLAG's *My War* is better (for the record, I'll take side one). One of the standout songs here is actually an unlisted cover of SEPULTURA's "Refuse/Resist," the closing track and an absolute crusher from that band's best album *Chaos AD*. It's fairly standard fodder and, while I miss the rougher production of the debut, it's still a good, hard-hitting effort. (Rodent Popsicle/Goat Power Recreation, www.rodentpopsicle.com, ww.shortchanged.bandcamp.com)

VITAMIN X are still going strong after a decade-and-a-half and return with their first new album in four years, *About to Crack*. It's the second in a row recorded by Steve Albini and Pushead-inspired artwork by John Baizley. They continue to dish out boiling-over hardcore punk that includes metallic and hard rockin' leads (Marc knows his stuff in that department). Call it crossover, if you want, although it's from the hardcore side of the aisle and not the same as what, say, MUNICIPAL WASTE is doing. The opening riff for "Carnival of Fools," for instance, is reminiscent of *Screams From The Gutter*-era RAW POWER. And while there's certainly anger in VITAMIN X's sound, it still manages to sound upbeat. A rip-roaring good time, as always. (PO Box 3495, Oakland, CA 94609, www.tankcrimes.com)

Meanwhile, there's a two song 7" from the NEIGHBORHOOD BRATS and it's a pair of buzzin', rockin' punk ravers. It's a rough time—shitty weather, sharks. Not much of a party. "Ocean Beach Party" is quick and to the point, with an energetic burst while the flip, "Shark Beach," is slower and moodier, but ol' Jaws does have a way of disrupting the fun. I'm still kicking myself for missing this band when they came through my area in 2011. More, please! (Falsified, 4940 Franklin Ave #7, Los Angeles, CA 90027, www.neighborhoodbrats.bandcamp.com)

Shifting gears once again, Stan from ARCTIC FLOWERS was kind enough to give me the band's latest five song 12" *Procession*, when we met him for Mexican food in Portland. The band maintains their forceful melodicism while offering different shadings. There are the sturdy, hard-edged rockers like "True Words" and "The

Wrecking" but "Strange Ports Of Call" takes a different turn. It fades in and then out and sounds like an excerpt from a longer song. While other songs hint at it, this one delves into the early '80s gothic/post-punk realm, riding a NEW ORDER-ish bass-line and adding effects to Alex's voice so it sounds like she's beneath the surface. Once again, there's stellar and dynamic interplay between the instruments, with Lee's supple bass-lines complemented perfectly by Stan's stinging, haunting guitar and nuanced drumming, that picks up the pace where necessary or percolates gently under the melody. There's not one song that really grabs you like "Crusaders + Banshees" on the first album—it's a bit more tempered, overall, but the songs have stick-in-head presence. (www.arcticflowers.wordpress.com)

Wrapping things up, I finally scored a copy of HANK WOOD & THE HAMMERHEADS' *Go Home* album that came out some months back. It's on Toxic State so *of course* it was going to be a pain in the ass to come by. The same thing happened with the CRAZY SPIRIT album earlier this year. Both will *very* likely be in my top ten of the year. I also saw both bands play a riveting, mind-blowing show together in Cambridge in November, along with the thorny, abrasive GOOSEBUMPS. It was the kind of show where people were going bonkers but in a good way, if that's possible. It was also humorous watching people dance hardcore style to HANK WOOD, since they're essentially a garage punk band. A very raw and nasty-sounding garage band, adding organ and various percussive twists into its spirited gnash. The lyrics are cantankerous and, at times, repeated until you've been numbed into submission—*"It's murder"* or *"walking down the street/fuck walking down the street"* or *"I don't play games, I'll kill him"* stated ad infinitum until you think it might be a good idea to avoid the narrator at all costs. Don't avoid their musical attack, though—whether it's the strut of "Trouble" and "It's Hard on the Street" (great drum clatter on that one) or the charging rave-up of "I Don't Play Games." this is attitudinal stuff that backs it up with raucous might. (Toxic State, toxicstaterecords@gmail.com)

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net, www.sonicoverload.net

I hate to subject you to another "Wall St. Journal of Punk" column but here goes. I've noticed with my own distro and label, and talking to other labels and distros, that sales seem to be creeping downwards again. Punk record sales and pressing quantities seemed to fall off a cliff in the early to mid '00s. But for a lot of people, it seemed like things had leveled off to a "new normal" of smaller pressing quantities and higher prices took hold over the past few years. I fear though that things are trending down again. I think there're several reasons.

First I think there's something of a backlash against high record prices. A lot of labels made up for falling sales and the loss of CD revenue by doubling, then tripling their prices. I think a lot of buyers are now being very picky due to the high prices. It makes sense to me that someone with $100 to spend on records a month, is now buying 5 or 8 records, whereas they used to buy 10 or 15. And this assumes someone has $100 to spend. For collectors in their 30s or 40s with a full time job, that's no big deal. But for the young fans with the shitty jobs, it's proportionately far in excess of what records used to cost. Since there's no "need" to buy the records to hear the music anymore, I can see a lot of people saying "why bother?" And lets face it, a lot of young people now haven't grown up with records, their parents probably didn't even have records, and "getting into" record collecting for a teenager now is probably on par with "getting into" stamp collecting or comic collecting. Sure, lots of people are still into it as a hobby, but it's not a big part of punk lifestyle the way it once was.

Take this for example. When touring bands come through town, I usually make sure to stock up the record store with their releases. A band will play a packed show with a great response. But back at the store, maybe 3 or 4 of their records sell in the month before or after the show. People are obviously still enjoying the music, just apart from a few collectors, there's no need to own the physical product.

Granted this has been going on for a decade already, but I think punk is pretty generational. And the generations working their way through the punk scene now have a very different relationship to vinyl than people did in the '80s and '90s or even early '00s. I recently set up a new webstore for my distro. As part of the process I had to do image searches for a lot of the releases to populate the new store. Most of the results I turned up were not from other labels or distros, but from download blogs. The download blog *is* the new distro. People are spending the money they used to spend on records on cell phones with data plans and the like. The people are still there listening to the music, maybe more than ever, and that's a good thing, but the labels are scratching their heads trying to figure out how to manage. You can only cut pressing quantities so low or raise prices so high before it becomes a museum piece.

A final note, right now in my distro and at the record shop here, the selection is excellent. All kinds of great releases are being re-issued that I would have died to have in stock years ago. Just about everything of quality from the history of punk has been, or is being re-issued on vinyl. Yet sales continue to decline. If you took away all those re-issues and just had the new releases to distribute, I think the picture would look a lot worse. Not to knock contemporary bands, I'm as excited about new bands as ever. But I think that the re-issues are kind of propping up things as collectors and fans "fill in the gaps."

In the early '00s I got kind of wrapped up in downloading. I managed to fill up a few hard drives with mp3s and spent a lot of time building a "collection" of digital music. After a while I decided most of this time was wasted, and if I was going to waste time online I should waste it looking for vinyl records instead. Then a few years later streaming radio came along and this has totally replaced listening to mp3s for me. I rarely dust off the old hard drive to listen to anything anymore, as I can just stream all the punk hits on my phone or computer. I think a lot of labels counted on download royalties to cover some of the lost CD sales, but with the advent of streaming, and wide availability of free downloads, I just don't see anyone much paying for mp3s of punk music today or in the future. While streaming internet radio has made my work day more enjoyable, it is still a little strange getting used to the anti-establishment message of bands like Crass or Flux bracketed between ads for Home Depot and Wal Mart. A few years ago I set up digital distribution of some of the releases on my label. Although the download sales have never added up to much, some of them are now streaming hundreds, even thousands of times a month. It's another reality to which a lot of people might be slow to adjust to. You might sell 300 copies of a 7", but if you upload it to Spotify or something like that, it might be streamed tens of thousands of times, and downloaded many thousands more on some mp3 blog, run out of a bedroom in the middle of nowhere.

A lot of labels and distros I've talked to lately seemed pretty gloomy. I'm sure some labels are hot right now and selling out their new releases in an instant, but it seems like most are just kind of hanging on; records aren't going away or anything, but the new realities people adjusted to in the past few years might not stay the same for much longer. Or perhaps we've already adjusted to a new normal without spending a lot of time thinking about it.

The funny pages. That's what we called the comics section of the newspaper in our family when I was growing up. Especially the full color Sunday comics.

My dad would spread out the Sunday comics on the living room floor and read them to my sister and me. *Peanuts, Blondie, Dick Tracy, Terry*

*and the Pirates, Gasoline Alley*. My parents claimed that I learned to read well before attending school by listening to my dad read the comics and following along in the paper. I gained an abiding love of all forms of graphic material from this early childhood experience. And my parents were happy to let me read anything and everything, so long as I read. I might have a copy of Boris Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* next to a stack of Edgar Rice Burroughs pulp *Tarzan* paperbacks and a pile of *Magnus, Robot Fighter, 4000 AD* comics, drawn by Russ Manning, on my cluttered desk. That's when I was in sixth grade.

By high school, and in addition to my homework, my dad was giving me Romain Gary novels and Lawrence Ferlinghetti poetry to read. I was devouring everything science fiction, from Robert Heinlein to Andre Norton. I was also delving into pacifist literature, lots of Thoreau, Gandhi, MLK, plus the political classics of left anarchism. Then there were the underground newspapers of the day. *The LA Free Press*, *The Oracle*, and *The Berkeley Barb*. Last, but by no means least, there were the underground comics. Initiated by R. Crumb's *Zap Comix #1*, the stable of underground artists I followed included S. Clay Wilson, Robert Williams, and Spain Rodriguez.

Which brings me to this column's jumping off point. Manuel "Spain" Rodriguez died this November 28, 2012, at 72. The year 2012 has been a rough one for me. I turned 60, and being conscious of my age made me aware of mortality in general. I noted how many musicians died halfway through 2012 in a previous column. Well, it seems to me that an inordinate number of people I grew up reading, listening to, watching, and otherwise paying attention to have died in the past year, Spain Rodriguez among them. I was an original fan of Spain's proletarian Trashman (Agent of the Sixth International) comic superhero, and I placed an advanced order for his graphic biography *Che* once I learned Spain was working on it.

I won't attempt to summarize his rich, varied life, from working in foundries and riding as a biker with the Vultures motorcycle gang, through all of his 1960s adventures, to being a devoted family man, a husband and father in San Francisco's Bernal Heights neighborhood producing comic books, graphic novels, and posters for various projects and causes. You can get those details by googling him and checking out wikipedia. David Talbot's obituary on *Salon* is particularly enlightening. Instead, I'd like to focus on Spain's leftist politics. A son of anarchist and socialist immigrants, Spain said that "[w]hen I was a kid I kinda didn't like rich people ... I just kinda had a bad attitude." So, when he commented that "[m]y hopes are that mankind will build a more just society," or when he announced on his website "Fight the Oppressor!" his sentiments were more visceral than cerebral.

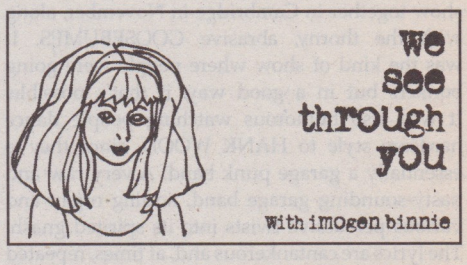
"I had been interested in politics and history when I was in high school but, you know, it was more instinctual and more aesthetic and it slowly evolved. There's a party, and they're probably still around, the Socialist Labor Party, and they would have these get-togethers, and I would get involved in that. So, you know, I developed a Socialist outlook. As a matter of fact, me and Walter Bowart [editor of *East Village Other*] would get into these intense discussions on those issues. So once I did *Trashman*, I already had that kind of Marxist outlook." Clearly, Spain understood ideology, but he was no ideologue. He drew a two page comic detailing the history of the Ukrainian anarchist Nestor Makhno (*Toward Revolutionary Art*, 1976), published *Che: A Graphic Biography* about Marxist-Leninist Ernesto "Che" Guevara in 2009, and was working on a graphic history of the 2004 San Francisco hotel workers strike by the conventional Unite Here labor union when he died. All were essentially laudatory works, even as each was historically accurate and critically honest.

It would be incorrect to characterize Spain as a naïve artist type, a "useful idiot." Mistakenly attributed to Lenin, the term "useful idiot" signified individuals who advocated for a cause whose goals they did not understand. Spain's *Nestor Makhno* mentioned the democratic structure of Makhno's guerrilla army "in theory," but noted that Makhno and his inner command ran the army with a tight-fisted discipline. Spain also described how Trotsky ordered the arrest of anarchists, and how the Bolsheviks first allied with Makhno's army, then ambushed, imprisoned and killed its leadership. Spain's graphic biography of Che praised Guevara's contributions to Cuba's liberation as well as the strategy and tactics of guerrilla warfare, while extolling Che's personal charisma and courage under fire. Spain made no bones about Guevara's "over-centralized decision-making" (read Stalinist idiocy) in running Cuba's economy however, or the man's problematic dealings with African guerrilla soldiers under his command in the Congo. And, if anything, Spain's comics glorified the violence that he knew was inevitable in any revolutionary situation. Spain Rodriguez was a genuinely non-sectarian class war radical—exultant yet unromantic about socialism's victories, unswervingly honest yet unapologetic toward its crimes—who had "faith in the revolution."

Long time readers of this column know that I have been divisive, tendentious and sectarian in defense of my particular political "truth." I spent last column describing the sectarian squabbling of various Occupy Oakland factions in excruciating detail. The main spokesman for an "insignificant groupuscule" I mentioned in passing has smugly and arrogantly contended that: "OO began its decomposition right around the end of the first week of the encampment. [...] The ability of cliques to abuse the GA process began within that first week, culminating in the ultimately unsuccessful - but still demoralizing guilt-mongering of the Decolonize proposal several weeks later. The first betrayal by the union hierarchs occurred during that first week as well; a continued courting of those same creeps throughout the life of OO assured its death. Some of the Move-In Day organizers definitely finished off the edge of contestation that had been present throughout, resulting in a pathetic May Day and an even more absurd Oct 25 commemoration." Imagine being so angry and bitter in the midst of what was such an inspiring quasi-revolutionary upheaval. Contrast this with Spain Rodriguez, driving around San Francisco in his 70s, no doubt dealing with the prostate cancer that would eventually kill him, saying: "I've seen changes in my lifetime. I've seen many cool scenes. I have hope cool scenes will keep on coming. I have faith in the revolution."

The insistence on absolute purity, the unwillingness to accept anything less than 100% and consequent willingness to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory, the determination to always "lose with style" as Boots Riley has decried, what I've called the beautiful loser syndrome made manifest by political purists on the left, is ridiculous. In turn, I'd like to apologize for my cantankerous, ultra-partisan politics of the past, although I can't say I won't indulge in such stupidity in the future. Rest In Peace, Spain. Thanks for all the great comics.

**PERSONAL PROPAGANDA...** To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.




Maybe the weirdest thing about New England is this thing that happens where you play with a band in Burlington in the summer and you get a picture in your brain of the people in that band as people who wear cutoffs and stretched out t-shirts, then when they come to your town in the winter and you play with them they're wearing, like, sweaters and scarves and you barely even recognize them. Maybe that doesn't happen to anybody else? I don't know. I guess traveling through time fucks you up. Anyway Gloaming came through Portland a couple weeks ago and I barely even recognized them. Maybe this says more about my own personal neurology than anything else? They ruled though, my band Correspondences got to play with them in the basement at St. John Street. Also this band Ronin Shogunate. It was cool because all of us play kind of long songs, but none of our bands knows that many songs so they were like totally epic normal-length sets.

It's the beginning of December while I'm writing this. I'm on a Greyhound on my way to New York, then to Philly, then to Denver and then out to Portland. Two: traveling through time *and* space. I've been talking shit about doing it for a while, but I'm actually manifesting it! I'm totally stoked to ride buses for eighty hours straight, I definitely need a reminder in my spine that I'm old. Whatever.

Correspondences played our last show! My first column for Maximum Rocknroll was about how, right after we started playing, Lee broke her arm and we spent a bunch of time watching

movies instead of playing music—the column has outlived the band, I guess. Bittersweet! We got to do a totally amazing farewell show, though.

What happened was, Will from Eternal Otter records was like, hey we're starting up a series of shows on the last Fridays of the month where we let bands take over Zero Station, treat it like an art installation, play a show and then we'll print up a tiny run of lathe-cut vinyl mono singles for you. We were like: oh my god. We got a bunch of rocks and put them in piles in the space, Emily dyed a bunch of fabric that she'd been saving for a really long time black and hung it up as a backdrop with some moon phases wrapped in fabric and fairy lights, put some more fairy lights in a jar at the front of the stage. Lee hung a bunch of black ink scrape art on butcher paper up one side of the room and then we got prog-rock.

Our band is a three-woman/three-queer bass drums and cello doom metal band. Or like, maybe just doom? Or maybe just metal, I don't know what the fuck it is. In the past we've been more punk than metal in the way we set up basement shows and drink or whatever, but this time we were like, fuck this, let's bring in a nine-piece choir of evil angels to sing with us on every song. There only ended up being six singers—four from Portland, Smoot came up from Philly and EA came over from Burlington—but Emily made up vocal parts and harmonies for them and it was fucked up. It was like, absurd and overwhelming and unreal. All nine of us lit candles and made a processional up the middle of the venue, set them down and then played really fucking loud for almost an hour. And people came out! Hell of people showed up, it was amazing, the whole space was full of people, you had to say excuse me a bunch of times to people if you wanted to go from one end of the room to the other. We've been really lucky how stoked people have been on our band. It's fucking wild.

But so yeah we made twenty records and sold all of them, which we were a little nervous wouldn't happen, but it turned out if we could've made more we would've sold them. People even showed up to videotape it and maybe it'll go up on the internet so you can look at it if you want to. I dunno. It was a pretty amazing night. And sad, obviously, although I keep thinking that maybe we'll get together and do another tour next fall or something—my dream tour is to get together with Groke and +Hirs+ and tour for *a hundred years*, but we'll see.

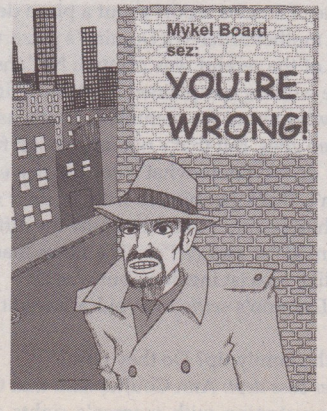
But also next year I'm going to be on a book tour? Maximum, this thing happened where I moved to Portland One and my projects started to be successful. I don't know why. But I have this novel I wrote coming out on April second—Topside Press is super supportive and stoked to send me on a tour. I don't know what it's going to look like in two months when this column gets published. By the time you're reading this, the internet community may have determined that I am an asshole, but right now it seems like folks are stoked on it. Michelle fuckin' Tea just tweeted that it was her new favorite book! What the hell, man. How does that happen? But so anyway, book touring in 2013 might get in the way of band touring? I want to go back in time and tell fifteen-year-old me about our life at 33, except then that little fifteen-year-old idiot would've gotten all smug and unbearable instead of self-conscious and sad, and then I would've grown up to be the asshole that the internet already probably thinks I am.

Time travel: complicated.

But so anyway, I'm gonna be doing a book tour in spring and summer of 2012 and if you have the kind of house or infoshop or bookstore (or especially rich as fuck college) that likes to host authors of books about queers and kink and trans women and, like, heroin and bad mentorship and stressed out kinky queer trans women, get in touch? My email is imogen@keepyourbridgesburning.com. I'm also available for fistfights.

Oh, also, I know it's after Christmas where you're at on the spacetime continuum, but here where I am Christmas is in three weeks still, so I made you a Christmas present. If you use the internet and listen to mp3 music I made a Christmas mix tape that you can download for free if you want. It's kind of all over the place, just like stuff I've been stoked on in 2012: Groke, +Hirs+, Gloaming, These Days, some other stuff, mostly queer, mostly women, mostly yelling. I didn't ask any of the bands for permission to share their stuff, so if it's taken down when you try to download it it's because I got in trouble, but hopefully it'll still be up. I dunno. It's on my blog at: www.keepyourbridgesburning.com/2012/12/christmas-mix-tape or you can just google Keep Your Bridges Burning and find it or whatever. I've been in school and haven't been posting much so it's probably still near the top. Anyway I hope your Christmas was punk as fuck and you cussed out your dad and this mix tape reminds you of the time you cussed out your dad at Christmas and makes you smile.

Finally, can I tell you something cool about time travel? So you know how, like, a point is one dimension, and a line is two dimensions, and a box is three dimensions, and then time is the fourth dimension that the three dimensional thing moves through? Well apparently some physicists did some math and found out how fast we are moving through time. Do you want to know how fast? *The speed of light. We are all moving through time at the speed of light. Even when we are hung over or sad and moving slowly.*




*"Democracy today is just a polite term for highly developed totalitarianism."*

—Laibach

**ELECTION DAY 2012:** One of the many things I love about toilet stalls is that you can close the door and be in your own world. You can experience the joy of release... sometimes the double joy. I now stand stall-pissing. Ridding myself of the morning coffee, with a touch of last night's beer. My whole body relaxes as the yellowtude pours out of me. Gas rumbles through my intestines. It too demands release. Yes! That's the double joy... a standing pissing fart. The morning's flatulence out with the morning's liquid. The gas bubble nudges downwards as the yellow stream slows to a trickle. I tense my abdomen... give it a final push... I'm already late for class... I gotta hurry.

Uhhh, uhhh, ugggg, whoops! It's not just gas that passes from my anal sphincter. A turdball... grape-sized... escapes and rolls down into my boxers... down the back of my leg... inside my knee... to my calf... to my ankle where it lays trapped by my pant's leg stuck into my army boots.

Damn! I wish I were a girl. Then, when I pissed, I'd be in the right position to aim those turdballs directly into the toilet. Now I'm stuck. No time to undo my boots and fish it out... and who knows what an extra mess that'd make? I'll have to let it rest until after class. Then, I can sit down and get rid of it... It's probably left a trail that'll need cleaning up... Delightful!

Ah well, it's back to class. I just hope I don't accidentally squash the turdball against my ankle. Besides slopping up, it'll stink. The Japanese, that means all my students, are extremely sensitive to smells. They don't even like *good* smells. They want *no* smell. (There are exceptions, but that's another column.)

Shit, it's not even 2pm and today's been hell. I tried to vote this morning... waited on line (*in* line, as they say in America) for an hour... got to the front: "You're on the wrong line.... You're in the wrong building..."

Fuck, I'll have to come back during a break. I have to get to class....

When I do get to school, I complain about being kicked out of the poling area.

"Hey," says a fellow-teacher, a rabid Democrat, "that's not allowed. Governor Cuomo issued an executive order. Anybody can vote anywhere... It's on account of the hurricane."

"Nobody told the guys where I vote... didn't vote," I say, now even *more* pissed off.

She shrugs.

So here I am... in class... private... one-on-one... a turdball resting at the top of my boot, against my ankle.

My student is Takashi, an attractive young man from Osaka. His *business casual* clothes limp what would be an oriental-induced erection. Good, I don't need another pants problem.

Like my other students, Takashi is fascinated by today's election. He doesn't understand it, but it looks like fun.

"Are you a Republican or a Democrat?" asks the young man.

"I'm neither," I tell him. "I hate 'em both."

He looks puzzled.

"Then you're not going to vote?" he asks. "I thought all Americans vote. It's like football.

Everybody has a team, right?"

"It *is* like football," I tell him. "I hate football."

[Aside: Do they play the Ramones at football games? I honestly don't know. I hope not.]

"Okay," he says, "then it's like baseball. You've got a team to support."

"I support the Green Party," I tell him. "I'm going to vote for Jill Stein."

"Who?"

I repeat the name of my candidate of choice.

"Is that your mother?" he asks.

After class, I run back to vote again—still with the turd in my pant's leg. This time the line is shorter, but it moves slower than the singer in a junkie band.

I finally get my paper ballot: a long confusing list of names. I fill in the little circle next to Jill Stein. Then I fill in the rest of the Working Families Party choices. I'm not much for Working anything, but they have good taste in politics and—except for supporting Obama—are the best of the bunch.

But wait a minute... one of the working families guys is running for the *same office* (Senator) as the Green Party guy. I marked 'em both... screwed up the ballot... have to get a replacement. How the hell is some uneducated shlub gonna do this? I've got a fuckin' Master's Degree and I can't do it!

I bring the spoiled ballot back to the desk.

"Can I have another one?" I ask, handing over my mistake. "I fu... er... made a mistake on this one."

The pimply adolescent white boy behind the table makes a *tsk tsk* sound as he takes the paper. He looks at it, tsk tsks again, (isn't that unconstitutional?) gets a folder, marks something on the ballot, hands me another, and says, "This is your last chance."

I walk to the metal marking booths, open for the world—at least for the TV cameras which are *everywhere*—to see. I carefully mark my choices and bring it to the vote-counting scanner where a big Aunt Jemima blocks my way.

"I'll take that," she says, "the machines aren't working right. I have to feed in the ballots very slowly."

She takes my ballot and looks at it. She does not tsk tsk, but carefully inserts it into the machine, looks at me, smiles, and says "Thank you citizen."

I immediately like her.

No time to chat. It's back to school for two more classes, then home.

I need to call WCSB at 10pm to record an interview. It's the second one in a week. The first was with Blag, yeah that one... from the Dwarves. He wanted to talk to me after the *MRR* no-column fiasco. He's got an internet radio show called "Radio Like You Want." I don't even know if the show aired, but I was on it.

Now, I'm talking to... oh no! I forget his name. On Facebook, he's Dricore. He has the late night show on WCSB in Cleveland. He must be old because this is the second interview he's done with me. The first was in 1997!

"Mykel," he asks, "have you voted?"

"You bet," I tell him, "and it wasn't easy."

"From reading your columns, I guess you voted for Jill Stein," he says.

That's what I like: a man who does his homework.

"You bet," I say. "You think she'll win?"

"Is your dick gonna grow another three inches?" he doesn't ask. As a matter of fact he doesn't say anything...at least not then. After a throat clear, the conversation continues.

We talk more about the election. He tries the Obama line about healthcare, jobs, I dunno. He wants me to be *realistic*. Sorry, I'm the wrong guy for that job.

People need employment because we've got a fucked up slave system that says *work or die*. I hate that system. I can't say it's *good* to put people to work. Is it better that people work than die? Yeah, it's better that I have a turd in my pant's leg than a mass of red ants... but that turd is still a turd and I don't want it there.

The week before, Blag asked me about my rejection of jail for "abusers."

"What's the alternative?" he asked. "We just let these violent people go and do nothing?"

What the fuck? I don't know the alternative. If someone says you can cure cancer by nailing your nipple to the wall, should I let people do it because I have no alternative? Because I can't cure cancer myself? I don't know what the answer is, but I know what it *isn't*. Same with jobs, abusers...and Obama.

What it comes down to: Am I happy Obama won? No.

Even a tinge that Romney won't be president for four years? No.

Even a bit... selfishly... that the world will think *slightly* better of Americans because they re-elected a colored president? It will be easier to travel than it was during Bush times. Okay, a *tiny bit*... selfishly... but that's it.

See you in Suriname... or hell... whichever comes first

**ENDNOTES:** [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or blog viewers (mykelsblog.blogspot.com/) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column. Your zines, CDs/records, and... er... *private videos*... can and should be sent to me at: Mykel Board, POB 137, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012]

—>One of my facebook friends sent me a YouTube of a news report about a pizza delivery. A black mother ordered a Domino's pizza. On the bottom of the receipt was printed: Ni**ahs don't tip. The woman complained. Domino's fired the driver who wrote the comment. That's as far as the video goes. But that's not far enough for me:

1. How do we know what color the driver was? We don't. Black people are freer in their speech than white people. And they know the difference between *Ni**er* and *Ni**ah*. The news made this sound like a racist incident, but was it?
2. Did Domino's *settle* to avoid a lawsuit? How much?
3. Did the family tip? Do they now?

—>*Voter base dept:* Ann Coulter said that Obama was campaigning with women's rights activist Sandra Fluke because he "is so desperate to get the base Democratic voter—stupid single women—to vote for him" I ask, is Ann Coulter married? If so, does that mean the Republican voter base is stupid *married* women?

—>*The Real Entrepreneurs dept: The Progressive* reports that the Republican convention used the theme "We Built This" to show how private entrepreneurship trumps government action. The convention itself was held at the Tampa Bay Times Forum, built with 62 percent government funds.

—>*So that's why dept:* On his radio show, Rush Limbaugh blamed a 10% decline in penis size on feminism. Says Rush "it has to be the feminazis, the chickification, and everything else."

—>*I'll tell you when I get to the Middle dept*: A study by *Fairness and Accuracy in Reporting* found that of 10,489 election campaign stories, only seventeen talked about poverty. I can't remember hearing *one*. It was Middle Class this and Middle Class that. As the Republicans move to take the vote away from the poor, I bet we're gonna be hearing the word "poverty" even less in times to come.

—>*Speaking of poverty dept*: *The National Federation of the Blind* picketed dozens of Goodwill stores demanding equal pay for the company's disabled employees. The group says Goodwill has consistently paid sub-minimum wages to disabled workers, sometimes as low as twenty-two cents an hour. There goes my Chanukah shopping!

At least the workers of WalMart are finally going on strike. It's about fuckin' time! Black Friday too! I hope the store doesn't pick up thousands of scabs who need a few bucks and will do *anything* for a job in Obamaland. Looks like WalMart's getting a black eye for this. But you don't care. You'll be shopping there... feeling like shit about it... but doing it anyway, right?

[Late note: just before I sent in this column, I learned that the strike was a flop. I shudda guessed!]

—>*World Bully Dept*: As Israel is acting like big brother America: invading other countries, mass murdering, destroying everything in a wide path, I frantically look around for some Jews I can be proud of! I found 'em! *Rabbis for Palestine*! They seem to understand the problem best... and they have the right answers. On the other hand, Israeli rabbis are shouting "Palestinians to the ovens!" Oy vey!

*"It's important to stress the periodic nature of the columns gathered in this section, written at monthly intervals, all the more or less similar in length and linked to one another in the manner of diary entries, in which the author expresses his likes, loves, infatuations and obsessions."*

I am disappointed that, overall, contemporary

DIY hardcore is radical only in composition, not in expression. The only reason why I am still here today is because I am still clinging to the illusion of chaos, disorder and anarchy. Where to find it? How to achieve it? Who cares?

I am not in mood for serious talk, so I will just casually talk a little about my current favourite record label Anarchy Centre Recordings (ACR). ACR was a Japanese punk label from Fukuoka in Kyushu that was active circa 1995-1998. Today ACR is probably best remembered for reissuing the CONFUSE back catalogue on CD, as well as a CDs reissues of the SWANKYS and other related Kyushu punk bands. While there're still two ACR releases I have yet to hear, I think the ACR discography (even if a lot of it is reissues) is as goddamn near perfect as it gets. Rarely a day passes that did not start with an ACR CD. Thanks to my subversive or contrarian nature, I can't help but love the fact that since most of ACR releases are on CD, most people probably hate the label. But fuck those people. Yes, in matters taste and culture, I strongly believe that most people can just fuck off.

The Anarchy Centre, for those who with a memory, was the common name for the Wapping Autonomy Centre, an anarchist social centre in south London that had initially been set up by CRASS and others, which briefly existed in 1981 and 1982. When the Wapping Centre closed, some of the people involved set up the Centro Iberico in Notting Hill, west London. Perhaps some people will remember the CONFLICT live single recorded there? (Are people still into Conflict? Or are they (still) out of vogue?) Now, why a Japanese record label decided to use the name Anarchy Centre over a decade later is anyone's guess, but then, why not? It's as fitting name as any… And while on a subject of casual interest at best, I think the ACR logo is really iconic, probably one of the best punk logos ever, and that is good news since all ACR releases have consistent branding that is at the same time tasteful —in contrast to a lot of record labels, whatever the genre, particularly when it comes to CDs. I am not afraid to admit that branding does matter, even in DIY punk record releasing, after all we are talking tastes here… but lets' go on! The name Sugar Ray is often listed on ACR records. He is stated as the producer on some records, the compiler on the ACR compilation CD and most bands thank him on their thanks lists (do you remember when punk bands used to write thank lists on records?). As a result, you'd be excused from thinking that Sugar Ray is the owner of ACR, that's probably what's intended anyway, but more about that below.

With little help from the long lost website of ACR, I have tried to get a complete ACR catalogue together, and I have found nineteen releases including six blanks. The ACR catalogue prefix is "Chaotic" followed by format (CD, LP) and then the standard three digits. LPs and CDs repeat the catalogue numbers (e.g. the same released on both formats are both listed as the same number). As is often the case, the cataloguing system is to the outsider idiosyncratic, if not cryptic, and definitely not chronologic. As far as I can tell the first four ACR releases (Chaotic CD 001-004) are blanks, but stated as CDs on the ACR website, and the same goes for Chaotic CD 012 and 017. Whether these slots were intentionally left for planned releases, for future released, to trick future chronologers of label discographies, or whether there were six actual CD releases I have absolutely no idea. But it leaves us with thirteen releases; two of which I haven't heard yet. In addition, most of ACR releases continue to be in print, even if the label hasn't released anything since 1998 (similar to KWR, see below, which haven't releasing any records since 2006) or else were re-released in 1998. For sure there's a lot of new old ACR stock around, or re-releases if you prefer, in Japanese record shops today.

The first ACR release, as far as I know, is the SPEAKER'S first album *Excrete To The Guppies* from 1995 (Chaotic CD 005), which is my favorite album by my favorite Kyushu punk rock band. I must have played this CD a hundred times if not more this year. The SPEAKER'S was the band the SWANKYS' guitarist Loods joined after that band split up around 1988. They were around for a bunch of years into the early-'90s, released two albums and a live CD and were on one or two compilations. The SPEAKER'S played snotty punk rock that occasionally recalls the '77 punk rock style of the SWANKYS second LP, if not more so with '77 punk rock sound à la the CLASH or SEX PISTOLS with added rock'n'roll, rockabilly and country parts, certainly far from the hardcore of early SWANKYS and GAI! The next ACR CD was the SPACE INVADERS *The Album* (Chaotic CD 006, although I have seen it referred to as Chaotic CD 001, but let's not get too clinical!), the hip-hop, punk crossover band of Watch (the singer from the SWANKYS). I could go on about the SPACE INVADERS for hours, but for now I'd just like to point out that they're so much more than simply a Japanese BEASTIE BOYS ripoff (more like the JAMMS / TIMELORDS rip-off anyway) and some of their stuff sounds very close to the best of the SWANKYS. Also in 1995 (or 1996, not sure), ACR re-released WARP's five-track mini-album *Choice Kick Choice* (originally from 1991), bearing the catalogue number Chaotic CD 007. All I know of WARP is that they had members who had been in the early Hakata punk rock band LAST CHILD (another favorite of mine, but that's for another column!). As I don't have this CD, I'll leave it at that (although I note that the CD is available at a number of Japanese shops so knowing myself I'll probably score a copy before this even goes to print).

As I said at the beginning, ACR is probably best known for its CD releases of the complete CONFUSE back catalogue (not counting the penultimate mini-LP, which was re-released by KWR on CD), released with the bands official own label Confuse records (the name used as the label for the first CONFUSE vinyl 7" in 1985) which is stated on all releases alongside the ACR logo. The chronological order of ACR's re-release of the Confuse catalogue does not follow its own cataloguing system, as far as I can tell. The first CD was the *Nuclear Addicts* flexi from 1984, which is still one of the best hardcore records of all time, released by ACR on CD in 1996 (Chaotic CD 013) with slightly modified artwork. This was followed by the *Indignation* tape from 1984, which surely must be one of the most brutal hardcore recordings of all time, re-released both on CD and LP in 1997 (Chaotic 008). Incidentally this is the only ACR vinyl release as far as I know. Finally, and confusingly (sorry for the pun), the same year ACR also released Chaotic CD 016 which was the first EP by CONFUSE, released with the same title + *3 Tracks* in 1997 containing the four EP tracks and the three Jitsatsu omnibus tracks from 1984. This CD as a whole is probably my favorite Confuse release, at least at the time of writing, because of the incredible production of the EP, which is clean and almost pop in sound (even though the music is as brutal as before) and also because the compilation tracks are my favorites (and it's hard work playing the compilation 8" vinyl, since I just want to hear the CONFUSE songs, haha). I mean, this is nothing but academic, kind of like discussing the merits of the various early Clay records Discharge releases, which are all absolute classics, it's retarded to try to put one over the other, so let's move on already!

After *Nuclear Addicts*, but before the other CONFUSE re-releases, if you're going by catalogue numbers not by year, was ACR's CD re-release of the legendary Violent Party compilation tape *Downtown Noise Punker* from 1985 (the CD release is from 1995, cat no. 009), featuring Kyushu punk bands GAI, GEDON, GESS, CRAPS, NO CUT and, of course, CONFUSE (including a different version of their hit "Spending Loud Night" that's not available anywhere else!). The odd thing about this CD release is that ACR released it, not Kings World records (Nerds may also want to wonder why there is a bonus GAI song on the CD!)

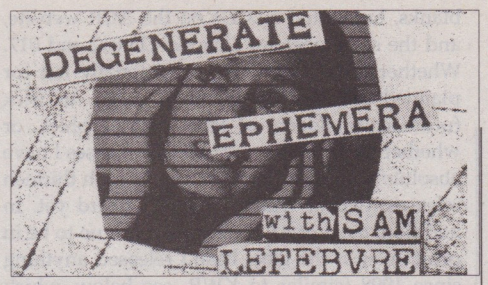
In 1996, ACR released its own compilation (Chaotic CD 010) entitled *Anarchy Centre Recordings Presents: … And as Chelsea Girls like a Barbarian* including the aforementioned FUCKERS and the SPEAKER'S as well as weird 1990s punx RADIO BABYLONE and SWAP. Apart from being a really cool compilation, the artwork clearly reveal that the name of the label comes from the London anarchy centres, with the photos of Centro Iberico on the sleeve along with the statement "Centro Iberico: last home of the Anarchy Centre." The name of the compilation, hilariously, is some sort of obscure joke about London's social class make-up and the attraction of bad guys (over-imposed on the photos of the actual squat two girls are wearing what looks like "designer punk clothes"). Yeah…

Chaotic CD 011 is by a band called DUNDEES and is entitled *The Sex Switch Underground* CD. Just like the band WARP, I don't really know anything about the band, except for a vague guess that the CD probably came out in 1995 or 1996 based on the catalogue number. Needless to say, I'll probably acquire a copy of the CD very soon. Next up is Chaotic CD 014, which is the 1997 CD re-release of a previous self-release by the attractively named band the FUCKERS (whose own label was called Penis records, which is possibly a nod to GAI's classic song

"Kill the Penis"). The FUCKERS CD is called *Peace And Anarchy: Human* and the artwork is all black and white with illustrations of doves and other anti-war slogans, which should give you an idea of how they sound: Anti-war anarcho-punk! The curious thing about this release is that it's produced by Dis from CONFUSE... The FUCKERS were absolutely great and I wish there were more material from them (not to mention more bands like them today).

Finally, as mentioned, ACR also released material by GAI and the SWANKYS (the same band essentially), starting with a GAI CD called *Total Control* (Chaotic CD 015) released in 1997 and, weirdly, appearing to be a CD release of the *1981-1985* (also known as *History of Gai*) cassette tape from 1985 (originally self-released by the band just after they changed the name back to the SWANKYS), but in fact the CD only contains ten out of the eighteen songs from the tape. But the reason for not including all songs on that CD was because ACR was saving them for a later release. Namely, the 1998 double SWANKYS CD called *Swank! & Lives* (Chaotic CDs 018 and 019, also released on two separate CDs). This was to be the penultimate release by ACR, but it's a real killer release!!! *Swank!* contains two demos by the SWANKYS, one is for the *Never Can Eat Swank Dinner* LP and contains some really amazing stuff, it's the same songs as on the LP, but played somewhat more hardcore than on the final LP mix. The other demo is basically the missing eight songs from the *History of GAI* tape. CD two is a live recording entitled *Period The Noise Tour 1985*, which is sadly incomplete, although completists may attempt to acquire the rare Japanese bootleg CD from the early 1990s that does however contain the full gig (or so I hear).

ACR was greatly inspired by fellow Fukuoka record label Kings World records, which goes back all the way to 1985 and which is my all time favorite record label anywhere (not to mention a collector's worst nightmare!). This is where it gets a bit dodgy. The records and bands released by ACR during its short lifetime could just as easily have been released by KWR. It's for example very odd that KWR did not release the SWANKYS double CD or the Violent Party CD... and why did KWR release CONFUSE's last release *Stupid Life* on CD instead of ACR? Between 1995 and 1998, KWR released records by Japanese new punks RODEO, the SPACE INVADERS as well as bands featuring its members such as the ROBOTS, CUT and MAUS, as well as reissues of classic Kyushu punk including the two GAI demos, old material by the SWANKYS, AGGRESSIVE DOGS and KURO□. In fact, it's tempting to call ACR a KWR imprint and then that's that. Conspiracy theorists may wish to go further than that though, and speculate whether KWR ran ACR under an alias (Sugar Ray) for whatever reason... After all, KWR was infamous in the 1990s for its sky-high recommended retail prices (which is probably one reason why there is still a lot of dead stock KWR records around even today). What is clear though, is that during the three years ACR was active its discography perfectly complemented that of KWR.




It appears that in the last couple of years, the sonic tropes that constitute a "post-punk" sound have become divorced from the post-punk ethos, which is simply the punk ethos; its basic tenets being autonomy, the notion that anyone can start a band regardless of skill level or experience and the assertion that any recording is release-worthy regardless of fidelity, packaging and distribution. Examples of that are numerous, but for now just take for instance a band like Ice Age signing to a record label like Matador (which recently just happened.)

However, perhaps as a subconscious reaction to this de-politicizing, the last couple of years indicate a move towards a less accessible post-punk sound by a number of groups seemingly committed to its original ethos. Groups are beginning to imbue post-punk and death rock tropes with an overt burliness and mean-spiritedness—a far cry from the vague, ambiguous and easily adopted post-punk rehashing from certain groups on a large indie label like Sacred Bones.

I'm fond of this trend towards confrontational post-punk, which is likelier to affront than depress, whilst still resolutely dark. I only recently became cognizant of it through compiling reviews and features for *Degenerate* #11. As I dutifully typewrote the content I'd compiled, this theme emerged in my inclusion of features and reviews with Sex Church, Criminal Code, Anasazi, Synthetic ID, Musk, Neon Blud, American Snakeskin, Diät (despite the ongoing misunderstanding between the Berlin power-trio and myself that was hashed out over my last couple of columns,) and others.

It's a trend worthy of its own thesis (I'm actually working on it,) but for now I would only like to make vague generalizations about things like "punk ethos" and "post-punk tropes" that likely make many readers indignant. It's a brief observation I intend to expand on soon and serves to simply introduce the theme of *Degenerate #11*, besides the visual motif of schematics and gothic spreadsheets masquerading under the guise of "cryptophilia," which has no meaning. Jean Genet, a French proto-punk, also makes an appearance. It will be available by the time of this column's printing. For the first time, it includes a flexi-disc—Bay Area group Musk's debut release. A clairvoyant review of the Musk flexi written by Henry Miller in his 1945 book *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare* is also included. An excerpt follows: "Not Segovia Feathering Bach. Not grace and delicacy so much as anaemia. Fever-coolth. Musk. Fragrant ashes."

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What endears me to the post office, and specifically the branch that houses my PO Box, is multifaceted. The reasons encompass an array of aesthetic and historic matters. The post office is the single most helpful governmental agency for punks. Despite the numerous complaints, which can be lodged against their fees and policies (which can and should be cleverly manipulated,) for this microcosm of extreme music, the post office is as valuable a tool as an electric guitar. We manufacture products in small quantities to meet a nearly negligible demand, and ideally do so with a curatorial care unparalleled in most subcultures. It's natural for devotees to seek each other out, maintain contact over long distances and exchange relevant ephemera via USPS. The post office is punk, having a PO Box is punk and one's punk-ness increases exponentially with each trip to a local branch. That such emphasis on commerce smacks of capitalist cavorting isn't lost on me, but shipping something doesn't necessarily indicate that it's been sold. It's not about collecting or selling, I'm referencing the simple act of exchanging.

I don't live in a legitimate residence. I occupy some vacant space in a non-residential building. Given that, I am hesitant to publish my address. As someone with a healthy distrust of every institution with an elusive figurehead I'll never be allowed to meet, or a nebulous bureaucracy of automatons and cogs grinding forth in the name of progress but only nose-diving into oblivion, I sleep better with a mattress "off the grid." A PO Box facilitates this clandestine living arrangement. It's ironic that a PO Box in a federally controlled office facilitates this subversion of traditional power structures, but that's partly what I like about it.

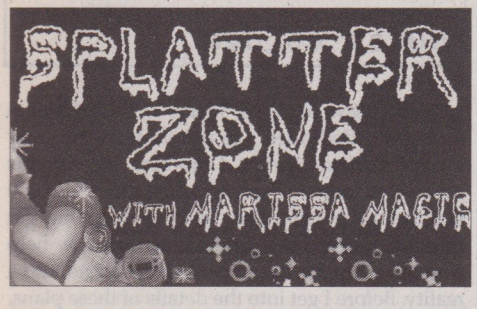
The post office branch of my PO Box is in a separate city from the one I live in, notoriously understaffed and keeps bothersome hours. Basically, there is nothing convenient about it. But, there is a reason I don't use the closer, more accessible branch. My PO Box was constructed at a particular time when a government office in this country was actually designed with its citizens' aesthetic interests in mind. The faceplate of my PO Box, 3272, is adorned with an ornate brass design. Geometric shapes are textured and inlayed at various depths, evoking childhood mind-enriching puzzles or Masonic symbolism. The design seems implicit, clandestine and ritualistic, as if the shapes are gears awaiting grease and a whispered phrase to release something forgotten and profound.

Upon entering my particular branch, the field of modularly arranged boxes covering every inch of a wall resembles the fabled "amber waves of grain" more than anything else in America I've encountered. But, as the mirage of the elusive American Dream fades, so is this PO Box design. In some rural areas even older PO Boxes can be found, that are even more ornately designed and even use combinations instead of keys to open. My post office is one of few in the East Bay to retain the brass boxes.

The vast majority of post offices are now fitted with stainless steel PO Boxes. A seamless continuity of dull grey exists from the concrete sidewalks, to the PO Boxes, to the tombstones. Stainless steel PO Boxes evoke the sterile

environs of hospitals, clinics and courtrooms. The last outpost of aesthetic pleasure in a federal institution is being sapped with the installation of each steel plate. Post offices are losing their charm with every retrofitting and I worry that the next generation of punks will regard visiting their branch strictly as a necessary burden and rent PO Boxes with a defeated sigh.

Sam Lefebvre, PO Box 3272, Berkeley, CA 94703
degeneratezine@gmail.com,
degenerateephemera.blogspot.com




A year or so ago there was this Dolly Mixture record that was reviewed within these pages and I battled with whether or not to include it in my monthly top ten. I have never liked Dolly Mixture, but they are important in the overall historical realm of things. I kind of just wanted to give them a shout-out, you know? Give them some recognition. They deserve it. But I didn't because I don't like them, and it would have been weird and condescending if I had listed them. Around that same time I reviewed a record where the back cover art was a picture of the band that was real upholding of that lovely mainstream dominant imagery of sexy lady/casual dude. I couldn't decide whether or not I should "go there" with mentioning the cover art, you know, delve into the vagueness of is this slut shaming? Sexuality policing? Or simply pointing out a dominant paradigm? Am I just being an asshole? Or whatever? But I talk about album art all the time and that fucking picture affected the whole record for me. It put everything into the grossest context. If I had avoided mentioning the cover art it would have rendered the whole review bullshit. So I wrote about the cover art, how it bummed me out and why it bummed me out. And I got shit for it. And it was totally cool that I got shit for it. I'm glad I said it and I'm glad I got called out about it. I got to say my opinion and then was forced to reevaluate it, tear apart every word. So I gave a critique and got a critique. Perfection.

But good critique is hard to come by. Definitely in the underground feminist and/or queer art/music/whatever worlds there tends to be this culture of anti-critique. This type of positive culture, arenas where any type of critique is forbidden, as in everything you do is great and super and inspiring, a big long butter up. The condemning of any type of critique because that's not "being supportive" just seems useless to me. I realize that it's all an effort to combat the wrongs and oppressions doled out by the world in general. However, in reality in upholding this kind of anti-critique culture we are shooting ourselves in the foot. Positioning critique as something purely negative and bad asks us to keep our opinions to ourselves thus carrying over an extremely detrimental aspect of those wrongs and oppressions. In an effort to be "supportive" of others we silence ourselves. Along with that it is incredibly condescending to act like a certain group can't handle critique. It's possible to be supportive of and critique something. If anything non-critique is destructive. Creation is born from challenge, and challenge sometimes comes from critique.

A friend of mine who was a pretty major player during the riot grrl movement has literally been told several times by several different parties that she shouldn't critique or say she doesn't like any band with ladies in it because it's fucked up. Like her opinion should only be positive of everything women do in music. Like she was part of this influential feminist thing and she expected to forever be in this role of feminist mother of punk or something. Again, this idea is fucked on double levels; not only is it essentially telling her she needs to shut the fuck up (haven't heard that one before), but also that women making music should somehow be free of critique from other (especially older and influential) women who make or write about music.

As women we are raised to not say our opinions and in general are expected to fix the ills of the world by denying ourselves. At the same time we are constantly pitted against each other. There was a time in San Francisco when I was in this band called Awesomes. I was entirely blonde then and had kind of an infamous stage presence. At the same time there was another San Francisco band called Bridez who also featured an equally blonde and equally infamous lead singer. And it was weird because people would routinely try to spark rivalries in between the two of us or even just act like we were already rivals. It's not like we were friends, we weren't, but I also had little interest in her being my enemy or me being her enemy. I felt indifferent towards her. I never really talked to her so I have no idea how she felt about me. The point is that the world around us wanted a rivalry because we were both blond women in bands with notorious reputations, both implying that there somehow can only be one person at a time to fill that role but also in addition that woman should always be at each others throats. Or like when Lady Gaga first came into the focus of popular music and the media overall tried to create some sort of rivalry between her and every other female pop star. Like there can only be one female pop star at any given time and if there's more than they better be fighting about it. But then the other side of this constructed/faked rivalry is the expectation of women not to say anything bad about each other. There was this moment where MIA said something about Lady Gaga, that she was derivative or something, and I wrote about it saying I wish women wouldn't tear each other down like that and someone pointed out to me, would you rather MIA not say what she's thinking? And it's like, fuck saying women shouldn't say things about other women is oppressive to women. Then what? There's this huge structure that wants us to hate each other, but does that mean to combat it I have to love everyone and everything they do? Fuck.

In Olympia this one time I was trying to bone some dude in some band and he went for this other girl instead of me to which I reacted by yelling, "have fun fucking an idiot!" So, that was fucked up. A friend of mine heard about me saying that and gave me this column to read that was about girls being catty—and how it's destructive and what not. Criticism and cattiness have been conflated, criticism and jealousy have been conflated. But these things are and should be separate. It is fully possible. Don't go out of your way to tell someone that their shit sucks, but don't avoid saying it like your life depended on it or whatever. Just think about what you are saying and doing, are you trying to tear people down or push them forward? Are you going out of your way to criticize something or are you just answering a question? If more of a culture of critique was supported and cultivated then the culture of cattiness could shift and diminish. Sometimes the meanest thing is the nicest thing.

So yeah, I just don't understand giving a round of applause blindly to everything that crosses our paths just because it is associated with whatever. I deeply believe that shit talking makes the world go round. When there is a lack of critique things quickly get comfortable, and comfort breeds stagnation. A culture that rejects criticism cannot move forward, it cannot move past its niche, it will only be loved and appreciated by the immediate audience—a friend circle if you will. Remember those cheesy bumper stickers of our youth that stated question everything? Or the forever belief in question authority? This ideology of blind congratulations is total bullshit, it creates nothing but blandness and half-assery. It asks everyone to shut up. A couple months ago I talked about how weird and wrong it would be to not change and move forward via learning new shit or shifting context or analysis—one of the things that brings this out is criticism.

Hot damn, Subversion fest! I am ridiculously beaten up in its wake (taking pictures of bands is a more brutal business than you might think!) and totally basking in the afterglow. Kudos to our own Kat and Jeremy for putting on an amazingly stacked festival that ran very smoothly and was promoted very, very well. Cheers also to all the bands and the punks that came out and made the event a raging success! While I didn't see a bad performance at all, I have to particularly single out LIFEFORM (probably my most anticipated

band of the fest, and they killed what was their first out of Portland gig), SPECTRES (kingpins of the goth-punk revival who performed like a well-oiled machine), TOTAL WAR (total energy! a blistering set) and PISSHEADS (brutal, heavy and short enough to leave me wanting a lot more). Due to circumstances beyond my control I missed MANIA and FRENZY, who very well might have ended up on this list as well. It will be a tall order for our friends to top this event, but I think the burden is on them to do so since the prevailing attitude was that this must turn in to an annual event.

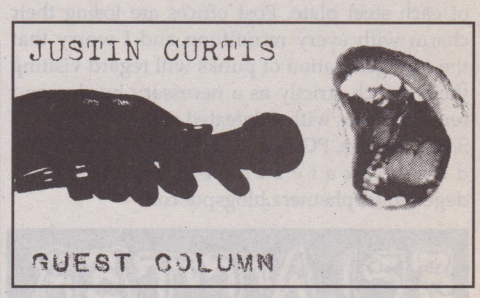
Besides having the pleasure of attending a magnificent fest, the bounty of awesome records this month definitely left me thrilled at the state of the punk scene, as we rise phoenix-like from the ashes of 2012. First (foremost?), the new LOTUS FUCKER LP has finally been unleashed on American shores after their European jaunt and an East Coast tour with CHAOS CHANNEL that left me dying with envy. More on CHAOS CHANNEL in a minute, by the way. I'm having a hard time writing about this new record because I literally just got my hands on it, and their stuff always improves with repeated listens. But my first impression is that this is a monster and quite possibly their best work yet. Which is hard for me to say, given how much the *Answer=Bloodwashed Noise* demo/LP material got played around my place. It's definitely more mature sounding, as you can easily hear the influence that their various recent touring partners (YADOKAI, WANKYS, etc.) have had on their sound, while all the classic influences remain. There's definitely a renewed sense of melody and a sort of broader sense of scale. The riffs and songwriting have been expansive in the past, but some of these songs are straight up epic, most notably A-side closer "Berserk (Being Lost on the Road of Life," which is easily one of my favorite songs of 2012. Speaking of epic, while LOTUS FUCKER have always endeavored to write songs in such a way that they flow naturally from track to track, never have they written an entire album's side-length song as they have here with "Inner Peace". This monster builds and recedes like waves, never over-complicated, never tedious, Spartan in its simplicity and drive. A magisterial work by an ever-evolving band—though one that still holds a special place in its heart for J-pop and anime soundtracks too. I can guarantee that this will end up in by Best of the Year list, and even if you're dubious about this band, I would easily call this a must-have record. Wow. (SPHC, www.wsphc.bigcartel.com, Katorga Works, www.katorgaworks.bigcartel.com, RSR records, www.us.myspace.com/rsrec)

Let's say "intellectually ambitious" but no less brilliant in its way, we have the ultra-limited and ultra-fantastic reissue of BOOBS $HIT's *Fuckin' Brain Boobs $hit* CDr. These extremely drunk and completely irresponsible Japanese punx never put out a proper release in their fairly limited lifetime, but behind the facade of boozy stupidity lay a really fucking ripping noize core/drunk punk band. One listen to "As Long as We're Shoutin'" was all it took to convince me of their brilliance, with a sound that staggers a line between DISORDER, (early) CASUALTIES and (of course) TOM & BOOT BOYS/DISCOCKS. UK '82 by way of Greenwich Village in the early '90s by way of Tokyo '95 drunk punx? Sounds about right to me. There's about an equal split here between speedier HC rockers and straight up drunken singalongs, but everything is well deserving of a wider release than an obscure CDr release. Thank goodness we live in an era where dedicated punk historians are unearthing and reviving lost gems (viz. THE DECAY EP reissue, the DAMAGING NOISE demo EP, etc.). It's about time that we stopped booting/reissuing the same old tired BAD BRAINS records and started rescuing more ephemeral stuff that could easily disappear forever. This is totally fuckin' limited and comes on beer piss colored vinyl, so pick it up now if you want to pogo forever. (Pogo Punx records, www.beerandpogo@hotmail.co.uk)

Sneaking into my column undetected (har har), ZETU's *Ninja Attack* EP is a surprising throwback to mid/late '80s Japanese hardcore à la DOOM'S DAY with more than a bit of LIP CREAM's rock'n'roll edge. At their best moments they have the same kind of undeniable driving energy as the mighty D.S.B.. I can't think of a lot of bands doing this type of basic, slightly metallic mid-tempo melodic hardcore these days in Japan and this is the kind of stuff that could easily have shown up on the *Intensive Care Unit* comp, or one of the regional MCR comps, and stood out immediately. I think the B-side lords it over the A, with the title track being the kind of driving meat-and-potatoes hardcore that drew me to the genre in the first place and B2 (title in Japanese) is the kind of melodic but tough hardcore track that only Japanese dudes in fingerless gloves and/or fishnet half-sleeves could pull off. This certainly isn't the biggest home run of the label's recent run (no shame in that!), but it's another solid release by this new decade's MVP label. (Hardcore Survives, www.harcore-survives.com)

Finally the most challenging of the lot, the much anticipated new CHAOS CHANNEL EP. After hearing about their bizarre and endlessly entertaining East Coast gigs, I was drooling to hear this new material. This EP, *(Magic Bullet) That Works to Feed the Pig* is composed of two noize punk tracks, that both conform to and defy expectations. The A-side is a classic return to CHAOS CHANNEL form, with bizarre lyrics and an aggressive but melodic noize attack, that recalls the now classic earlier EPs, but threatens an electronic noize attack à la their last CD. The B-side is a drum-machine driven repetitive workout, that drills lyrically and musically into the automated and mechanical nature of modern society, with the charming title "New Stupid Piece of Shit, That Doesn't Fuckin' Work". Is this the *Serve You Right* or *Just Say No* EP? Not at all, but the same spirit animates the band. This is another release that will definitely require a few more listens, but I'll give it a thumbs-up for the unhinged vocal and lyrics alone. Fuck I wish I'd seen these guys on their tour!

Alright, that's it for now. I need to drink another beer and put on the LOTUS FUCKER LP again. Hate mail and bootleg SWANKYS "Who Kill Felix" shirts (seriously, I've needed one for a while!), made out to me c/o *MRR* or email me at agunderwood@gmail.com.




Hello, My name is Justin Curtis. I am a longtime dedicated skateboarder currently incarcerated in Florida. I am sending out this missive in hope of garnering as much outside support as possible, not only to help me get through this tough situation, but also to help turn my plans for the future from a dream into a reality. Before I get into the details of these plans, I'd like to further introduce myself so as to give you a better understanding of who I am and where I'm coming from.

I have been addicted to skateboarding since the late '80s. I got my first board around the age of eight and from that point on I was hooked. I am now in my early 30s and not a day goes by that skateboarding isn't on my mind. Growing up skating in central Florida, I had the same dream I imagine a lot of skater kids who weren't born on the West Coast had. I wanted to go to California and become a professional skateboarder. By the time I was nineteen years old that dream hadn't changed much and with my board, a back pack with some clothes and the D.I.Y. "Just *do it*!" mindframe I picked up through punk rock, I hit the road. I hitchhiked and hopped freight trains from Florida out to California in pursuit of freedom, happiness and my childhood dreams.

I made it to San Diego and then headed up the coast stopping in L.A., S.F. and then Santa Cruz. I was having a blast skating great spots, meeting cool people, and generally having a good time. But I was also alternating between living on the streets and couch surfing and partying way too much. So much so that I let getting wasted overpower my desire to skate to my full potential. I was nineteen years old with no worries, no responsibilities and unfortunately no plan. My hard partying lifestyle caught up with me in Santa Cruz where, after drinking a bunch of vodka, I had some sort of alcohol-related stroke. My body basically shut down. I woke up in a detox and after being released, the left side of my upper body was temporarily paralyzed. The use of my left arm came back later that day but needless to say it shook me up a bit. It was at this point I decided I should head back home to Florida before something worse happened. I called some friends in Florida who were coming out to Hollywood for vacation, got a bus ticket down to L.A., and met them there. A week later I was headed back East, defeated. I let drinking become more important than my dreams. You'd figure that would be enough to make me give it up, not to mention the stroke. Unfortunately, that

wasn't the case.

Shortly after returning to Florida, things were looking good. I had relocated from the Tampa Bay area over to the East Coast, and got hooked up with a solid shop sponsor, had a good crew of friends and a girl who I thought was "the one". Little did I know that within six months of being back in Florida, incidents would happen which would get the ball rolling to where I am now. What began as an argument between me and my girlfriend ended up, with the help of my old friend alcohol, with me breaking out her car window, getting arrested for it and within four months being sentenced to two years in prison followed by four years of probation for the crime of "Throwing a Deadly Missile (skateboard) at an Occupied Vehicle". I did the two years, got out, violated the probation and was sentenced to fifteen more years. I am no murderer, sex offender or any other type of scumbag. I made some stupid decisions while I was intoxicated that landed me in jail due to my not having any money for a lawyer; I was railroaded by an unjust, money-hungry southern judicial system. I am still in the process of fighting for the justice I deserve and if things go well I should be hearing from the courts soon and hopefully seeing freedom within a year or so. I have now been locked up for all but two months (in '04) since June 1st of 2002. Despite the time I've spent in here and the absurdness of my situation, I have stayed strong and made a conscious decision to not only make it through this, but to also become a better person in spite of this terrible experience. If there is one thing this place has given me it's plenty of time to think. Over the past few years I have come to realize that even though I wasn't doing anything really bad when I was free, I wasn't doing anything good for myself or others, either. So I got to thinking, what could I do out there that would involve the things I am most passionate about—skateboarding and music—that would also benefit other people involved in those things? My first idea was to open a skate/record shop (Skates and Crates). But over time that initial idea has transformed into something much bigger than just another "shop". My goal is to do all that I can to give as much as I can back to the skateboarding community.

So with that in mind, I came up with an idea that I think will help me accomplish that goal.

I'd like to present you with my plans/idea for "In the Streets—Skate Culture Space", a place where people who are involved with, interested in and dedicated to skateboarding, and the culture connected to it, can come together, hang out, brainstorm ideas and hopefully put some of those ideas into action towards the betterment of skateboarding as a whole. There will be a strong emphasis on the art and music aspects of the culture but never will it be limited to only those two things. I want to focus on art and music due to the undeniably huge role they play in making skateboarding the incredible entity that it is. I want to eventually be able to put on skate contests and demos, host music and art shows, and have a place where both independent artists and musicians can practice and hone their crafts. While I do want to put a strong emphasis on art and music, these two things will never outshine the skateboarding. I am a skater first and foremost, and all the art, music and other things happening will all ultimately serve the purpose of promoting and benefiting skateboarding in some way, shape or form. I want to do all I can to bring as much strength, integrity, independence, progression, unity and fun to the skateboarding community as possible.

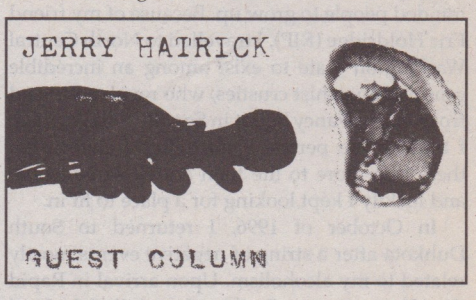
There will also be a retail shop as part of this plan. The shop will provide a wide range of hard and soft goods from an assortment of core companies. What will set "In the Streets" apart from most run-of-the-mill skate shops is that along with the larger well-known brands, we will also have many smaller independent companies' goods in stock. I want to do as much as I can to help support these small companies, who do as much for their individual scenes and for skateboarding in general but are often overlooked in favor of well-known name brands, regardless of the fact that their products are made just as well and cost less. I hope to make some sort of profit or at least break even with the shop, but making money is not my main objective; making a difference is. And with the help and support of like-minded people it can and will happen.

Finally, I'd like to explain why I chose to call this place, this idea, this dram of mine "In the Streets". I chose the name "In the Streets" because "the streets" are where the raw energy and the limitless possibilities of skateboarding originated and where they continue to thrive to this very day. I chose to call it a "Skate Culture Space" as opposed to a "skate shop" because I want this place to be much more than just another shop. I want people to come to this space to experience *skateboarding culture*, not just to purchase it. Please join me on this mission. With your help and support this dream can become a reality.
I thank you in advance for any and all support.

End note: for the past few years I have been sending letters similar to this to various people in both the skate and D.I.Y. music communities, in an attempt to get my ideas out there, make as many friends, pen-pals, contacts and connections as possible, and to gain any support and/or feedback that I can.

As you can probably imagine, this situation can get frustrating and difficult to deal with at times. Focusing on these plans of mine is one of the few ways I have to keep hope alive. Any contact I receive from outside these walls from someone who has read these words means more to me than you can imagine. Anything anyone is willing to do to help me bide this time; i.e. sending letters of support, encouragement, advice or criticism, sending things such as books, magazines, photos, etc. or anything else that can be thought of that may help keep my mind occupied, is highly encouraged and greatly appreciated. Any and every little thing helps. So, if anything in this missive has sparked your interest even slightly, please don't hesitate to drop me a line. Thank you.
—Justin M. Curtis

Contact me by U.S. Mail @ Justin M. Curtis #K62605/C2.136.S/Gulf Correctional Institute/500 Ike Steele Road/Wewahitchka, FL 32465. Or e-mail me at: Justin@Live.Skate.Rock.N.Roll@gmail.com




Greetings *MRR*! This is Jerry Hatrick, owner of the now defunct Skullets DIY All Ages venue in Rapid City, SD. Congratulations to 30 years of *MRR*! I have been a longtime on-and-off subscribe. My *MRR* "off-time" is attributed to "hands-on-time" in our local scene. Simply put, I didn't always have time to peruse the pages of the magazine. But, I always found time for the radio show once it was web enabled.

Over the years the radio show has introduced so many good bands that otherwise I may have never known. Due to my current circumstances, I haven't been able to listen to the show since November 2011. And although I enjoy all of the music picked by every person on the show, I must say that the sets played by Ron and Mariam were some of my favorites.

I grew up in a very small town of 1000 people located 83 miles from Rapid City, which is also a small town when compared to the average city. The first pop movement of punk never really reached us out here in "The Outer Limits Tour". Yes, this is the proverbial "boonducks"!

The second wave of punk (Hardcore) hit south Duhkota around 1985-86, as we are usually at least five years behind the rest of the country. But by that time, I was venturing to other states because of my job situations. I was pretty much a metalhead up until 1986-87. I listened to some Ramones and the Misfits, but I was no means into punk rock. I was 22 years old when somebody in Utah gave me some punk records stolen from a college radio station. Among those records were the Crucifucks' first release and a Circle Jerks album. This led me to other bands and my punk life was solidified by MDC, the Subhumans, the Dead Kennedys, Minor Threat, Poison Idea, SLF, Rudimentary Peni, Nausea, etc. etc.. Yeah I know, a who's who list. But those are the bands that influenced me at that time and still do to this day. I believe some messages and timeless.

Because I continued to travel around the country working at so called "real man" type jobs that were not at all eco-friendly, I never really encountered any punks beyond being able to catch an occasional show here and there. Subsequently, I was never really around any punk subculture or community beyond the music.

In 1992, I gave up on my career aspirations and began an aimless search for something I didn't even know existed. I moved from the California desert to Steamboat Springs, CO in 1993, and fell in with a good bunch of people from various punk scenes across the US. Of course snowboarding was the common motivation for

residing there, but living in a place where the hippy bomb was dropped caused any punk-minded people to grow up. Because of my friend Eric Holdridge (RIP), I travelled to North Central Washington State to exist among an incredible group of anarchist crusties, who revolved to and fro from the Fancy Squat in Seattle. This is where I became the person I am today. I always felt there was more to life than a job-related career and luckily I kept looking for a place to fit in.

In October of 1996, I returned to South Duhkota after a string of negative events mostly related to my alcoholism. Upon arrival in Rapid City, I became a regular attendee of all of the local shows. I quit alcohol two years later but still used marijuana, and at that point I also lived off of marijuana sales. In 1999, I moved to Bozeman, MT to start a record label with my good friend Patrick Johnson.

We had just finished the promotional copies of our first release when, I was indicted by the South Dakota authorities in connection with a marijuana conspiracy. The last State of the Union record was eventually released as part of a discography by Profane Existence.

I received ten years for the conspiracy and after saving two-plus years in prison, I paroled back to Rapid City. I immersed myself in the local scene and in 2003 I purchased a PA system from longtime R.C. scenester Jason Beert.

Many of us had grown frustrated by too many "indie" type shows from other promoters, which motivated us to get involved. So another "Jason" and I set the tone for our intentions by booking Artimus Pyle and the Sunday Morning Einsteins for our first show. Shortly thereafter, I was sent back to prison for a parole violation. For the next four years, Jason put on many shows and I contributed my PA, as well as doing all I could by researching band contacts from the pages of *MRR*, *Razorcake* and *Profane Existence*.

In 2008, I returned to Rapid City and once again dove into the scene. For the following two years, I put on a crapload of shows as Jerry Hatrick Productions. I had help from a great bunch of kids, including the local band the Parasites (they assumed their name prior to knowing of the other Parasites). At one point, we did 13 shows, or sound for shows, in the span of 17 days at various venues! Rarely were we ever compensated for sound and I never kept any money from my own shows. Of course, we never expected any monetary rewards and we always did it out of love for DIY music. But in reality, it was becoming very evident that we needed to establish our own venue. The PA had grown very extensively and was becoming a burden to set up and tear down for every show. So, in the fall of 2010, I signed a two-year lease on a building and we started Skullets DIY All Ages. That is another firm belief I have—that all shows should be all ages.

For a couple of years, I had tried to unify our scene, as six years prior a group of Christian HC kids split away from the rest of the R.C. scene. Unfortunately, they also managed to "steal" the hardcore tag and a schism developed between "HC kids" and "punk kids". The kickboxing kids did not learn or adopt any true DIY ethics and their influence on kids to this day has been very counterproductive to both groups.

After a time, the punk and crustie kids became reactionary to the so-called hardcore kids and neither group would attend each other's shows. I did sound for many shows put on by hardcore kids (as long as it wasn't Christian HC), and eventually started getting some of the punk kids to go see those shows. We were beginning to unify the scene when we started Skullets.

One of our first shows booked by another promoter (a "HC kid") was Comeback Kid. This show resulted with Skullets being shorted money and the promoter ripped off at least 450-650 dollars, which should have gone to the bands. I fronted out the promotes on Facebook the next day and offered physical proof of his dishonestly. Unfortunately, the kick boxer kids would not investigate or acknowledge their friends wrong-doing and they ignorantly accused Skullets of lying! So the split between the two tribes became even worse. And it should also be mentioned that all of the sub-genres of the "underground" music scene in Rapid City have become very polarized and the results are elitism. It appears that all of the sub-genres have forgotten their common roots. We booked a wide variety of bands at Skullets and nobody can ever accuse us of being one-dimensional.

As anyone who has tried to operate a music venue will know, there are many problems and headaches that will ensue. But in a very conservative place like Rapid City where many of the newer people to punk/HC do not realize DIY ethics, having a venue with militant anarchist rhetoric can be especially "difficult" to say the least. Because I believe in the ethics of Tim Yo and *MRR*, there were many critics when I would not book certain bands. People just did not understand that we had no interest in becoming a mainstream music venue. And since I am very out spoken in my DIY beliefs, many people including punks took verbal "shots" at us almost daily.

In June of 2011, Meagan Johnson and I "found" each other and with the continuing help of my band mate Bob Medeck, the three of us ran Skullets. Meagan is a wonderful person and she has the same dedication to DIY that I have. With her help, we were able to start up Skullets.org as well as a large info table at Skullets. Without her help, I would have allowed frustration to end Skullets way sooner than I did. In the month of July 2011, we threw seven shows, which were the most we ever did for one month. We usually had around three to five shows per month. We were doing what we loved, even though there was a new obstacle every month. One major problem was with the city zoning laws. We were zoned for "light industrial" and our shows were considered "assembly" status by the fire department and city planner. We found a way around this problem by changing Skullets official capacity to a tee-shirt screening shop, with our shows being "promotional" events. This did not improve our relationshit with the City, but they could not shut us down.

Then in August of 2011, three RCPD officers were shot during a racially motivated incident involving a Native American named Daniel Tiger. Two of the officers died and Tiger also died three days later. The official cause of Tiger's death was "fatal gunshot wound to the leg"! Hmm, I'll let you draw your own conclusion on that one…

On the Skullets FB page, we took a supportive stance towards Tiger and renamed the upcoming Humilitate show "The Daniel Tiger Tribute Show". Accordingly, this evoked a multitude of reactions from the pro-polite conservative elements of Rapid City. We anticipated those reactions, but what we didn't expect was for punk and liberal-minded people to side with the police establishment.

Since Daniel Tiger was a Native American, and most punks in Rapid City are white, I overlooked or misjudged the intrinsic racist nature of this town. I could not believe that the so-called "open-minded" people and punks of this area could not see the real story of what happened! There was even a hippy art collective/music venue that was going to protest our Daniel Tiger tribute show. It seemed as if this town needed some type of tragedy to rally around in order to justify their insecure existence.

Under "encouragement" from my parole officer, as well as the State's Attorney Office and the S.D. Division of Criminal Investigation, we changed the name of the show. On the Skullets FB page we posted MDC videos, as well as others, which caused a "firestorm" of responses—mostly negative! We kind of stepped aside at that point and let the debate take place. Thank you to MDC siblings Bryan and Jesse for their great responses to ignorant attacks from our haters. All of this eventually died down and Skullets blazed on.

On November 7, 2011, I was arrested for selling 1 lb/4.5 gr of California's finest to an informant. I was sentenced to ten years and will be required to serve five years prior to release on parole. Meagan moved into Skullets to reside there and took on all responsibilities. My other band mate and ex-friend did sound and with Bob's ever present assistance, they were able to keep Skullets operating for four more months.

Our building was sold and the new owner threatened us with eviction, so we closed the doors April 2012. In our best month, Skullets took in around 600 dollars. Most months, we took in around 200 dollars or less. The rent and bills for Skullets were usually around 1000 dollars and I routinely paid out 800 dollars or more for us to cover monthly expenses. No, that is not exactly punk, but our love for the music and the bands we got to meet made it worth it! We always made sure the bands were well paid and treated with complete hospitality. Our hope was to unify this scene and to make Skullets self-supporting. On that issue I have failed miserably.

Meagan kept Skullets going as a booking group. I provided my PA to be retained by my ex-band mate and ex-friend who continued doing sound, and with Bob's help they utilized a portion of the PA for shows at a small venue. Without airing to much "dirty laundry," I must relate that I ended Skullets due to "personal entanglements" between two of the three other people who ran Skullets and myself. The total letdown of this situation was too much for me

to digest. After nine years of cultivating band connections, building the PA and all of the hard work, it felt as if it had all been taken for granted by people I considered to be "family". Therefore, I gave possession of the PA to Bob, since he had booked Resistant Culture for late November.

We had plans to start Kipple House Booking together, when Meagan started up Back Alley Booking. I realized there would be no point in having two groups competing for some of the same bands as a result of fallout from this situation, and I asked Bob to work with Meagan to provide sound for Back Alley Booking.

Yes, I feel like I was stabbed in the back in some respects, but to allow these circumstances to cause further fragmentation of the kind which has plagued our scene forever, would be very hypocritical of me. So you can find a link to Back Alley Booking at the Skullets DIY All Ages FB page.

To any of the bands who have ever played my shows or any of the shows at Skullets, we thank you all! I have enjoyed the camaraderie of every single one of you. And although the circumstances that led me to ending Skullets have left a bad taste in my mouth, booking bands has led me down a path from which I will never stray. That "path" led to me jumping in the van with MDC for a four-day mini tour for Halloween 2010. Two of those shows were with Propaghandi and Chris told me that Rapid City was the very first U.S. show for Propaghandi. On the same trip, I finally met Dick at a Citizen Fish soundcheck.

I have seen a shitload of shows in many places over the years, but seeing a unified crowd at Chaos in Tejas sing the words to Cro-Mag's songs was badass! And then two nights later, seeing the same crowd sing the first three songs by Cock Sparrer was fucking incredible! The next year at Chaos, I finally got to see the Subhumans after a couple of decades of "just missing" them in my travels. That same year, I got ahold of the mic and sang during Poison Idea's set. Jerry gave me the thumbs up on that one! Don't get me wrong, I am 41 years old and don't go for all of that hero worship crap or anything, but when I meet people who changed my life, I appreciate that moment. I am like a little kid punk when it comes to the music. I still get "goosebumps" when a new song of an old favourite hits me in the heart.

Even though punk rock has always been accessible, booking bands put me in personal contact with many incredible people. And to be complimented by them or to inspire them with things I do is very rewarding. When Dave dedicated a song to me at a Subhumans/MDC show at the Gothic Theater in Denver, I have to admit that it felt very gratifying.

One of the last shows as the Skullets booking group was Fucktard. I booked Fucktard the previous year and when John saw Skullets, he remarked that it was just like Burnt Ramen! Holy fucking shit, what a great compliment! And at the most recent Fucktard show before I ended Skullets, John dedicated their set to me. Being where I am right now, that shit means the world to me! Then again, Oakland punks have always been some of my favorite people. The band Pigs came to mind as another really good bunch of people who spent two days with us a couple of years ago. I could go on shamefully dropping name after name, but I will spare you the agony.

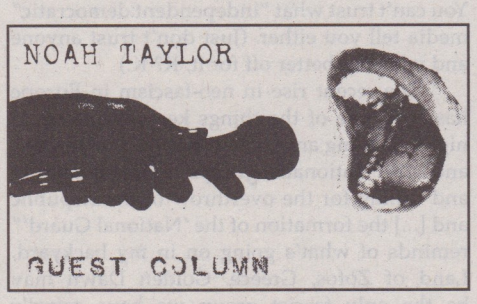
Thank you *MRR* for keeping me sane. There're only a small number of things that have never let me down and punk rock music is one of them. I absolutely love not only the music, but also the subculture and community of DIY punk lifestyle. While Rapid City may be lacking in unity, community and DIY ethics at times, there will always be a "core" group of "kids" who were very supportive of Skullets, and me and my legal issues.

I am currently completing a two-year paralegal degree and will be having my attorney file a motion for modification of sentence next year. Hopefully I can have the sentence cut in half or suspended. Regardless of that outcome, I will be released no more than four years from now. I will be booking bands again and there will be another DIY All Ages venue in Rapid City.

In closing, I once again thank all of you at *MRR* and anyone reading this. I apologize for the length of this submission but really I could go on for pages and pages. Please go to the Skullets DIY All Ages FB page and the link to Back Alley Booking for shows in Rapid City. And should you be inclined to write me, *please do*! And of course, Jerry Hatrick is not my real name.

Sincerely,

—Bryan Iverson
#57405/Black Hills Transitional Center/2725 Creek Drive/Suite 100/Rapid City/SD 57703




**Greenville D.I.Y. Show Rituals**

Though D.I.Y. punk shows are universal, you may be surprised at some of the dances and practices that are central to my scene in Greenville, South Carolina. Upon going to a few shows in different areas, I found that others around me found my actions strange. Perhaps these practices will catch on someday, perhaps not. As the kids say, "Whatevs".

The first of these practices I'd like to examine is that of the human pyramid. Do you remember your high school cheerleading squad doing that thing, where they crouch down on their hands and knees and get on each other's backs, creating a perfect triangle of bodies? Same thing, but with a bunch of punks and at the base of a bass drum. To signal the formation of a human pyramid, one touches the tips of his thumbs and index fingers of both hands together and raises this symbol above his head, which forms a triangle. Everyone who sees this, who wishes to get involved, makes the same symbol and eventually congregates and crouches down in front of the drummer, neatly piling on top of each other. This goes on until balance is lost and everyone collapses on the floor, scrambling to get up before stepped on.

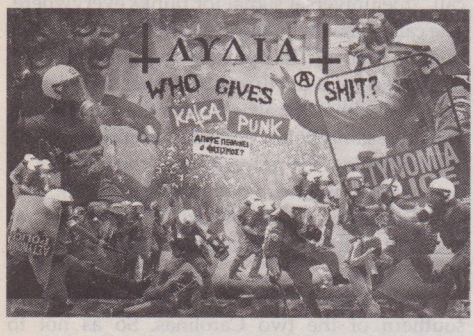
Another popular ritual is that of the "punk call," the universal signal for punks everywhere. The call is usually made in-between songs, in the middle of a set. To put it phonetically, it's like the screech of a disturbed bird, that sounds like "ehhh! [E-ehh-uh]"; all who hear the call respond with the same noise. Someday you'll be fourty and shopping for groceries for your family of five, waiting in line to buy a gallon of milk, and you'll hear some kid loitering with his buds at the front of the store make the call, and you too shall know…

Dancing forms also vary here in the more southern of the two Carolinas. So as not to completely destroy the living room and the house that encompasses it, also so as not to hurt your neighbor standing next to you, it is proper etiquette to go for the "belly-drum/hands-behind-back dunk" method. This consists of patting your belly to the beat of the music, palms flat, and with consistent motion. As you do this, bend forward and bend back upright, as though picking up a fallen object (just really fast)! It's not head banging because you're moving your entire torso. If you don't feel like belly-drumming, it is also appropriate to fold your hands behind your back gentlemanly/militarily, while dunking back and forth.

Probably my personal favorite practice of Greenville house shows is the stage dive. "Stage dive? You mean to say there's a stage in the house?" Of course not! Stages are sooo un-punk. In the spirit of D.I.Y., we use the patented "light-flicker-run-jump-trampoline" technique. This involves placing a small exercise trampoline in the doorframe of a room connected to the room the show is taking place in. First, you enter the room with the trampoline and flicker the lights on and off. This is to signal your friends that you are about to attempt a stage dive. Once they notice, they prep to catch you trust-fall style, as you get totally in the zone for your big jump. When it's time, you get in runner's position, sprint across the room, bounce off the trampoline and *bam*! You are crowd surfing in the privacy of your own home. It's semi-common practice to strip down to your underwear (during the summer at least) when making a dive, and usually during the show someone surfing hits the fan—but don't worry, it doesn't really hurt that much and if you turn the fan switch off and on it'll start moving again!

Another part of Greenville D.I.Y. is an obsession with cats, which makes sense, because cats are ridiculously cute after all. But where does this love sprout from? Nobody knows! One GVSC (Greenville, SC) band, the Cherry Icees—which is just, the greatest bubblegum-pop-Ramones-esque band evah—is very feline-centric. Also there is the label Pocket Cat records, which does seem to have kitten leanings. Then there's Linoleum and Grimple, the two most radass cats that roam the front porch and halls of Casa de Santangelo, the official/unofficial current HQ of the scene. But when it comes down to it, cats are just the most

But that's Greenville, and I love every bit of it more than anywhere else on Earth. Come visit! Czech out Rubrics, Hay Fever, the Cherry Icees, Scamming Spree, and Tarred & Feathered, all GVSC bands. I love you!




**"What was once my jungle is now my zoo"**

Wow, December started with a bang! Right after coming down from the food high that was Punxgiving, Subversion grabbed us by the scruff of the neck and threw us into the pit! Probably the best hardcore punk festival I've been too in yonks! I know many people gape at the line-ups for Chaos in Tejas and other similar festivals (myself and friends back home included), but down in old pit-of-fascist-snakes Greece, we don't always get to see too much of those—so we just did our own gigs. Now, being here, I feel lucky to have witnessed such a solid congregation of bands. As far as I'm concerned the bands that played at Subversion encompass some of the most current, compelling and accomplished out there today. There is little point in listing the ones that were good, as almost every band that took the stage was freakishly tight and powerful, truly blasting a sound that was just electrifying to watch! The two stages meant you would circle the venue, like a revolving door of hardcore after punk after post-punk after D-beat after hardcore...Fucking sick! Congratulations to Cat and Jeremy for organizing it and I'm already looking forward to the next one! I'll quote Cat here and say that "2012 was the best year in hardcore yet." Indeed it has been! Next issue the truth shall be revealed and enlightenment shall come to all ye disbelievers! It's the Year End Top Tens issue!

* Then, no less than a week later, I got another pleasant surprise. While perusing *SF Weekly* on a particularly cold and dark Thursday night, nursing a hangover with some red wine, I saw, jumping out from a bright yellow ad, Dylan Moran, the Irish comedian! The man who in *Black Books* had, essentially, what is still one of my (many) dream jobs (to own a bookstore and drink wine for breakfast while swearing at customers who ask questions before 11 am). He was going to be in *this* town *tomorrow*! By the power of the internet I bought tickets right away and, the following night, the brain behind some of the wittiest comedy and modern truths stood a mere nine rows in front of me, sipping red wine, jolting up and down, waving his hands as he pondered on the evolution of the modern world. "[Crisps] are *not* awesome, they're *crunchy*! If I open them and haggard shafts of light and cherubim and angelic music comes out, then they would we awesome OK? Mountains and rivers and the fact that I'm still breathing are awesome!" His inability to deal with harsh realities, like sunlight and sound first thing in the morning, make me feel a bit better about my own self-loathing and petrified anxiety about everything. ("Why do I even dare to think I could dream I could imagine I could hope?") His feel-good self-mockery was at its best and it was a thoroughly needed experience, an excellent balancing force for my rather charged spirits.

* You hear about horrible things all the time; positivity can be elusive. Friends getting laid off or hit by giant SUVs, others losing a loved one, or getting mugged and beaten up... You read the news and the horror continues. Then you hear about one case, with relatively few victims, and the story goes on for weeks, as if it were the first time someone had picked up a gun and fired bloody murder—because it's wasn't. Yet the Connecticut shooting blew people's minds, despite the fact that the same government responsible for legal rifle ownership is also the one in charge of blowing people up in far off countries.

People seem to only care about what's going on in their own back yard. Until their neighbour fucks up—in which case they're ready to swarm over and dictate their disapproval and punishment like a swasm of wasps. "The pure and simple truth is rarely pure and never simple," said the Wilde. And that's why you can't trust what mainstream media tell you. You can't trust what "independent democratic" media tell you either. (Just don't trust anyone and you'll be better off for it, K? K.)

* The recent rise in neo-fascism in Europe has been one of the things keeping me up at night. Reading an article about the Polish ONR and MWP nationalist groups "officially uniting and calling for the overthrow of the Republic and [...] the formation of the 'National Guard'" reminds of what's going on in my backyard, Land of Zofos, Greece. Golden Dawn may be the only fascist group we have *actually elected into parliament* by so-called democrats, but it's not the only one out there. In fact, an undercover scheme by Chicago anti-fascists exposed Golden Dawn supporters in New York! Right on!

* Back home, the usual suspects—and in particular the parliament/street bullies of Golden Dawn—pressured police, who went on a crackdown rampage. Arresting a whole block of protesters at an anti-fascist march in Volos, raiding the independent radio station 98FM run out of the ASOEE University campus in Athens and evicting the Big House, Villa Amalias squat.

On Tuesday December 20, one day before "the end of the world," cops invaded the historic squat, situated by Victoria Square in downtown Athens, Greece. The Big House had been snatched from us. The abandoned school, brought back to life in 1991 by punks, has been the meeting point and cross-pollination spot for countless Greek and foreign bands since its beginning. The building that represents so much more than the rickety foundations it stands upon, was boarded up by police and eight people were arrested and detained at the police HQ until Monday, when they were to be trialed for felonies (*Bologna I tell you*! No evidence or proof *whatsoever*). A massive wave of solidarity ruffled across Greece and other countries and on Mon. the 24th all of them were set free; five of them were granted bail and have to sign up at a police station monthly.

The anger boiled inside of me and I felt so helpless from so far away, unable to do anything to actively help my friends, to help get our punk house back. I truly felt the distance and all the things I could never forget rushed back into me, never too far to begin with it: The constant state of fear, the feelings of injustice and absurdity, the blinding rage and the guilt of time wasted. Fuckin' hell...

* I am trying to stay focused and use this anger to propel myself forward, and being inspired by *MRR* has always been one of the things that kept me going. Looking back through old issues, getting emails of thanks from columnists, small gestures from people that tell me I'm in the right place at the right time, these have all helped me on our quest to steer *MRR* into yet another year of punk existence and resistance.

I'll admit I have had some bouts of self-consciousness, but I'm here to offer my services, help and advice and, with the guidance of those that came before me, this magazine shall continue to do great things, as it is what you make it! (We just coordinate). Should you have any questions, just ask. Assumption is the mother of all fuck ups, so let's stay as connected as possible and keep the dialogue open. Apathy and disregard for fellow punks is not what punk is about, so let's focus on evolving beyond our own insecurities and rising above our first world prejudices. We have so much to do and so little time, let's put aside our differences and retain our purpose: punk for change, ***malaka***!

I wish you all a happy, creative and courageous 2013, stay strong and don't let any fucker get you down! I know that you're two months in the future right now, so New Year resolutions will be long past by the time you read this, but welcome to my reality; to be stuck between both all the time—it's as exciting as it is trippy, this warped concept of time and space!

* Lastly, a small thank you note to all the people who have given me encouragement along the way, you know who you are. Hellos to Beenie in Tubingen, Dee Dee, Melvin and Jaque from France and our new gang of Russian friends—visit us again soon! Also, a giant thank you to all of our contributors from around the world, your submissions are greatly appreciated, and a round of applause to all the people who made donations and/or thought of *MRR* for their holiday gifts...We have more cool things on the way, so stray tuned! Solidarity with all squats! Fuck apolitique lifestyle punk! No to guns, yes to fun! Free the pit: Dance!

# THE DICKTATOR

## mariam bastani

Holy Shit Everybody! Do you know what month it is! February sure…but it's my muthafukkin' birthday month! Feliz Cumple to me! Actually for this month I have made an executive decision and decided as a present to all of you punks that read *MRR*, I have put in three photo spreads of the crazy fests of last year! Thanks to Martin!

So what does another year for me mean? I still have one foot in the grave and I'm still two steps away from the gutter. My body is falling apart and I am getting middle age fat. I could tell you all that getting older is great, but that would be a lie. I could tell you that getting older sucks, but that's not true either. It just is what it is. Only in recent years have I started thinking about my past. And I have to say, I have no regrets…

Enough of the "what does it all mean," I'm gonna tell you a story about love, loss, complete humiliation and an awesome birthday party…

I was in my early twenties and I was dating this super-fucking-punk dude, who now lives in Portland. By "super-fucking-punk," I mean charged Mohawk, leopard print pants, studded out leather, pierced cock, tattoos all over him (remember when tattoos were actually subversive?)—you know, someone off of a GBH crowd shot (or maybe later Total Chaos cover, who knows…). I was pretty into this dude and while we had had our ups and downs, we were in love (barf). Coincidently, his birthday is the day after mine! In celebration of our birthdays that year, a friend of ours was throwing a giant kegger at a punk house that did shows on the Northside (Chicago). It was awesome. Not only was I going to spend my birthday with my dude, but our good pal was throwing us a huge birthday party with all of our friends there to celebrate. It was gonna be great!

That evening at home…I prepared. I gathered all of my gifts for my dude. I remember one of them was the Adverts Peel Sessions 12"—man, was I a dope… Anyway, presents were wrapped, my shit was packed, I was all slutted up and ready to go. As I was putting on my boots, the phone rang.

"Is this Mariam?" A male voice I didn't recognize.

"Yes, who is this?" Who the hell was this?

"You don't know me, but I am calling to tell you that your boyfriend has been cheating on you for two months."

It's funny because I can remember being stunned, but also thinking what a rotten fucker my boyfriend was and that I was gonna superglue his dick to his leg. There were a few moments of silence between us. I looked over at the presents I had wrapped.

"The reason I know this is because he is cheating on you with my girlfriend."

"Ok, thanks for telling me," I said in a monotone voice. More silence.

"I'm sorry to do this to you, but the only way I can get to him is to get to you first." At this point he sounded angry, but the apology was definitely sincere. Before I knew what I was saying I replied, "I understand."

I did understand. I still do.

Like anyone, My first inclination was to call my cheater boyfriend—the one waiting for me at his house to exchange presents and to have some alone time before our joint birthday party where all of our friends would be present to honor us as individuals and as a couple. I did not cry. I wasn't even fucking sad! I was just very angry that someone I trusted took my kindness for weakness, something I cannot stand to this day…

I don't remember ever being reactionary, even when I was young—impulsive, maybe, but not reactionary and at this time I think I was smart enough to see that if I were to freak out, dude would have been like, "fuck it," and gone to the party. No fucking way was I having that. So, I gathered the presents and headed to his house for the festive evening that was about to unfold.

Minutes later I was standing in front of his door. I took a deep breath before ringing the bell. What was I gonna say? How was I gonna do this? Did I really think I was gonna use the super glue in my pocket? I didn't have a plan of action nor could I think of a good way to bring up the revealing conversation from the earlier phone call. Everyone knows that the most important weapon in the rules of warfare is the element of surprise. I decided to trust my instincts and do what I always do—fucking wing it…

"Hey!" There he was with the door open and a giant smile on his face. He came in for a kiss. I could have punched him ugly face, but what the hell…this was gonna be the last time.

"Happy Birthday!" I said and walked in. Crossing the Rubicon. I realized that no one else was home and decided to wait to bring up the "your dude is cheating" convo.

"Hey, would you mind if we gave Pete a ride to the party?" He asked as we were entering his room. "I told him to come over in half an hour."

"That's cool," O, I have 30 minutes to figure out how this was gonna play out...

We slapped a record on, sat on his bed and exchanged presents. I vaguely remember reading the card he gave me and it containing a joke about if I am lucky I will get "hammered and nailed" on my birthday. Gross. After the exchange and some banter about some bullshit, he told me that his brother had called him and that his nephew sang him Happy Birthday. How sweet.

"Funny, I got a birthday phone call as well," I said while placing aside the gifts we had just unwrapped.

"Oh yeah? Who was it?" he asked, grabbing his super punk jacket. Pete would be there any minute. I got my damn presents. It was time.

"It was a call from some guy telling me that you have been cheating on me for the last two months." Total Silence. In a wonderful coincidence, the record had ended and the only sound was of the needle on the turntable circling that last groove. With his back to me, he asked, "Who told you that?" He had been caught.

"Is it true?" I just wanted an answer, but all he could do was launch into a chorus of, "This is bullshit," "Who told you that?" "What did they say?" "Was it a girl or a guy?" "Who would do this?" blah, poor me, blah. Repeat.

The doorbell rang and he left the room to let Pete in, his face pale and green. Pete came asking my cheater boyfriend, "What's up man? You sound funny."

"Nothing, man, nothing…" he stammered.

"Is everything ok?" Pete turned to me with his eyebrows raised looking concerned.

"Ask him." I pointed my thumb at 'ol cheater and smiled mirthlessly.

"Dude, it's gonna be alright once we get to the party," Pete said offering a comforting hand on cheater boyfriends shoulder.

"I'm not going to the party," cheater boyfriend said. What? No fucking way, I couldn't have that.

"Oh, you are going," I said to him, following with a hiss, "and you are gonna have the time of your life."

The ride to the party destination was about 30 minutes. I was driving with cheater boyfriend in the passenger seat and Pete in the back. Every eight minutes or so the chorus of, "This is bullshit," "Who told you that?" "What did they say?" "Was it a girl or a guy?" "Who would do this?" blah, poor me, blah, would start up again. To which poor Pete would ask, "What's going on, you guys?" sounding very much like a poor toddler in the back seat while his parents argue in the front. Silence.

We finally make it to the party and cheats-y gets out of the car without a word. We get inside and all of our friends are coming at us in a mob, giving us hugs and Happy Birthday wishes. Immediately, everyone noticed that there was something amiss as cheater boyfriend heads straight to the kegs. Everyone watches him cross the room in silence with his head hanging as I am saying thanks, laughing and hugging my pals.

"Is everything cool?" a few asked.

"Everything is great!" I replied, "let's get stupid!" The party went on. Everyone was drinking, laughing and spinning their favorite records. We were being loud, stupid and rowdy. I got some great presents and a bunch of people showed up that I hadn't seen in ages. It was awesome! All the while…there was ol' cheats-y drinking right next the keg, sitting on the couch in the corner—sadly drowning his sorrows and completely unresponsive.

A few hours in, I finally decided to approach ol' cheater dick. I sat next to him on the couch and asked, "Do you have something to tell me?" he turned to me looking drunk and pathetic, "Last chance."

"I fucked up," is all he said, and just then, in front of a giant, raging, jovial party attended by all of our friends, he began to cry. That's right, like a giant diaper wearing baby, he started to cry right there in his beer. I got up and went back to my party. My fucking party, the best part being that I had a rad time, while my cheater ex-boyfriend cried for five hours straight. Good times! See yas!

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND, IT'S...

# SHITWORKER OF THE MONTH!

In the past, *MRR* featured a **SHITWORKER OF THE MONTH!** The current powers that be at *MRR* have decided to bring this tradition back. For the return of this feature, we have chosen San Francisco's own **KAT SMITH!** Here is what makes her Shitworker of the Month...

Originally from California, Kat Smith has been part of the Bay Area punk scene for many years. Kat does tons of shitwork for us and we are eternally grateful. Kat's first involvement in *MRR* began as it did for many shitworkers, with New Issue Day! After that, Kat took part in a radio show and we quickly recognized what a dedicated punk she is! Kat and her husband Jeremy Meier had already been doing the mail for many months and shortly after she started getting involved, we realized that with her hardcore background, Kat would be a great record reviewer. So she started her reviews with the October 2012 #353 issue and the rest is history!

Kat is a record reviewer, processes mail, processes online orders, helps at every New Issue Day, provides distro help, is responsible for the content and layout of the *New Blood* feature in the zine, provides screen-printing services for *MRR* merch, comes to the *MRR* parties armed with all kinds of crazy food and is generally a cool lady to be around. Soon it will be one year that Kat has been a dedicated shitworker.

Outside of *MRR*, Kat does a lot for the local scene, including being one of the two organizers of Subversion fest, the other being her husband Jeremy. Aside from the fest, they both book a ton of shows as part of their team effort Radical Punks Never Die. Another project of theirs is Committed to Suicide distro and screen-printing. Kat also plays guitar in Effluxus and No Love, is a dorky record collector, loving dog owner and great cook; she can sew and silk-screen like a motherfucker and her T-shirts are always made with talent and care. She is generous, sensitive and has a great sense of humor. She has also recently committed to helping out with an after school zine workshop that *MRR* coordinator Mariam Bastani is teaching in Oakland.

*Thanks to Kat Smith for all of her hard work at MRR and within the Bay Area scene!*

# NEW BLOOD

FIVE QUESTIONS ASKED TO FOUR NEWER BANDS

1) DATE AND LOCATION FORMED

2) REASON FOR FORMING

3) LYRICAL CONTENT

4) DESCRIPTION OF SOUND

5) FUTURE OF THIS BAND

BY KAT SMITH

## S.H.I.T

PHOTO BY FRAM ALLIN

1) S.H.I.T has been together roughly ten months ago at 330 Geary Avenue in Toronto, Canada
2) It was actually just a joke that went too far, but then we didn't suck as much as we thought we would.
3) Being an ambiguously sad guy in an angry world.
4) Lots of distortion and reverb so you can't hear how bad we actually are at our instruments.
5) We are going straight to LP next year.

## WORK

1) Dirty Work formed early January 2012 in Kansas City, Missouri.
2) Our old bass player really wanted to start a band. He was a manager at Papa John's and David our guitar player really needed a job. So we got together and played. Then for some reason our songs were ok and we decided to care about it. The irony is David no longer works at Papa Johns and now I do. Wacky.
3) Bad experiences and bad feelings. Fuck norms. Fuck cops. Fuck bosses. Fuck Christians…that kind of thing.
4) A bunch of kids hitting each other with chains and fireworks in a basement.
5) We're going on tour in December with a tour tape. Then a 7" will be out early '13. Then I think the plan is to do some other shit. What exactly, I'm not sure.

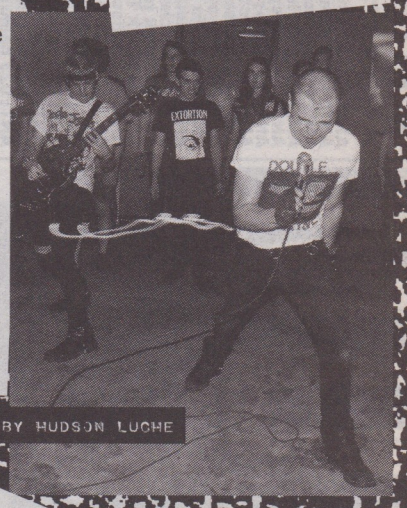


PHOTO BY HUDSON LUCHE

## DIEHARD

PHOTO BY MURRAY BOWLES

1) We started jamming in June 2012 in West Oakland.
2) We wanted to play old school hardcore.
3) To quote our singer Brynn: "The lyrics are about feeling crazy and not knowing why and thinking there's no way around it, but I'm trying to keep calm."
4) Old-school hardcore.
5) Hopefully tour summer 2013.

## CAVE

1) Our first show was on January 8th, 2012. We are from Olympia, Washington.
2) We want to make our city full of art students hurt each other.
3) "This punk shit is cool, but I hope I am Rob Zombie when I am 28."
4) Scary blood evil chains hanging from the ceiling throwing cinder blocks at a pile of scorpions.
5) A 7" on Warthog Speak and a 12" EP and 45 on Bedside records. Milk Music and Nudes tours in 2013.

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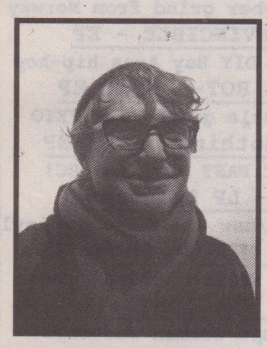
*MRR asks you!*

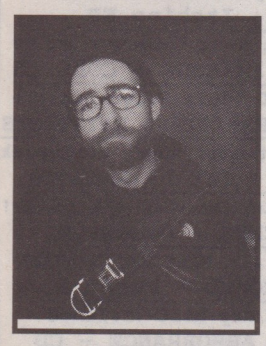
# WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

***This month's question: What punk would you like to fuck? Asked at the Gag and White Wards show at 1234 Go! in Oakland, CA. By Rachel and Ethan.***



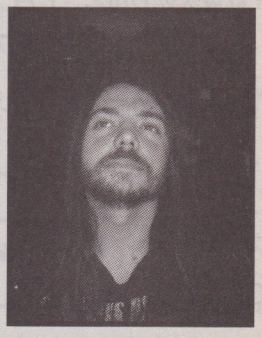
**Tyler, NYC**
Tomata du Plenty. Put those moves on me like that Target Video and you've got yourself a future ex-wife.

**Brynn, SF**
Henry Rollins even though he looks like my dad.



**Doug, Oakland**
No one. I'd rather go home and kill myself.

**Clint, Oakland**
Wendy O Williams. We would go on a date in which we would chainsaw up a Cadillac, set it on fire and push it off of a rooftop. We would fuck in the glow of the flames.

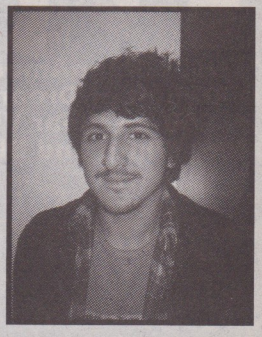


**Roxane, Berkeley**
Rob Zombie.

**Kimia, Albany**
C.W. Fagen, Mynx vocalist. Because he makes the best vegan food ever and his hair stands the test of time.

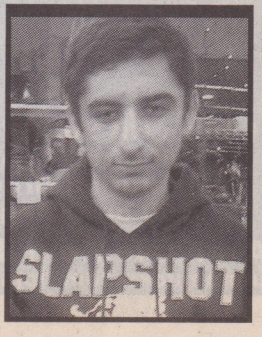
**Yosef, Oakland**
Robert Collins.

**Carlos, SF**
Lydia Lunch but I'm scared.



**Grande, Oakland**
Anyone from The Flytraps or Jimmy Rose.

**Gilberto, San Jose**
Every memeber of Magrudergrind but only so I could get a free Scion.



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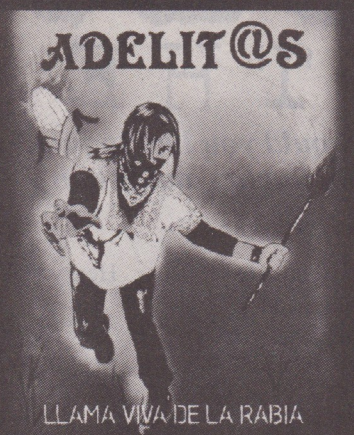


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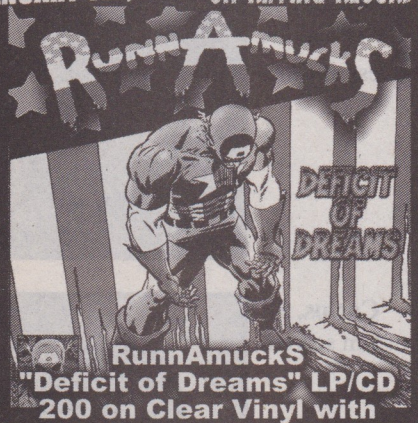


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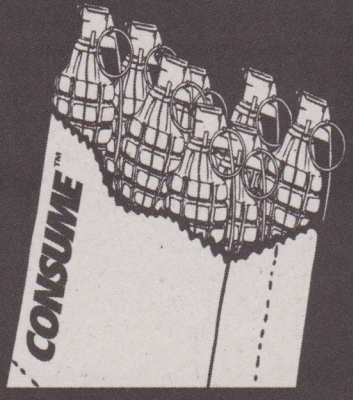


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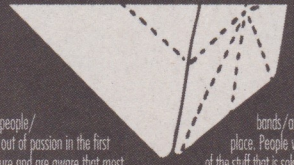


We like to meet people/ bands/art/sport/etc. that do what they do out of passion in the first place. People who believe in a underground culture and are aware that most of the stuff that is sold nowadays under that flag is total crap only made to make money. And, if you feel you can write and relate, get in touch. To put it with Fugazi's words:

"NEVER MIND WHAT THEY'RE SELLING- IT'S WHAT YOU ARE BUYING"

# NEWS

*MRR* NEWS COMPILED BY DONNY AND MRR CRÜE

## SARAH KIRSCH – REST IN POWER

*by Spencer Rangitsch*

Sarah Kirsch sadly passed away earlier this month. She was an important figure and driving force in the '90s Bay Area punk scene and beyond. Her qualitative contributions to our music scene, our underground culture and many of our lives, are impossible to quantify.

Even if you don't recognize this name, you probably know Sarah, or have in some way come into contact with her influence. She was a huge part of the punk/HC/radical community for decades as Mike Kirsch, and prolifically released music in many well-known bands over the past two decades.

Bands such as Fuel, Pinhead Gunpowder, John Henry West, Torches to Rome, Bread And Circuits, Please Inform the Captain This is a Hijack, Baader Brains, Mothercountry Motherfuckers, and more. Her music was always marked by a consistently radical perspective on the intersection of music, politics and everyday life.

Sarah was involved with this magazine for many years under the pseudonym Mick Krash and was also involved in many other notable radical community projects over the years in the Bay Area. Not long ago she came out as a proud trans-woman, but tragically shortly thereafter was diagnosed with fanconi anemia, a rare congenital blood disorder, which she fought courageously for over the past year.

There will be a memorial for Sarah on January 6th at 924 Gilman St. and we will be covering her impact on the punk community in more depth in our next issue.

Donations are still being collected for expenses being incurred by loved ones here: www.wepay.com/sarah

## STRIKERS SHUT DOWN TWO GLOBAL ECONOMIC GATEWAYS, U.S. PAYS

*by Mamta Badkar published in Business Insider*

Strikes in the ports of Los Angeles and Long Beach that began November 27 are delivering a blow to the US economy.

Clerical workers from the International Longshore and Warehouse Union Local 63 have been without a contract for 2.5 years and negotiations between them and the ports broke down November 26.

The ILWU has accused management of trying to outsource clerical jobs to overseas workers that are paid far less and receive fewer benefits.

Reuters reports that 10,000 dock workers that are members of the ILWU Local 63 are refusing to cross picket lines set up by 500 striking clerical workers, essentially shutting down 10 of 14 container terminals between the two ports.

Economist David Rosenberg writes, "If you think Hurricane Sandy and the fiscal cliff are problematic for the economic backdrop, how about the strike (now in its fifth day) that has shut down the nation's busiest ports, LA and Long Beach?"

And with good reason. The impact of the strikes is estimated to be about $1 billion a day, and Matthew Shay, CEO of the National Retail Federation has asked the White House to intervene in the contract negotiations:

"A 10-day lockout at the West Coast ports as a result of stalled negotiations in 2002 led to lingering supply chain disruptions and cost the US economy $1 billion for each day of the lockout. It took the ports a full six months to recover, and the strike had a profound impact on the retailers, importers, manufacturers, agricultural exporters and other affiliated industries that rely on the ports every day.

But international trade economist Jock O'Connell told *Mercury News* the impact could be lower than the $1 billion-a-day estimate. And some point out that the strikes occurred during a historically weak period for international trade.

The two ports are the busiest ports in the country and support 1.2 million jobs in California. [As of December 3,] nine ships have so far been redirected to other ports, and many are concerned that this will impact its credibility and drive business away.

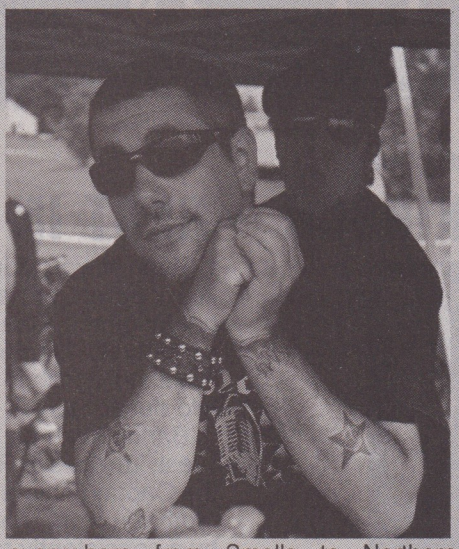
# JASON LOCKWOOD 1974-2012

*By Andrea Bonaventura*

In mid-November the Detroit punk scene lost a hero and a friend when Jason Lockwood passed away. Jason was one of the founders of Idle Kids Books & Records located in the Cass Corridor. Idle Kids had the areas largest zine collection and often had local and touring bands perform in the store.

Later, Jason started Hell City Records and put his blood, sweat, and guts into it. Hell City Records is a household name in the Detroit music scene. Jason also was the DJ for Punk Rock Mondays at Northern Lights Lounge as well as the DJ for many events throughout Detroit over the years. He worked at the Majestic complex doing security and loading gear. He had been doing that forever.

He played in bands such as Madison, the Whiskey Diaries, and Boom Swagger Boom. Jason didn't have the best voice but he totally didn't give a shit which made him a great frontman. He bar-backed



everywhere from Smalls to Northern Lights. Even on his days off he would bar-back at whatever bar he was hanging out at if he was needed. He couldn't help himself. He helped so many bands make a name for themselves in the scene... Bailout and Dick Hickey just to name a couple. But more than anything Jason was an awesome friend that gave his entire heart to Detroit and without him the Detroit music scene wouldn't be what it is today. He had recently moved to Chicago and was booking shows and doing security at Reggie's.

After Jason's death Lovesick Tattoo Parlor did free memorial tattoos. They asked for donations to help his family pay for the funeral costs. A Non-Profit Organization called Suck it Suicide made badass memorial shirts and are workings their asses off to educate people about suicide and raise money for funerals costs for fallen friends.

So next time you're at a rowdy punk show remember dudes like Jason Lockwood that gave it all to a scene he loved and believed in, and next time you feel like you can't take life anymore call a fucking friend up!

# GRAND JURY RESISTER MADDY PFEIFFER ORDERED TO REPORT TO PRISON

*published by the Committee Against Political Repression*

Maddy Pfeiffer was steadfast in their refusal to cooperate with the federal witchhunt against Pacific Northwest anarchists. They were found guilty of civil contempt and will be sent to prison on December 26 for being unwilling to give any information about the people they know or the politics they hold. It is possible that Pfeiffer will be held until March 2014.

In an earlier statement, the Committee Against Political Repression wrote: "The state is trying to use broken windows [in Seattle on May Day] as a reason to ruin people's lives. This is absurd, and I will oppose it to the fullest. This life-ruining system [that] they call "justice" is organized to defend property and capitalism. This system is against everything I believe in."

Currently, there is a federal grand jury in Seattle purportedly investigating the May Day protests, but it is widely decried as a witchhunt, due to its focus only on the anarchist movement. Maddy will be joining Kteeo Olejnik and Matt Duran who are in prison for their own dedication to their principles and refusal to provide information to an investigative body that they view as invalid. Both Olejnik and Duran remain strong in their resolve and appreciate the outpouring of support they have received from around the world.

Hundreds of supporters have called and emailed District Judge Richard A. Jones, demanding an end to the grand jury investigation targeting people based on their political beliefs and the release of all those being held in contempt.

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# US GOVERNMENT TO INSTALL AUDIO SURVEILLANCE ON BUSES

*by Michael Kelley published in Business Insider*

The US government is quietly installing sophisticated audio surveillance systems on public buses across the country to listen to conversations of passengers, Michael Brick of *The Daily* reports.

"With the new systems, experts say, transit officials can effectively send an invisible police officer to transcribe the individual conversations of every passenger riding on a public bus," Brick writes.

The initiative raises questions about privacy in public as it opens the door for transit officials and law enforcement agencies to listen to conversations without search warrants or court supervision.

"This is very shocking," privacy law expert Anita Allen told *The Daily*. "It's a little beyond what we're accustomed to. The adding of the audio seems more sensitive."

Even in light of emerging surveillance technologies such as speech and facial recognition being installed by the FBI, the biometrics analysis of TrapWire, the electronic surveillance by the National Security Agency and GPS location data that the government considers fair game, this certainly seems to raise the bar.

Documents obtained by *The Daily* reveal that the technology is in the process of being implemented in Eugene, Oregon; San Francisco; Athens, Georgia; Baltimore; Traverse City, Michigan; Hartford, Connecticut; and Columbus, Ohio.

In San Francisco, the Department of Homeland Security (DHS) provided a grant that covers a $5.9 million contract to install the surveillance system on 357 buses and trolley cars over four years, with an option for 613 more vehicles.

"This technology is sadly indicative of a trend in increased surveillance by commercial and law enforcement entities, under the guise of improved safety," an independent security consultant who reviewed the specs of the audio surveillance system told *The Daily*.

# VILLA AMALIAS SQUAT EVICTED. PUNKS ARRESTED, NOW FREE.

22/12/12

The Villa Amalias squat has been an open political, cultural and social space, as well as a housing collective, for the past 23 years. In all these years there have been plenty of active groups in the squat including theatrical performances, concerts, the development of a musical studio, kids' space, dancing, foreign language and computing classes, a printing press, silk-screening press, lending library and vinyl exchange bazaar. The squat has also hosted plenty of political and cultural events by other groups and has also contributed to the resolution of neighbourhood issues by participating in the residents' assembly of Victoria square and by organising open, outward looking activities in the area—including open mic interventions, free markets, collective kitchens and children's events at the square.

In all these 23 years, Villa Amalias squat has formed multiform qualities that reflected the equally multiform composition of the subjects and groups comprising it, which in turn derive from the wider squat movement, the anarchist and anti-authoritarian space and from the movement for class and labour abolishment. These qualities have materialized through the co-organising and participating in demonstrations, interventions and mobilizations concerning labour, antifWascist and antiracist struggles; solidarity with persecuted squats, migrants and persecuted comrades, and with university and high school student struggles as well as the struggles for the reclaiming of open, public spaces.

The squat's building was abandoned in 1973 and left in a horrendous state. Since 1990, when it was occupied, it has stayed alive and been maintained thanks to the financial contributions and personal effort of the squatters themselves, as well as all the comrades in solidarity.

On 20/12/12, at 7.00 am, men of the State Security raided our squat under the pretext of an investigation concerning "drugs" and "explosives," following a supposed anonymous complaint. They arrested eight people who were inside the squat at the time, three of which were guests. They confiscated objects from the squat, which the State Security then used as evidence for the fabrication of charges, including felonies and misdemeanors—charges that we outright reject. Especially when our felony acts are based on some empty beer bottles and a tiny amount of petrol that was discovered next to the heater!

For us, this move is an explicit political choice by the state. At a time of financial and systemic crisis, the state launches an attack in all directions, degrading the life of those below them, trying to wipe out any cell of resistance and creation or negation: this may translate in the botching of labour rights, in the promotion of racist ideals that contribute to a fascist turn of society, in the creation of conditions of insecurity, aimed at our accepting the constant surveillance of our lives, or in the persecution and slandering of political spaces and subjects that rise against all of the above.

We deny all charges. Our words are our weapons. We said it before and we'll say it again: "We've been game all these years and the end is still nowhere in sight." Thank you all for your support! Solidarity to all squats (and to ours)!

—The arrested of Villa Amalias

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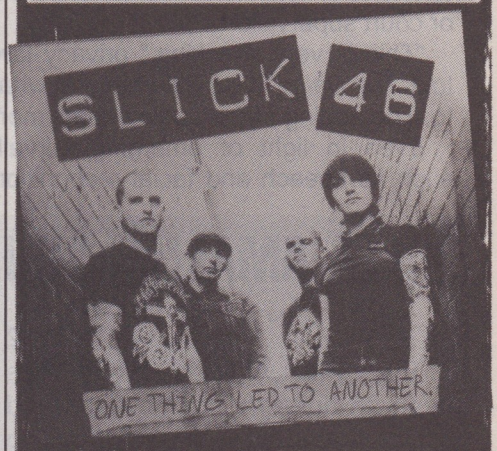


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# DETROIT SCENE REPORT

By Aunty Social, with contributions from John Vallely and Brian Weisserman
Photos by Aunty Social and John Cates.

It seems that the arsenal of democracy has been raided, pillaged and ultimately neglected. A city of nearly two million residents has seemingly emptied to 720,000 in half a century's time (actual number likely around 770,000 residing citizens, if you include those who aren't registered), leaving numerous plots of land vacant and unused. Unfortunately, those areas are seldom filled with proactive squatters or off-the-grid residents; most are not even occupied at all. The majority of the east side and the northwest side of the city are examples of this urban blight. The city of Detroit has lost its base of income in its taxpaying residents, simultaneously retaining an anchor of burdensome (regardless of whether it's voluntary) poverty-stricken, government-dependent citizens. Just across the Detroit city borders are the gated communities of xenophobic suburban families, turning their collective noses up at all that does not beckon to their will and their wallet.

Somewhere, in the narrow cracks between those two aforementioned sets of undesirable human beings, is the single best punk rock scene you've never heard of, the one that everyone in the US and abroad tends to overlook. Despite receiving regular touring acts (SUBHUMANS, TERROR, COMMON ENEMY, STAR FUCKING HIPSTERS, DEICIDE, MORBID ANGEL, DESTRUCTION, ENTOMBED, the ADICTS, MILLIONS OF DEAD COPS, MOUTH SEWN SHUT, DRI, DOA and GBH), Detroit doesn't seem to get any recognition for homegrown punk rock, even though we were the ones who got the ball rolling in the late '60s. Some of the city's naysayers are simply punk rock Glenn Becks or Charlie Sheens, while others have had genuinely bad experiences; however, if the world is willing to listen to what, we, as Detroiters have to say, we are willing to speak—candidly and coherently. We have a true grit to our city and if you can endure our city and its socio-environmental trappings (cold weather, unreliable public transportation, widespread poverty and all-around janky-ness), you can survive anywhere. The bands, the venues that host them for shows and the people who attend the shows are all products of that best-of-the-best urban grit contained in our greater metropolitan area between suburban scumbags and urban underlings.

## BANDS

The most well-known band in Detroit is crossover torch-bearer HELLMOUTH. Mixing the heaviness of hardcore, the talent of thrash and the perseverance of punk, HELLMOUTH has a soundtrack that just erupts, the volcano of misanthropy leaking through the city streets and over the city walls. With two phenomenal LPs (*Destroy Everything Worship Nothing* and *Gravestone Skylines)* and a split 7" with melodic hardcore band EXPLODE AND MAKE UP from Chicago, this is not merely a band of 30-somethings. They are all veterans of previous bands, namely the SUICIDE MACHINES, FORDIRELIFESAKE, the MUTLEYS and VARSITY. The band is a full-fledged philosophical movement within the city and state; to listen to HELLMOUTH is not just a musical choice; it's a lifestyle of sorts. Screeching pessimistic rage through his words, singer Jay Navarro is a real-deal cult leader, and the purple Kool-Aid is a heavy dose of unadulterated truth. The band sets the stage for many touring acts passing through; in addition, they host regular local shows of their own. The members are all active in other various projects; Jay has a pop punk side project called BREAK ANCHOR, bassist Jeff runs the Spider Cuddler records label (which releases punk and metal records), drummer Justin plays in garage group the GRANDE NATIONALS, guitarist Alex is an avid artist who does cover art and layouts for albums, Jay and Jeff run a small booking group called Defiant Culture Booking and all of the members have families.

DEATH IN CUSTODY (or, DxIxCx) is the next most noteworthy band in the Detroit area. With a pummeling hardcore sound wedged somewhere between mid-'80s Lower East Side Manhattan, '90s Brooklyn and the landscape of classic hardcore, the band never ceases to amaze and inspire. Singer Ralph (often referred to as Black in Custody) is never too sensitive to crack an off-color (or on-color) joke about himself or others onstage and he's able to simultaneously seethe with the same rage we—as working-class swine—all feel, and pass. DEATH IN CUSTODY has been around since 2002, having released no fewer than three demos and one full-length, *Infected With Rage* on Insurgent records. Their next album, *The End Result*, will be out soon, although the label releasing the record is up in the air. The band can be summed up in one word, and it's too much for most to withstand: Real. The music, the meaning, the lyrics, the effort, the instrumentation—all of it—is entirely, 100%, unequivocally, *real*.

A related band worthy of note is Ralph's Oi! side project BAD ASSETS, which also reeks of inner city grit; I've always noted that Oi! is essentially punk party music, so this music is more of an angst release than a rage release. BAD ASSETS comprises singer Ralph, a new-ish drummer I'm not familiar with, and two former members of Windsor punk veterans DISCO ASSAULT, guitarist "Ritalin Kid" Matt and bassist John. Both DEATH IN CUSTODY and BAD ASSETS are real working man's hardcore and Oi!, respectively.

Mustering up more massive output of punk rock poverty is the mildly experimental trio TAOZINS. With a unique, diehard crusty following (colloquially referred to as the Skat Rats) and a penchant for playing their instruments well, one would hardly expect TAOZINS to play plain punk at all. Yet they do, and they do it well, albeit with some very eclectic rhythms and some reggae

HELLMOUTH

DEATH IN CUSTODY

and ska influence. Singer and guitarist Nick (aka "Scuzzo") is the main reason for the cult crust fan base; he played in local scum punk band the PETAFYLERS from 2008-2010, when the band broke up, earning mild cult status that he carried over to his new band. The fantastic instrumentation is carried forth by bassist and vocalist Rob, of former DOWNTOWN BROWN glory. The drummer, Davey Hostile, has the most punk rock nickname in the state, so he could bring almost anything to the table and still be acceptable; however, he brings more than enough, regularly keeping offbeat pace with Scuzzo and Rob. For a description of the sound, think G.G. ALLIN lyrics meets CHOKING VICTIM music meets people who can play their instruments like people who don't play punk. The band sings about being dirty, poor, alcoholic social misfits and they—to a limit—actually live it. They've opened for a few touring bands (KOFFIN KATS, DOA, and DRI), but primarily play shows with locals when and where they can. A single nine-song demo titled *Year One* is available from the band for free online and in person, but look for an officially pressed 7" in the future; the demo recordings, while excellent, don't do this trio and their songs proper justice.

The final fourth of the primary bands of Detroit glory is FINAL ASSAULT. Although frequently labeled as D-beat, drummer Daniel steadfastly denies it (who better to ask than the man who creates the background beat?). Regardless of what the band's sub-genre is, they're the premium musicians of apocalyptic punk. All are

FINAL ASSAULT

U.D.I.

former members of some very notable bands, namely SOCIAL OUTCAST, PUB LIFE and HERESY, not to mention a couple of old Louisiana punk bands and an old gothic rock band. With that combined band experience, the band creates the soundtrack to the nuclear apocalypse, taking the sound DISCHARGE, RIISTETYT, and others created and running in a different direction with it (which is why they're *not* just D-beat and D-beat alone). The members are all adults with active lives outside of punk (regular jobs, houses, wives, etc.), and still manage to play out on a routine basis; drummer Daniel also plays with misanthropic, enjoyable drunken thrash goons U.D.I., who are all very good when sober and when recording in the studio (speaking of which, they have an LP out on local label Spider Cuddler records). With a full-length album, *Under Boot*, available and a split 7" with TAISTO (a spectacular female-dominated Finnish-style crust band from Lansing) in the works, FINAL ASSAULT is a little aged, but not old or geriatric in the slightest.

That's just the foundational structure of Detroit's punk scene; the city survives together, not alone or under the wings of four or five good bands. LIVE TO KILL is a regular band for local show bills and touring shows; they've been around since 2006 and have been a steady lineup from the beginning. They play a blend of peace punk, '90s crust, grindcore, and straight-up thrash that almost always rips; they sing about the usual left-leaning set of political issues (anarchy, war on drugs, homophobia, the system, genocide, evils of subsidized media), but will also touch on personal issues (i.e. the track "Screaming in Your Sleep"). They have a respectable amount of released material with varying different levels of quality; a decent quality six-song EP, a five-song *very* rough cassette called *Lose Your Religion* and a high-quality recent EP. Soon, the band will get their due for their local efforts; they sure as hell deserve it for all of the local shows they've played and hosted—and for the touring bands they've brought in.

BROKEN TEETH is a newer band from the shitty limits of Detroit. Formed from the ashes of nigh-comedic Oi! band BUTTLOCK, they're an homage of sorts to Detroit brutes COLD AS LIFE and Boston bastards SLAPSHOT; vocalist Evan has an uncanny resemblance to the latter band's singer, Jack "Choke" Kelly, in his vocal style and sound, while drummer John (who helped contribute to this scene report—thanks, man!) has a drumming style much like Roy from the former band. The guys have gotten out so much that they've got more shows under their belt than most bands go through in a lifetime (even the mighty NEGATIVE FX); they've also caught some negative attention from boneheads statewide for their antifascist and Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice stances in their lyrics and demeanor. One such example of that is a time when a fight broke out at a benefit show where BROKEN TEETH played and had to be shut down because police were called—brutal indeed. The band was a last-second addition to the local compilation CD *Crack Rock City Volume II*, and two of their songs from their self-released demo are contained within. The band is less than a year old and still manages to be a stalwart opener for a touring band (they've opened for the fucking MURDER JUNKIES!) or a regular amongst a group of locals in a shitty little tavern on a weeknight. I'll go watch them either way.

AGGRO OR DIE!, together with brother band D.A., throw the only regular punk fest in southeast Michigan (Grand Rapids has the Michigan Meltdown Fest and Lansing usually has something once a year or so) called Keep It a Threat Fest, which has brought in numerous locals and a few out-of-state groups like COMMON ENEMY, IRON MINDSnd the ALCOHOLOCAUST. AGGRO OR DIE! and D.A. have gotten out plenty on their own, but they are best known as the proponents of Keep It a Threat in Detroit. AGGRO OR DIE! plays youth crew skate-core with a pretty personal touch to their lyrics; it's kind of difficult to effectively describe the band beyond the words "skate" and "thrash." Let that be a guide. D.A. (grumpily referred to by bassist and singer Ali K. as DON'T ASK) plays ripping fast hardcore punk, but has been slow to release any material or play out much as of late. That's a tragedy, because the band always averages at least one circle pit per set, and that's a pretty rare sight to see. The band recently added a new drummer to the band, with former drummer Dougie Tangent playing in pop punktards the DEWTONS, who took a year-and-a-half hiatus and left a recording session for the *I'm Sorry* album on the shelf. Now, however, they are back with a vengeance and are playing regularly. I've heard universally positive things, but I have yet to actually catch the DEWTONS live.

Melodic punk-core is done best by the HAND-ME-DOWNS; it's punk moreso for the high-school skater than the mohawk-sporting RANCID fan. They finished a three-week tour to South by Southwest in Texas and back, returning hungry but unhumbled. They've still got the beat they had when I first saw them in early 2009; singer Chris Cuddy is still charged with the same radiant energy that got his band going back in 2006. With a full-length and a three-song demo out (both self-released), the band is poised for more.

More interesting yet (at least for me, a sort of eclectic mix of peace punker, SHARP skinhead, and anti-straight edge thrash-tard) is psychobilly hardcore outfit the KOFFIN KATS. The band has always ripped when playing live; singer and double bassist Vic Victor is a charismatic front man with a creepy howl in his voice, making his music more psychologically spooky than just plain creepy. Horror-influenced music has somewhat died off as of late, and the KOFFIN KATS are keeping it undead. They play locally to start and end their long, arduous, regular touring schedules, but are usually dormant otherwise. They can often be found recording and releasing new material when not touring; since the band's inception in 2003, they've released five albums, been a part of a few compilations and are near completion with a split album with 12 STEP REBELS (with which their current guitarist Ian has played with in the past). Having gone through countless US and European tours, the band is a well-known name in the psychobilly circle and the Detroit circle of punk. Vic, Ian and Eric are indeed experienced, loyal, and hard-working showmen.

EACTION DISASTER

BILL BONDSMEN is certainly a strange group; however, they undoubtedly have roots in hardcore and punk, given guitarist Amado's old bands CATFISH and the BUMP N UGLIES. Though known for their hilarious name (a jab at legendary local laughingstock newscaster Bill Bonds), the band is also known for their hardcore punk that doesn't necessarily follow rules; they use some highly abnormal influences, sing about strange things, and most songs are longer than two or three minutes. Even their earliest releases (which are almost completely hardcore sound-wise), have an indefinable vibe that is not punk-y. These guys are definitely different and never let me down live.

NIGHTBRINGER, with former members of EARTHMOVER (vocalist Lenny and guitarist Andy), plays a sort of rock'n'roll-influenced hardcore that has yet to disappoint. They are a nightmare-inducing, brutal-reckoning force. Although with only a single 7" officially released, the band has a few planned releases of completed songs in the cooker; in the meantime, the band brings out diverse, interesting shows to Detroit with their Fight Like Hell shows and productions. This show collective has brought out the CRO-MAGS, SLANG, MIND ERASER, and others. Also, Lenny has a '90s-style hardcore group called POISON TONGUES that has been getting out regularly. They have a free demo that can be found online. Grindcore is heralded as the punk joke that keeps on giving, but some bands manage to use the sound and make it enjoyable; COCAINE ORGY, SHITLIFE, LT. DAN, and CUNT SAW all seem to take their genre with a grain of salt and play listenable grindcore (or, if nothing else, amusingly titled songs of shitty grindcore).

Straight-edge punk is alive and well in Detroit's sewer-soaked city limits; leading this pack is FACE REALITY, with speed-driven youth crew posi-core anthems. Since 2008, the band has been bouncing around Michigan, the Midwest and a bit of the east coast. They've released a demo cassette themselves, a 7" on Dead End records, and signed to Youngblood records to release their self-titled 7" this summer; all this, since 2008. Setting them apart from their generic counterparts is their live energy and their unbridled honesty; it certainly won me over despite the bitter taste straight edge has left me with. These guys came out of nowhere, becoming one of my favorite local acts. XTYRANTX's heavy-handed sound and their reputation loom over Detroit, but I haven't had a chance to see or hear them as of yet; I'm sure their reputation precedes them. Recent incarnation RETRIBUTION's metalcore riff-age is another straight-edge sonic boom. However, being relatively new (with a demo for download that's not half bad), we'll see where the band goes; they put on a good show when I saw them. I suppose a liquor store every block has not rendered all Detroiters to a lifetime of alcoholism.

Other new or noteworthy bands include NYHC-styled COME OUT FIGHTING; booze-friendly 8-BALL DEATH; screechy hardcore BEARFOOT MISANTHROPIC; trashy crossover thrash weirdos SWINE FLU; newer-ish hardcore FISHERKING, which are self-described as a heavier version of SUM 41; bi-polar nymphomaniac-loving redneck punks DICK HICKEY; rocker and rick-rollers AGAINST THE GRAIN; old-school metal (and pot) heads HASH BLAZER; and pop punkers SEIZED UP, which just released a self-titled EP last month.

FACE REALITY

Some bands don't use punk as their primary genre, but instead as an influence. Angry rock ramblers the A-GANG are one such band; with a self-titled EP, the band is short on songs, but manages to stretch their energy into one full set of punk-influenced rock. They've been quiet on the eastern (Michigan) front the last six months and I can only hope this means a split or an EP is in the works for these guys. Another couple of punk-influenced outfits include third wave ska's CBJ and ST. THOMAS BOYS ACADEMY; third wave ska is on its deathbed after being copped 10,000 too many times. Contrarily, these bands have the necessities a talented band needs and don't pilfer the third-wave sound and imagery (checkers, the ska scene, skanking and hopeless romantic-ness) as blatantly as Michigan ska contemporaries have. That approach towards a less carbon copy style has garnered both bands much positive attention. CBJ is amidst working on a full-length, and ST. THOMAS BOYS ACADEMY has two full-length albums out (*Welcome to the Academy* and *Homecoming)*. Also, drummer Mike and bassist Josh (from CBJ) are involved in another ska-influenced project called MATT WIXSON'S FLYING CIRCUS, with local Community records musician Matt Wixson. Although those were only a couple of bands amongst a tremendous wave of ska in Michigan in the late 2000s,

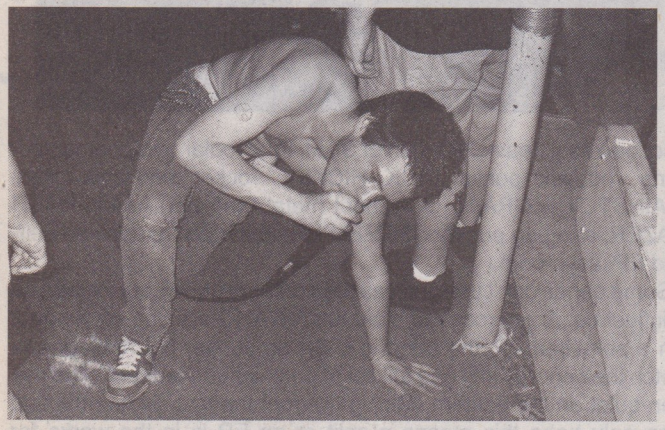
they are two of the very few that survive and sally forth, and for that they deserve the proper respect.

**Recent Detroit music casualties worthy of notation are**:
Garage meets original hardcore group the PLASTIC BOYZ: While they lasted, they were probably one of the best punk bands in the state. However, life, inner tension and the sheer level of collective insanity in the band brought their untimely demise. They released one demo, the *2012 Calories* EP, and had three unreleased tracks recorded.

Ska veterans FORTY LASHES and TREEHOUSE RIVALS: Both groups made ska worth paying attention to again; the former was pop punk-influenced and very fast, making for some very entertaining shows. The latter was a group of high school students that eventually split because of college, but this band, in addition to being my introduction to regular live music, created—intentionally or unintentionally—a unique "wall of sound" style for their horn section, using no less than three horns in their sound at every show they played. The band established a dedicated fan base that maximized at a packed-out local show that ended with them getting shut down in mid-song by the owner of the venue. That's when a band has done well and made an impression on the rest of the world. FORTY LASHES had two EPs and the full length *Let's Get This Done Before We Die* and TREEHOUSE RIVALS had one five-song EP and some unreleased songs, but they may have a future discography release from Pirated records.

Pop punk stage banterers FRANK WHITE: Although not broken up and occasionally active, the band rarely plays, yet still seems to have a cult following from all sorts of people in Michigan, including a variety of different scenesters: crusties, ska nerds, youth crew kids, skinheads, avid Detroiters, rock'n'rollers, and thrash-tards. Look for a possible release of their discography on vinyl in the future; for now, all they have is a few limited release EPs and demos available to the lucky few who came across them while they were active.

Grunge hardcore youth CORE ROTTEN: The band isn't easy to categorize or describe; it's just really good hardcore punk with a tinge of early '90s grunge, nothing more. They released three EPs (*Compost, Such a Waste,* and *Red)* and had one unreleased song.



PLASTIC BOYZ

Crossover crackpots DR. PRETORIOUS AND THE RESONATORS: This was one of the best bands that could play their instruments, write good original tunes and draw a killer crowd. *The band should have never broken up.* Technically, the band never released anything, but they have a full-length's worth of music recorded, in addition to some decent quality videos of them playing on YouTube.

Heavy hardcore hippies DEATHSKIN RAZORS: A mix of '90s hardcore with some fast beats, the band wasn't half bad. However, the singer and guitarist formed a new band called WELLS that's similar, so they didn't necessarily break up, but switched names and began using more rock influence. The band released a self-titled 7", a full length called *Who Can Belong*, and were working on a split 7" with PROPHET, SAID I from New Jersey when they broke up.

Schizophrenic sons DISCO ASSAULT: Good traditional 'core skate punk. They released one demo, had another unreleased demo, a plethora of songs that were recorded and never used anywhere, and the *Saturday Night Bleeder* 7" on Schizophrenic records. The band might be working on a discography for future release.

Two-decade Detroit hardcore homeboys H8 INC.: These guys picked up where COLD AS LIFE left off with the sounds of brutal inner city life. Loud, heavy, and always angry. I always enjoyed their shows. Three full lengths (*Fraternal Order of Felons, Life of Pain,* and *A Clockwork Misery)* and a demo cassette (I think) were released by the band in their tenure.

Crack rock steady shooters DANGER SOCIETY: This was Michigan's LEFTOVER CRACK. Toward the end of their existence, they gained an intensely dedicated fan base in Lansing and the northeast suburbs of Detroit, highly enjoyable. One full-length, *Paint the Walls* and a quietly released EP on Bermuda Mohawk Productions were the band's entire output.

To a lesser extent, '77-styled garage punk weirdness DETROIT 442: While a great band that is still together, they almost never play out. Two full-lengths (*Living in the Age of Fear* and *Boredom City)* and a split 7" with German group FUNERAL MARCH.

Some bands have been going for years upon years now, undeterred by the changes in the music scene. Drunkards the RATFINKS still lurk after nine years, a full-length album and very sporadic activity, although they've become somewhat active again with a new guitarist and a clearer mind. Another steadfast group is the underrated '80s hardcore band STATE, which picked up the torch they dropped in 1988 fifteen years later, releasing more material (mostly on their own label Statement records) than guitarist Art can count (and more than they released in their first seven years). Singer Preston Woodward has more energy than the generation starting bands today; that shows the raw power these guys still possess. Active still is original Detroit punk band CINECYDE (which plays out once a month or two), second wave (of Detroit hardcore) leaders COLD AS LIFE, the SUICIDE MACHINES and their benefit shows, MUSTARD PLUG and their traditional (when it was original) third wave ska, and even, once in a blue moon, the original Detroit hardcore band NEGATIVE APPROACH will play out.

DISCO ASSAULT

The progress-retarded bands in Detroit exist too. Grindcore, HATEBREED hardcore and carbon-copy third wave ska seem to have a home here—and it's often rehashed versions of consistently constant crap. Also, simple-minded, whiny political pop punk has nested and infested our scene; pop punk can be good (in fact, locals BEST IDEA EVER! play it rather well, check them out), but the Fat Wreck, Lookout! and Epitaph wave has long lost its entertaining derivative vibe. There are plenty of unflushed turds from which to choose in those genres in our area. This is Detroit, not Grand

Rapids, Chicago, Boston, New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles or anywhere in California, so get your own sound!

## VENUES

With a liquor store on every corner, one would believe the Detroit bar scene to be defunct; that is not at all true. In fact, most of the venues and hangouts are bars, taverns, pubs and other various watering holes. Detroit (and, for that matter, the nearby suburbs) is rooted with the very serious problem of not having a regular DIY venue, primarily due to citizen apathy. Because of that, many bars let bands (rather than management) coordinate shows. Some of those enjoyable quasi-DIY bars are the Painted Lady Lounge in Hamtramck, the Double OO Pub in Redford, and the Comet Bar in the Cass Corridor just west of the Midtown District in Detroit.

Corktown Tavern, the Elbow Room, the Blind Pig, New York New York, the Emerald Theater, the Two Way Inn and AJ's Café are some of the other venues that, while not as good, still host shows relatively regularly and have a tolerable atmosphere. A few bars actually create an enjoyable aura that doesn't get interrupted by perpetual drunk breath and sobriety-stunted stumbling. Smalls Bar and Grill in Hamtramck has three rooms (main bar room, bathrooms and merch, and concert floor), effectively sorting out the various showgoers from the locals looking for a drink. St. Andrews Hall has two floors, one that is usually used for punk shows in the basement (where drinks are too high-priced for poor punk kids to buy them) and the other is used for more repulsive rituals upstairs. The Magic Stick has a limited selection of drinks upstairs and is always all ages for shows; this lessens the "bar" feeling. The Majestic is only used for relatively big shows, which means there's a level of inherent discomfort to begin with, regardless of the bar situation.

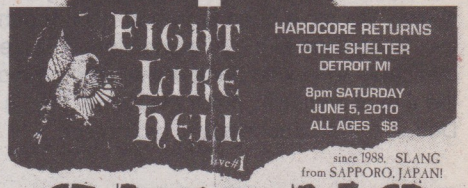
Regular operating DIY venues are in very short supply inside the shitty limits, being somewhat more common outside the borders. The Metal Frat, the basement of a University of Michigan fraternity house in Ann Arbor, has been home to numerous locals and a few touring bands like MAKE DO AND MEND, NOOSE, RUN WITH THE HUNTED, RAZORXFADE and WEEKEND NACHOS. It's a basement, but it's far from putrid. The Trumbullplex on the city's west side in the Woodbridge neighborhood puts on punk shows around once a month, hosting poetry nights, local community activity gatherings and boorish indie acts that would fit well in the soundtrack to *Juno* otherwise. Nevertheless, the shows at the Trumbullplex are always beyond great, from the then-last show of the SUICIDE MACHINES in November 2009 to the STAR FUCKING HIPSTERS show in September 2010 to the benefit for Dearborn establishment and periodic venue Refuge Skateshop in November 2010. The only issue is the sporadic nature of punk shows; this is likely because people legally live there and because of their community activities.

The Bohemian National House, an architectural wonder of the Corktown neighborhood, is a great show space and art gallery, but it is burdened with managerial and financial troubles, which makes this venue irregular at best. It's a large building that could be much more than it is. The Basement 414 is a hole in the wall just south of the Capitol building in Lansing. It's small and tucked away, but it's absolutely a freely expressive place. A few odds and ends of DIY venues include The Destroy Compound, the Shitdome, the 4731 Gallery, the CAID, Dreamland Theater, Hybrid Moments, the High Octane Lounge, and the Crow Manor. With all the available cheap, vacated buildings (most of which are likely not stripped yet), all that's needed is a focused effort by residents to have space for people to play in and a consistent group of helping hands.

There are a small number of venues to avoid in Detroit, because of sketchy owners or booking practices; a warning is dutifully forthcoming so passers-through can be treated fairly. The Ritz in Warren and TNT's in Clinton Township have the same sketchy, pushy owner and haven't done much for local help ($8 for a show of local bands that expect little to no money is ridiculous). PJ's Lager House is infested with cheap hipsters and asshole sound guys, offering little to compensate. All should avoid the notorious Blondies. Any of the stories of Rusvelt (the owner, who comes with alleged Eastern Bloc mafia horror stories) and his gang of armed security thugs can be regurgitated word for word, scene by scene, by most of the locals. The first of these venues I mentioned are sketchy, but Blondies—no—Blondies is *infested* with everything there is to hate. Lastly, the Hayloft in Mt. Clemens also operates under a skeptical umbrella; battle of the bands events are not best held at mediocre suburban downtown bars with scantily clad women with no interest in the patrons. In other words, it's not a good venue for punk; perhaps it would work for country or shit-hop (bad hip-hop). There are more venues and more showspaces, but nothing worthy of mention or notation.

## BOOKING/SHOW ORGANIZERS

Detroit has a surprisingly strong network of show booking and organizing groups. Chief among them is Black Iris Booking, composed of longtime locals Ramona and Sara.



They've brought such bands as LEFTOVER CRACK, MUSTARD PLUG, GLASSJAW, THE SUBHUMANS, MDC, TSOL, TERROR, TRAPPED UNDER ICE, OFF!, TRASH TALK and FLATFOOT 56; they can attract a few good bands. I've found it to be worthwhile to work with this group (two people, but still); they've been a help to me in distributing my zines and periodically host strictly low-cost local shows, so they help out lesser-known folks too. Rotting Tentacles Productions is another group that books shows in the Detroit area, albeit mostly smaller ones. They have booked shows at the Russell Industrial Center, the Comet Bar, among others, and have a name for themselves around here. Catalyst Booking is a newer group that books shows, but I don't know much else outside of a name and that they book shows in the middle of the state (Mt. Pleasant, Saginaw, etc.). Another mid-Michigan group that books shows (usually at Olde Jamestowne Hall in Saginaw) is Ripped Heart. They're known for throwing fest-like shows in the area, and doing a decent job of it. The last of the show promoters is the Detroit Psychobilly Alliance. They primarily book psychobilly and rockabilly shows, but have been known to book a punk show or two. In addition to the aforementioned, there are many dedicated fans who book shows and promote without the use of a specific promoter name. This is the gist of Detroit's show bookers and promoters.

## RECORD STORES

Record stores still survive here, somehow. There have been three recent casualties for record stores in the area (Rock-A-Billy's in Utica, Record Time in Roseville and Uncle Sam's Record Emporium in Lansing), but there remain a few good places to find music and networking opportunities. Flipside Records is my personal favorite; it's my 7" heaven. That's what I go there in search of, and I'm rarely let down. Good prices, great employees, owners and excellent product. Encore Recordings in Ann Arbor is top-to-bottom music and has a lot of rare, bargain-priced, wide variety of music, especially good punk. It's difficult to leave that store spending less than $20 on records. UHF in Royal Oak and Rock of Ages in Garden City have some high pricing points, but get a lot of atypical finds that make it worthwhile to shop in and potentially pick up a rare record or a lucky bargain. Record Collector in Ferndale is the best resale record store in the area; with this, heed warning that the owner is not very customer-centered and all deposits left there ought to be secured. I've found such a great number of records here; it's a well-priced used record store. Detroit Threads and Dearborn Music aren't particularly special, but the scavenger always finds something worthy upon a visit. Hybrid Moments and Street Corner Music are okay, but I've found little worth purchasing at either store.

## RADICAL POLITICS AND ACTIVITY

Sadly, Detroit is not a hotbed for anarchist or socialist activity; there are sects of political outsiders with anarchist, socialist, communist and any other –ist beliefs, but they're few, far between, and register a miniscule blip on the radar, excluding the march on the Capitol building early in 2011. This is Detroit's anchor, its inhibitor, the ultimate A-word: *apathy*. It's a sickening smell that has lingered statewide for the greater part of a decade (half a century for the city of Detroit) and it's a large chunk of the reason why Detroit doesn't get much respect. We have the talent, the space and a few efficient mediums of communication, but a considerably greater level of output could manifest with some effort. We have the wherewithal to be a powerhouse punk scene (we're strong, but not to the extent that the adjective "powerhouse" entails); to make that vision a reality, it's compulsory that we get off our collective asses and promote; given some optimism, hope, time and a lot of labor, we can achieve this.

This is Detroit, not Grand Rapids, Los Angeles, Boston, New York, Chicago—all of which, while having very good scenes, do not represent *us*—and not anywhere else! We have everything a scene needs; so, turn off that southern California punk album and listen up! Once bitten, now smitten.

## ZINES

Criminal Behavior: criminalbehaviormi.blogspot.com
Your Weight in Words: yourweightinwords.tumblr.com

## RECORD LABEL CONTACTS

Hell City records: 1576 W. Marshall St, Ferndale, MI 48220; hellcityrecords@hotmail.com
Spider Cuddler records: PO Box 887, Warren, MI 48090; spidercuddler@gmail.com
Outcast records: Contact FINAL ASSAULT for more info finalassaultdetroit@gmail.com
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## SHOW BOOKING CONTACTS

Black Iris Booking: blackirisbooking@gmail.com, www.facebook.com/blackirisbooking
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Ripped Heart Productions: shows@rippedheart.com, www.rippedheart.com
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## WEBSITES AND DISCUSSION FORUMS

detroitpunk.org
www.michiganhardcore.onlinegoo.com
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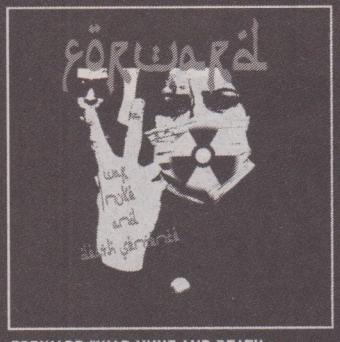


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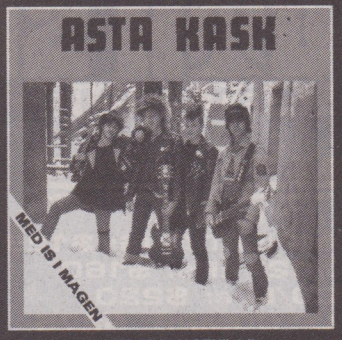


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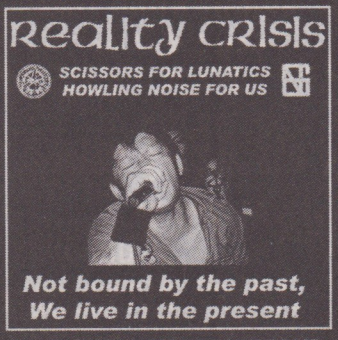


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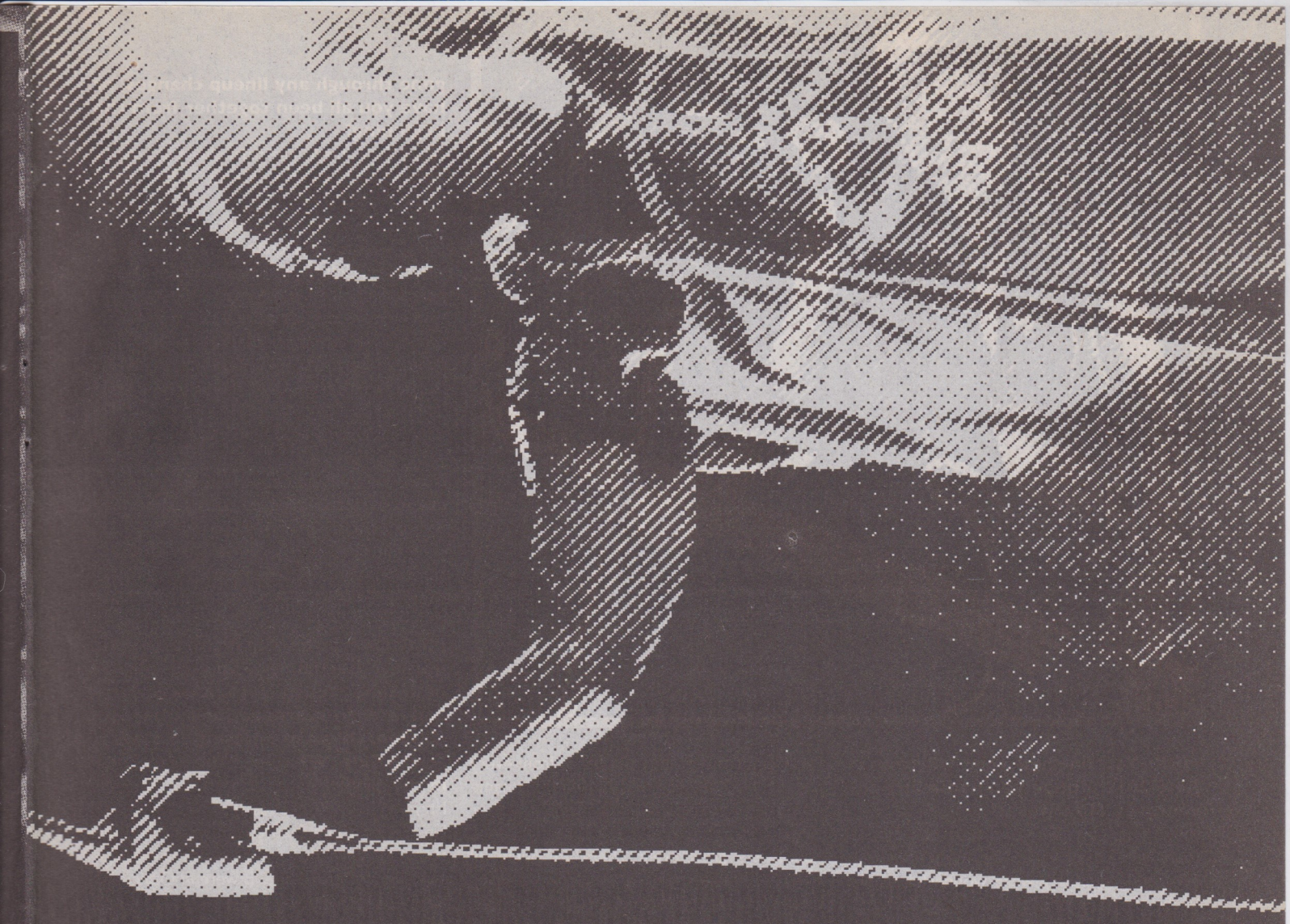


**Forward is one of my most favorite bands ever. I love the songs "Absolutely" and "Burn Up" or the great anthems from their *While You Alive* 12" EP. That record's first track, "Penetration," tears your heart out of your chest. Forward is a great hardcore punk band with a bunch of awesome songs that are damn strong. Each time I listen to them, it makes me feel like I should take a deep breath, push forward, and stop wasting my time. They stir you up and push you forward in a way that completely exemplifies the band's name:**

# FORWARD

**I believe in them completely.**

***Interview by Marek Gasmask. Photos provided by the band.***

**MRR: You finished your US tour in June 2012. I hope you had many adventures. How was it?**

Ishiya: Our past two—and now our third—tours were so enjoyable. They might have been exhausting, but they were wonderful, thanks to the efforts of all of our American friends.

Souichi: It was a lot of fun. That was our first Chaos in Tejas show in six years, and it was really great to be able to play again. We also got to play with a lot of great local bands on our West Coast tour, which was refreshing and motivating. We are eternally grateful to Wild// Tribe and No Statik, which provided us with tremendous support throughout the tour.

You: It was my third time there, and everywhere we went, I'd meet somebody I knew! It wasn't much different than touring in Japan.

Akiyama: This was actually my first US tour with Forward. So it was a very valuable and significant tour for me.

**MRR: *Chaos in Tejas* is probably the most important festival in today's US hardcore scene. How was it? Can you tell us more about the festival?**

Ishiya: Forward's played the festival twice, and I've been over once by myself, so I've attended three times now. Every time, there's a great variety of bands and so many on the bill. It's incredible. In particular, Japanese bands play every year. That's different from other punk fests.

Souichi: I think that it's a truly wonderful event. It's fantastic that great, fresh bands from every part of the globe get together with big-name acts. We get to see them all! Timmy Hefner rules.

You: It is a great event. There are punks all over the whole town—a very chaotic situation! I only know of zine and record shops there. Being able to see live bands was really interesting and enjoyable.

Akiyama: It's an incredible fest. I really wish we had something like it in Japan.

**MRR: What were the best and worst shows? Can you recommend some of your favorite places?**

Ishiya: I was so happy to have done this tour; I couldn't possibly choose one gig as my favorite.

Souichi: It was the best! Scene-wise, Texas, Portland, and the Bay Area were the bigger cities. But despite their size, even the smaller places have created some very impressive scenes.

You: I am so glad that we did this tour. It was very tiring, though! (laughter)

Akiyama: It was my first time visiting the US, and I got to see many fun cities.

**MRR: Forward has been playing since 1996, if I'm not mistaken. You've released lots of great recordings. Has it been difficult to keep the band active for so many years? Have you gone through any lineup changes, or have you all been together from the beginning?**

Ishiya: Sure, there are hard times. But being active is the core of my life, so it's the natural thing to do.

Souichi: Now that you mention it, I've been doing this up until quite an old age! Some years back, I left the band for a while. That was before T.T. joined. After that, I rejoined Forward and we became a five-piece. A few years ago, our old drummer Doi retired from the band and we got Akiyama in. Most recently, T.T. has retired from the band, and right now we're a four-piece.

You: I've just noticed that all those months and years have passed.

Akiyama: I think any band feels that. Your fellow members are kindred souls, companions; communication is very important. You have your fun times and your hard times, so it's something you own together. That's the key to continued success.

**MRR: Let's go back in history, to your musical beginnings. Souichi played in Insane Youth with Kawakami—and later in Warhead Junk with Guy (Gudon, Origin of M). Ishiya played in Death Side. What was the scene like in the 1990s?**

Ishiya: In the '90s, bands that had played on Lip Cream tours focused on revitalizing the scene. In Tokyo, there were bands like Gauze and Ghoul. Outo and SOB were in Osaka and Kansai. Hiroshima was home to Gudon. Kuro, Aggressive Dogs, Confuse and Gai were in Kyushu. Disarray was in Tokai. And in Sapporo, you had Slang. Those bands were wonderful—like bright, shining stars. There were so many of them.

Souichi: I'd forgotten!

You: I started playing punk rock when I was thirteen and hardcore punk when I was sixteen. I continue to do so to this day.

Akiyama: Now, I'm living for the moment!

**MRR: Recently you started the band Smash Detox. How is the collaboration with members of World Burns to Death? I hope there will be more recordings. The 7" released by HG Fact and Prank records is amazing.**

Ishiya: We're all great friends! (laughter). Our next release has not yet been decided.

Souichi: Crossing national borders and playing with our overseas friends is incredibly exciting and refreshing. We gave birth to new musical expression, and I think it was really worthwhile. I'd love to do a second EP. Zac Tew is my brother!

**MRR: Talking about the recordings of your other bands makes me think it would be good to discuss Forward's discography. The *While You Alive* 12" EP is a jewel in my record collection. Which record do you appreciate the most?**

Ishiya: Our new album, *War Nuke and Death Sentence*.

Souichi: Our new album is my favorite.

You: I think that they're all good, but the most recent one is great!

Akiyama: The new album!

**MRR: You've released many records on HG Fact, an outstanding label that has strongly promoted Japanese hardcore in the US and Europe. Our scenes got more interconnected thanks to HG Fact. How do you like working with the label?**

Ishiya: HG Fact's Sato has been a friend since the Death Side era. One day, he said he was going to start a label and the rest is history.

Souichi: HG Fact is an extremely fascinating label and we've been with our friend Sato since our second EP. When dealing with HG Fact, you never have any problems.

You: We've been involved with Sato since Death Side.

**MRR: You have also been organizing a series of concerts called *Burning Spirits*. How do the concerts work? Do you have strict rules or is it a matter of helping your friends' bands? Do you organize shows at a stable place or do you rent various studios? Do you do shows at the most famous venue in Tokyo, Earthdom?**

Ishiya: There are no rules. If I had to say one requirement existed, it would be that I think the band is cool and I want to play a gig with them. Of course, friendship is an important factor too, but that goes without saying, doesn't it?

Souichi: I've never really been aware of being part of this scene. Ishiya has always taken care of the planning. In principle, the Tokyo venues we play in are Earthdom and Antiknock.

Akiyama: I guess it would be the minimum amount of rules for people so it can still be feasible.

**MRR: What is the main driving force of the band?**

Ishiya: I can't say for sure, but I get the feeling that it's probably me! (laughter)

Souichi: It's Ishiya.

You: It's Fuku-chan! (laughter) Just kidding. It's our leader, Ishiya.

Akiyama: Ishiya?

**MRR: Can you tell us about the topics of your lyrics? Which is more important for you: the personal or the political? You often sing about life, about the everyday struggle with the harshness of life. Is that a typical topic for Japanese punks?**

Ishiya: Our lyrics are about all of the things going on inside my young head and not knowing what I should do about them personally. When I reflect on experience after experience with my own outlook, I extend my mind, heart, and spirit. Living as a punk, avoiding political matters is unnatural.

Akiyama: I think personal and political lyrics are important, but I don't think that that is "Japanese style."

**MRR: What is it like to be a punk in Japan, then? To the rest of the world, Japanese punk means especially good music and a perfect image. But I would like to take a deeper look. Life in Japan isn't easy. There are too many rules and too many conservative principles. That isn't the best environment for punk. However, punk is also about shocking, and in such a conservative environment, the shock can really be powerful—unlike in the more wicked western culture of Europe and the USA.**

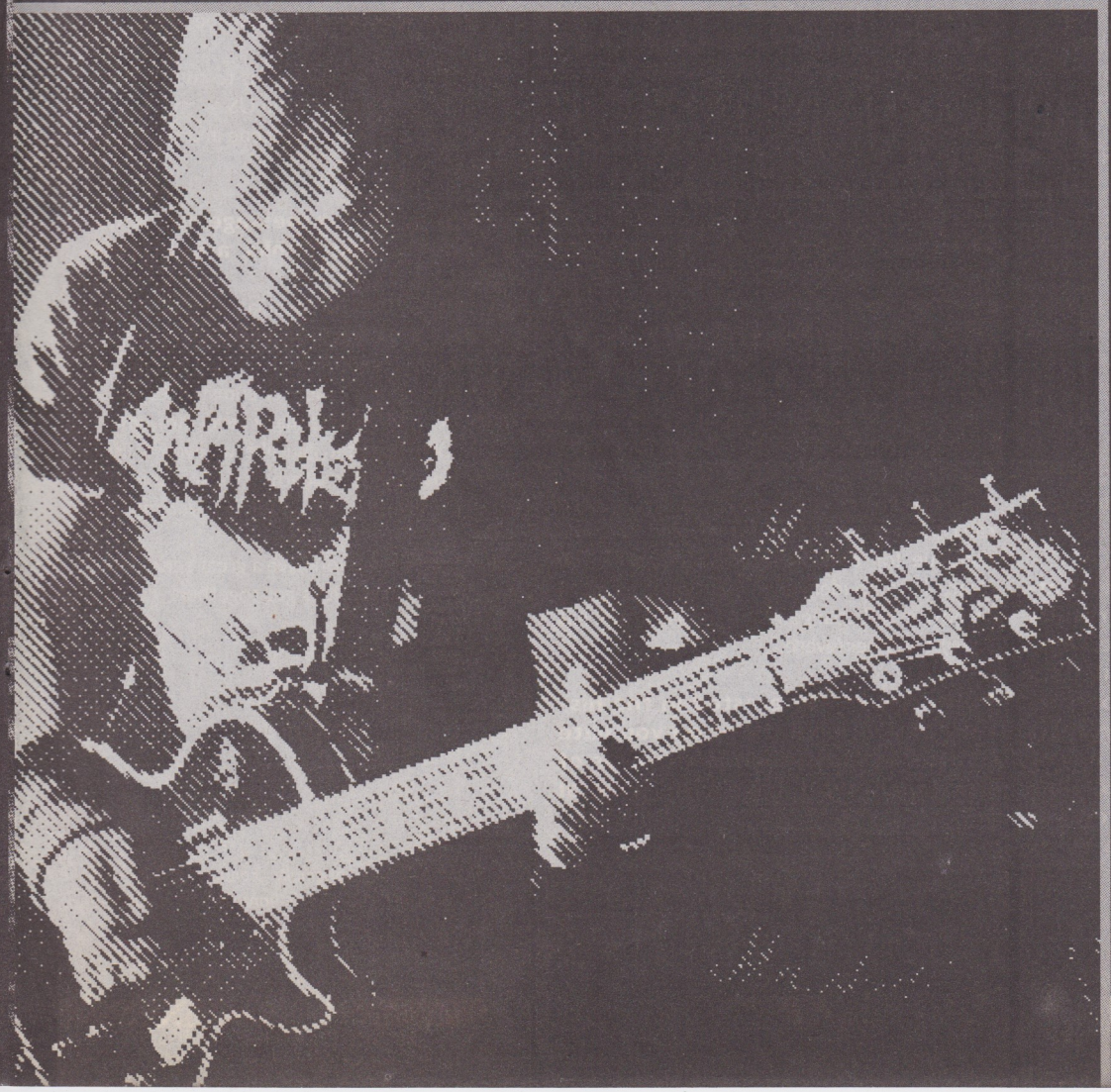
Ishiya: The punk movement was happening around the world, and as it developed, the hardcore scene emerged. I thank that the combined anger and spirit of resistance of young people, which caused punk to happen, was a natural phenomenon.

Souichi: I consider living as a punk to be normal. I'm not so conscious of activism, per se.

You: I've always liked violent music. To follow that through to its logical conclusion, I ended up playing hardcore.

Akiyama: Rules and ties of obligation exist because of adversity.

**MRR: Tell us about the scene in Tokyo. Are there any local bands, venues, magazines, and other ac-**



**tivities that you want to introduce to us?**

Ishiya: There are so many bands now that it's at a saturation point, but I'm not knocking anyone. It's fantastic that young people can get it together. As an old punk, it's going to be interesting to see who survives! (laughter)

Souichi: Tokyo's busy as usual, and there are tons of fantastic bands everywhere. Personally, I am focusing on the Tokyo label Hardcore Survives. So, the representative puts out releases, publishes fanzines, organizes and promotes gigs, invites overseas bands, and works hard with a lot of vigor!

You: Even now, Tetsuarei and Forward play frequently. Gauze and the Trash have been playing for a long time too, and they are still very vigorous onstage. There are a lot of younger bands who are very active, too. We play at Earthdom and Antiknock.

Akiyama: In Japan and even outside of Tokyo, there are huge amounts of great bands and venues. I can't just talk about Tokyo!

**MRR: How much have you been affected by the earthquake and resulting tragedy in Fukushima? I remember the horrible TV shots, but I am still out of touch. Have you participated in the relief efforts or protests concerning the Fukushima power plant? Japan had the most terrible experience with nuclear power, yet still launches another reactor. What do the Japanese people think about that?**

Ishiya: The earthquake and tsunami that struck on March 11, 2011, as well as the disaster at the Fukushima nuclear power plant, changed everything. Almost half of Japan was contaminated with radioactivity. Even now, the leakage situation is being neglected. We support Ko from the Sapporo band Slang's NBC Tactics victim support project and believe it needs to keep going to help us better understand the situation.

Souichi: What happened was a terrible shock. Since that day, I have come to understand people in a slightly different way. We are cooperating with the earthquake and tsunami victim support activities being promoted by NBC Tactics to help provide living support and other rescue operations.

You: It's a day I'll never forget. When we have gigs, I make beaded accessories and sell them, donating the profits to the victims of the disaster.

Akiyama: My feelings about what happened can't be expressed. This is a problem that will continue for tens, hundreds of years. To be clear, I have no idea what will happen to Japan or how it will change in the future. It just has to fight and persevere.

**MRR: Are you interested in the history of your country or do you hate it? How is Japan seen in the eyes of the Japanese? I have read several books about tea, about the ceremonies. There is often a link to the old Japanese culture, toward an identity that some of today's tea masters refer to as being lost.**

Ishiya: I love history! (laughter) Even now, we have tea and culture. They've been going strong since back in Oda Nobunaga, Toyotomi Hideyasu, and Tokugawa Ieyasu's time!

Souichi: Japan is still somewhat traditional. However, I'm so used to living here that I can't really tell. I'd never say that I didn't know anything about history or tradition, though.

You: I'm somewhat interested. We still have tea and culture in Japan today, you know?

Akiyama: I am not particularly interested.

**MRR: Are you also interested in the global scene? We would love to see you on a European tour. Are there any plans for such a tour? What bands would you like to play with in Europe?**

Ishiya: I've always had a strong interest in the overseas scene. I'd like to go to every country, but I just don't have the cash. (laughter) I'd like to go on tour with an awesome, currently active band. I don't care whether they're known or not.

Souichi: I'd love to go to Europe sometime soon

You: At present, we have plans to tour Australia and the east coast of the US.

Akiyama: Every country's scene and bands are meaningful.

**MRR: Any closing message you want to send to the punks around the world?**

Ishiya: Marek, Czechoslovakia and Eastern Europe have also made it through difficult times. Of course, it's understandable that people become punk under such circumstances—and punks must have faced many severities where you live. However, if you like us even a little bit, the power and strength of those punks has all come together. We should be very proud of that.

Souichi: I hear that you have a great scene over there. By all means, let's get together!

You: Fight!

Akiyama: I love you!

*This interview was originally conducted for—but not published in—the Czech hardcore punk fanzine Hluboka Orba.*

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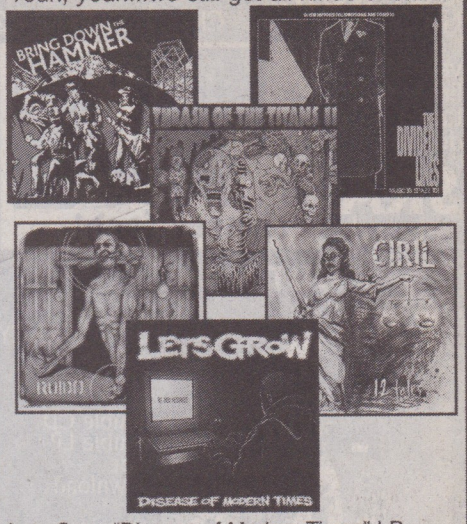


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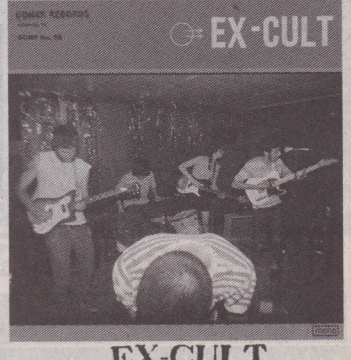


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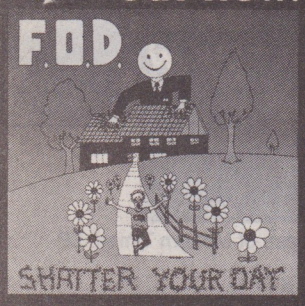


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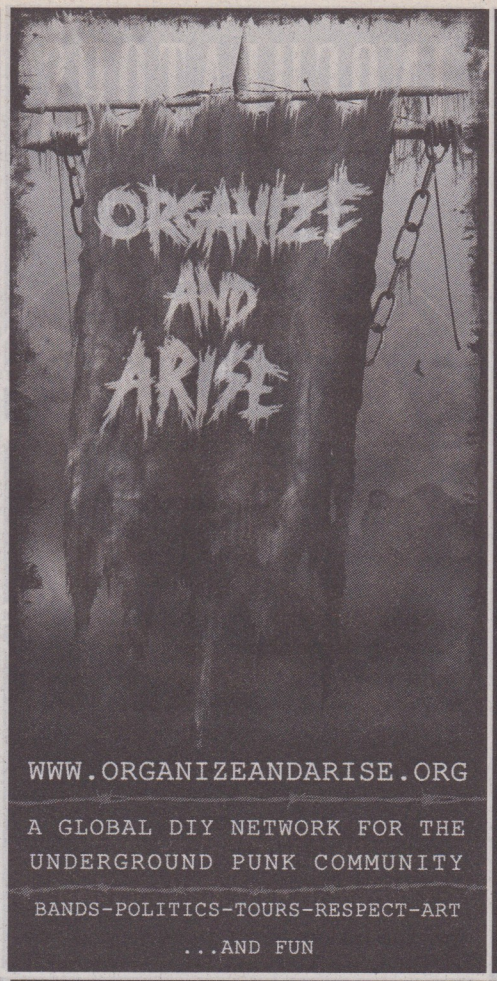


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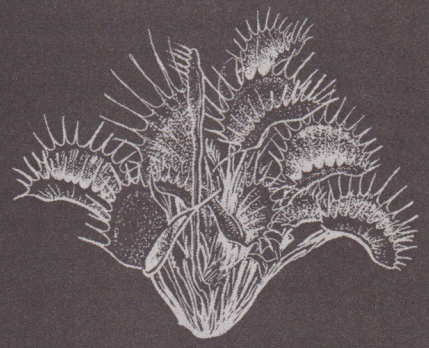

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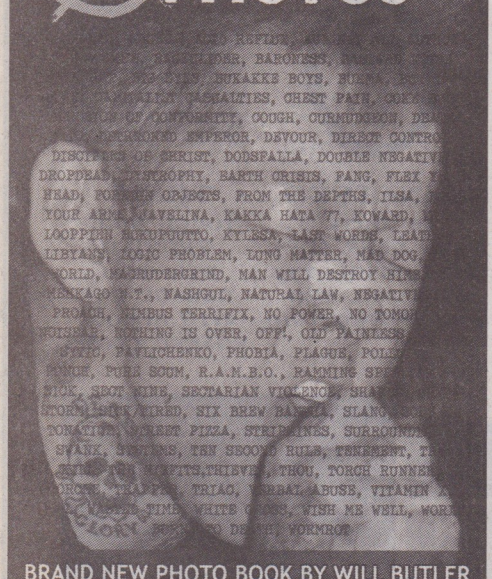

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# LUNATIC FRINGE

*It's been thirty years since the world learned how to cringe with the fringe...but maybe it's time again. Lunatic Fringe formed in Bristol in the year of 1979. During their seven year run as a band, the Fringe released cassettes, two 7" EP, and were featured on various compilations. While they have often gone overlooked amongst the lengthy list of Bristol bands who were popular during the second wave of the UK punk movement, Lunatic Fringe were essential in defining that era. While the band lived on a rocky road throughout most of their career, their accomplishments stand out on extraordinary levels that are still recognized today. To celebrate their thirty-year anniversary, Bear and John have taken some time to tell me about life in Bristol during the '80s, the chaotic movement that took place there and the legacy that was left behind. Now, here you have it: the story of the Lunatic Fringe. Interview by Zach Flanary, photos by Helge Schreiber and provided by the band.*

**MRR: When you (Bear) joined Lunatic Fringe in 1980, the band had already been kicking around less seriously with a singer who went by the name of Birdshit. Apparently, he had a run in with some Mods and missed the first gig, which resulted in various people singing covers for the band that evening instead. Is this actually how you ended up replacing him as vocalist?**

Bear: That's pretty much what happened. The show was in a squatted commune; this chap nicknamed Birdshit didn't turn up for one reason or another so I jumped up on stage. I think I did "Anarchy in the UK" very badly, and the rest is low quality history.

**MRR: Birdshit, what a fucking name. Anyway, tell me how the band name came about. Isn't it in relation to something said by a teacher following the exam period, while you guys were in school?**

John: A head teacher at the school I was attending had identified what he regarded as a "Lunatic Fringe" element within my school year. At the end of term following exams, he expressed a hope that this lunatic fringe would be leaving the school. I was staying on in education and I made an observation that there would continue to be a large enough presence of this group to cause said teacher further headaches. This coincided with the formative band's search for a name, and it just seemed to fit perfectly, particularly as at that point all four members were pupils or ex-pupils of this school.

**MRR: Do you remember much about the first gig with Chaos UK at the end of 1980? Tell us about it, I've heard some interesting events went down that evening.**

Bear: The gig went down really well although it was like playing in a sports hall with all of the lights on, and in fact, it was a sports hall. I do remember the violence afterwards with Age Blackmore (the drummer) getting knocked around quite badly and all of us praying for our lift back to civilization (i.e. Bristol) to hurry the hell up.

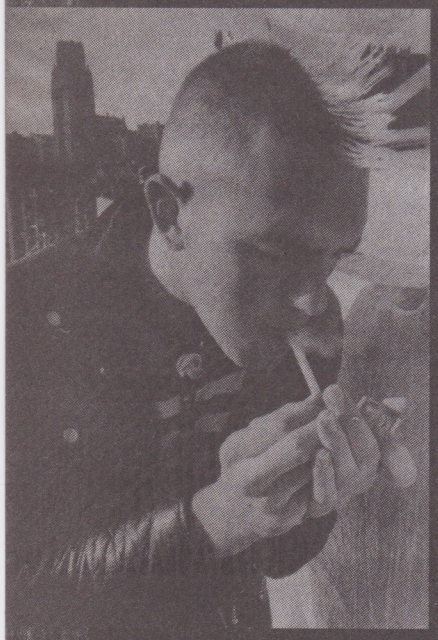
John: Yes, it took place at a youth club just outside of Bristol, near the town where Chaos UK came from (Portishead). There were due to be three bands playing, although I can't remember any details of the first group, if indeed they even played. Lunatic Fringe played next, and this was the first gig in which the set mainly featured our own songs. I was very surprised by the favorable and energetic response we got from the audience, which I took to be a vindication that we were doing something right. Chaos UK finished up the evening to a more lukewarm reception, bearing in mind it was only their second gig as well, and back then they weren't quite the precision unit they later became. I remember meeting an incredibly enthusiastic Kaos for the first time; he was shortly to move to Bristol and integrate himself with the growing scene. There was a lot of violence after the gig due to some idiotic territorial thuggery, but unfortunately that was how it frequently was at gigs (and elsewhere) back then.

**MRR: Was there any sort of competitive nature existing between the Bristol bands in the eighties, or was everyone just having fun together?**

Bear: Not that I recall. We did play on a regular basis with the likes of Vice Squad, Disorder, Chaos UK and Onslaught, in and around Bristol, without scratching each other's eyes out. We had little or nothing to do with bands outside of the punk scene, apart from the odd support act. Mind you, it did irk a bit that pretty much every other Bristol band had a record out on Riot City, but we kind of got passed over—that was until the lovely Dave Bateman and Shane Baldwin released our first single on Resurrection records, with a bit of help from Riot City records....Hurrah!

John: My perception at the time was that there were two distinct strands that developed in the early 1980s, principally the squatter/crusty axis typified by Disorder and Amebix, and the relatively more conventional approach to punk as evidenced by Vice Squad and some of the Riot City bands. There was a bit of an ideological divide, it has to be said, but that's not to say that individual members of different bands didn't necessarily get on with each other. There was another looser grouping of 'post-punk' bands, many of which gave the impression of viewing anyone who defined themselves as 'punk' as being figures of ridicule and embarrassment (although generally not to their faces). Looking back now, I can see that there was clearly a rivalry that extended beyond the different strands of punk—in other words, yes there actually was quite fierce competition, even amongst seemingly allied bands. As the whole squatting and self-organizing gig ethos developed though, there was a great deal of co-operation between bands, which I think left a lasting positive legacy.

**MRR: The Fringe recorded their three-track demo the following year in '81 and the track "British Man" was pulled from it and used on the '82 Riotous Assembly compilation, which was released by Riot City records. However, Dave and Shane from Vice Squad ended up releasing the first EP Who's in Control themselves, as an attempt to start their own independent label at the time, right? Also, did Riot City ever offer to release anything for the Fringe?**



Bear: The release of our first single was brilliant (it got to number 27 in the independent charts don't you know!) We're eternally grateful towards those two chaps for putting out that record. The chance of Riot City working with us was pretty much zero after Riotous Assembly I would say, what with people moving on to new projects etc. etc.

John: Dave and Shane did actually like the band and wanted to give us a helping hand. I would say though that we would probably have been more content releasing music via a label more in tune with our way of thinking e.g. Spiderleg. As for Riot City, I don't think they were ever interested in releasing Lunatic Fringe material, but I don't really know. We weren't really a typical Riot City band, anyway.

**MRR: In an interview with you (John), you mention that following the first record release, the band began to question their objectives and beliefs about the involvement in "commercial success" as you put it. However, during an interview with FC3 in 1982, you (Bear) mention that Lunatic Fringe would like to work towards living solely off of the band rather than the dole. Did any major issues actually arise between members of the Fringe as a result of the direction each of you wanted to move the band in?**

**John: That's a laugh—how could we ever have possibly thought we might have been able to live off the proceeds of being in Lunatic Fringe?**

Bear: Yes, the delusions of youth; it would have been just dandy to live off of the band's earnings, but as they amounted to about £2.50 a week, it was highly unlikely…

John: To address the other point, I think a strong group identity had been quickly established, and subsequently band members only tended to leave when they felt they wanted to move in a different direction, which tended to be driven by changes in lifestyle.

Bear: Money or attitudes towards working with the imperialist running dogs of the capitalist empire and so on…never really came into it. As John says, it was more about the lifestyle and good old-fashioned "Musical Differences."

**MRR: Now, this obviously ended up being a wonderful decision—as it has proved quite memorable over the years—but why did you all decide to make underwear instead of t-shirts or badges? Even further, how were they made and did they actually sell well? Were there different variations and sizes or was it a "one fits all" scenario?**

John: When considering merchandise, we had a lengthy discussion, and decided that t-shirts were too commercial and clichéd for us to go down that route. Nick had the idea of making Fringe underpants.

Bear: Ah yes, the pants! Well I bought the whole lot (100 pairs I think) from a wholesaler (dark blue and red, in medium only). They were printed by an anarchist print co-op. And, if you were stupid enough to wear, or—god forbid—wash them, the print came straight off of the bloody things!! Damn those lefties!!

**MRR: I wonder if anyone still has a pair? So, I've heard about this manic trip that Lunatic Fringe made to France in 1984 with Disorder and Chaos UK. Stories of Nick being a no show, Boobs from Disorder filling in on bass, issues with customs that resulted in fines and smashed records, Chaos UK being held at gunpoint, CS gas, crazed football fans, skinheads with pistols, a spaghetti incident, and so on. What the hell actually happened during that trip?**

Bear: It's all true! The show was promoted around Paris as a re-unification gig for the various warring skinhead, punk and biker factions, with a strict "no weapons" policy, since there had been two murders at the last punk show! I do remember two skinheads trying to hang another gang member backstage for not being a "proper skinhead!" Worst of all, the promoters had given us beer that was a mere 2%, so despite all of us literally shitting ourselves with fear, we could not get drunk! Bastards!

John: All of the above happened, as well as a memorable journey into the depths of the Paris catacombs. Even that turned out to be eventful, as the gendarmes were waiting to arrest us when we exited the catacombs via a drain cover right in the centre of Paris. After maybe the sixth or seventh person had climbed out of the hole up onto the pavement, with clearly more to follow, they thought better of it and promptly disappeared.

**MRR: Tell me about the cassette release. Was it released independently, how many were printed and why has it still not been converted to vinyl after all of these years? And how about some stories of the Demolition Ballroom space? I've heard many great gigs took place there. Wasn't the live '85 cassette recorded there?**

Bear: We released Forcible Drugging Agenda (our set at the time), which was recorded in a small studio. Yes, Live and Lush was recorded during a show at the infamous Demolition Ballroom, which was an ex-car showroom that a group of us squatted in central Bristol. It was full of dodgy electric equipment, had a flooded basement, rats, police busts, and all the fun of the fair. Most punk bands that were around at the time played there (from Antisect to Toxic Reasons). I think the place just fell into such a state that the gigs finished well before the whole block was evicted. Anyway, the cassette was so live that you can hear the dogs barking amongst the crowd and a couple of skinheads chatting about whom to beat up next. Both were released by the band in batches of 50 or so at a time. So I have no bloody idea what the total amount could be.

**MRR: In '85, Lunatic Fringe released their second EP Cringe with the Fringe on Children of the Revolution records. How was the response in comparison to Who's in Control? Why was there such a stretch in between the two releases? Even though it was recorded during the same studio session, why wasn't the track "The Enemy Within" released on the record as well?**

John: I think the response to the second EP was as favorable as the first, but Who's in Control had a much higher profile as it came out at the height of '82 Punk (into which it has been categorized), whereas the latter was on a completely independent label and was released at a time when punk had largely gone underground (prior to the UK HC "explosion"). There were a variety of reasons for the gap between releases, a lot of which had to do with the band losing momentum. As for "The Enemy Within," there just wasn't room to include five tracks on the EP.

**MRR: Makes sense. Isn't there a four-track music video of Lunatic Fringe performing at a Church on Whiteladies Road in Bristol? Why was it never released and is there anywhere that it can be found or seen today?**

John: The director arranged a showing of the video at the Dug Out club in Bristol, but apart from that I have no idea what his plans for it were. Nick (the bassist) was

working with the guy at the time and that's how it came about. We never really had it in mind to market it commercially as we had no means of producing and distributing copies, and very few of our audience would have been able to afford video recorders anyway, bearing in mind this was 1982. We were all given individual copies on VHS, but to my knowledge these were all lost back in the 1980s. I lent my copy at the time to someone in Scotland who used to sell live and bootlegged punk videos. I think he copied it before sending it back, so if that guy still has his collection, that's probably the best chance of a copy existing. The audio track still exists though.

Bear: Just to add something, that audio track was released as the aforementioned "Forcible Drugging Agenda".

**MRR: Did heroin, booze, or other drugs become issues at any point? I've read that like most bands of that day, Lunatic Fringe was not fortunate enough to elude this fate.**

John: I think we all lost sight of our objectives to varying degrees, partly due to substance and alcohol abuse. Heroin and glue probably caused the most significant damage to the band. However, this was before the days of ecstasy on the dance floor, heroin on the housing estates, and cocaine in the bankers' bonuses, so back then taking drugs and drinking to excess was still regarded as practically a countercultural obligation.

**MRR: What led to Karl and Nick departing from the band in 1985? Why did the band decide to continue without them and where did Simon and Matt come from?**

John: Nick had a few issues and I think had lost his enthusiasm for the band, and I think Karl wasn't so interested in drumming anymore—I recall him selling his drum kit, which was kind of the end for him. I can't speak for Bear, but I had lost my direction and wasn't contributing much at that point either, so to be honest it's a miracle the band didn't split up when they left. Eventually though, we recruited Simon and Matt via the old music store advert route (I seem to recall). I remember Simon phoning me up and giving me a ten minute blast through his repertoire over the phone. I was slightly bemused, I might add. They were both out of towners; at around this time there was quite an influx of slightly younger punk types in the Bristol scene from the various satellite towns.

**MRR: In a recent interview with you (John) in 2010, you explain that the new lineup's debut gig at Bath Longacre Hall in July '86 proved disastrous, which was the nail in the coffin for you (Bear). What happened that night and in the month to follow that would result in the ultimate end of Lunatic Fringe?**

Bear: From what I can remember the whole gig was a total fuck-up, we were all over the place (even more than usual). I think I bumped into John at a Damned show in London that month and said I was calling it a day. To be honest I don't remember any more details than that.

**MRR: Ahhhh, no fun. Although the band had already called it a day, you guys ended up performing one final time the very next month at a wedding reception. Chaos UK also played that evening didn't they? Who got married?**

Bear: Yes, it was a right larf! All the pressure was off so it was a real hoot… I seem to remember the bride's name being Sarah (Conner?) and that they were committed Christians. Go figure eh?

**MRR: In 1991, Lunatic Fringe reformed just briefly for a reunion gig, this time with Andy Minter and Age Blackmore. After nearly six years since the band originally dissolved, what led to this? Isn't there another reunion planned in the future?**

John: It coincided with Age's band (the Seers) breaking up, and we decided that we were all up for it. Nick wasn't about at this point and Andy Minter (one of the old punks from way back) was hanging about with Age at the time, so it all just came together.

Bear: Well the answer is yes! We are about to do a one-off 30-year anniversary show with the original members and some very special guests. The show is at the legendary Croft in central Bristol on January 12, 2013!

**MRR: What has life been like for everyone since Lunatic Fringe? I know that you (Bear) were involved with Skate Muties and Bugs and Drugs fanzines. What ever became of that? Have you two or any other members gone on to play in any other groups over the years? Are any of you still involved in punk today?**

John: I went on to play in a band called Maggot Slayer Overdrive from 1999 to 2008 and you could do worse than to track down some of our music, which lyrically took some of the more absurd Fringe lyrics as its cue, whilst musically being more of a punk/metal crossover. Age played in the Seers, amongst other bands, and has been DJing for years now. Simon played in various bands, most notably Can't Decide.

Bear: My brother Chris (Beano Brazov) and I started the zines not long after the Fringe dissolved. Apart from that, I was a DJ for most of the '90s and now I co-operate Jacknife Posters producing and designing gig posters for all kinds of crazy assed bands. Never sung/shouted with another group, although never say never again….

**MRR: And before we go, can you explain the circled E in the band's logo, which you previously said held significance to the mysticism of the egg (as it was explained), ha-ha.**

John: Sorry to disappoint the person I saw selling patches who described it as exemplifying our belief in existentialism, but it was just our little joke at the expense of all those bands who suddenly decided they had to circle the A if they had one in their names.

**MRR: Ha-ha, people and their inventive tales are always messing with the truth. Thank you for taking the time to allow the interview. I really appreciate it and I hope it wasn't too painful to sit through! Good luck at the reunion gig, if I weren't across the ocean I would definitely attend.**

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# CONTORTURE

THE ALL FEMALE D-BEAT FORCE CONTORTURE WAS FORMED DURING THE GRIM SWEDISH WINTER OF 2009. THE BAND, WHICH ROAMS MEMBERS FROM BOTH VICIOUS IRENE AND AGRIMONIA, HAD ALREADY FROM THE BEGINNING A STRONG AMBITION OF CREATING A FAST D-BEAT SOUND. HERE MALIN (GUITAR), KAYSA (VOCALS), CHRISTINA (BASS) AND MARIA (DRUMS) ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT THEIR INSPIRATION AND BEING AN ALL WOMAN BAND. INTERVIEW BY MIA SÖDERBERG, PHOTOS BY RICHARD CORRY AND MATS HALLERÖD.

**MRR: Give the readers some information about Contorture.**

Malin: There was an urge to just play as fast and simple as possible, but it took some months for the four of us to gather ourselves and become a complete unit.

Kaysa: The name is a play on the two words Contort and Torture. Both words describe the length we go through to make things work and, at the same time, as we doubt our own efforts. This is really common in our own scene. I think the band name has come to mean more to us along the way and is often a topic in our songs.

**MRR: Listening to Contorture no one can deny the powerful message this band wants to send out to whoever comes across their music. There is a political message, but the lyrics also deal with how the struggle for a better society can be a tough one.**

Kaysa: Our lyrics are generally about people that take advantage of each other to get ahead. They are about different kinds of oppression and the hopelessness that might make us feel that we can never do enough to change this world to a better place. I think the message that is always present is that if we don't stick together and unite our efforts there will not be a change, but also that we are never alone in this struggle. There is always someone else to join forces with. However dark it all seems, there is always a possibility for us to change things to the better, even though it may not happen within our own lifetime.

**MRR: "War within us," "Sterile world" and "Father" are no-nonsense titles, could you tell us what those particular songs are about?**

Kaysa: "War within us" is about how doing the right thing is often the hardest part since we have ourselves to argue against. It is always easier to do something for someone else than for yourself. "Sterile world" was written during the spread of the swine flu and everyone was racing ahead to make vaccines and disinfecting themselves, their children and everything around them without considering the consequences. This world functions because of bacteria. If we don't stop before we act and think about what will be left if we kill all these tiny organisms, we will be so easily infected by disease—there will soon be no people left in this world. There is much to be said about the impact the media has on these situations creating panic and urging us to

medicate, when in reality we usually survive without medicine. "Father" is about pedophilia; abusing the trust of a child, especially your own child, is by far one of the worst crimes you can commit against a fellow human being.

**MRR: Contorture released their well-received first demo in 2010. What can you tell us about your new LP?**
Christina: We recorded it in a friend's studio in Endless Tinnitus studios (Norway) in November 2011. The songs from the demo are on the LP as well, just a different recording. I think the music is pretty much the same but you can also hear a development towards something slightly different. But it is still D-beat!
Malin: Yes, the same beat, but hopefully a bit faster!

**MRR: Where do you all draw your musical inspiration from?**
Christina: I mainly listen to crust, D-beat, different kinds of metal, like anarchist black metal and death metal.
Maria: Mainly punk music, no name-dropping needed since it's varying. Especially when I'm listening to music in my headphones I get inspiration and ideas for drum fills, song structures, easy bass or guitar riffs that will go with my drum ideas. These ideas make progress in my head and then come to life in the rehearsal place.
Malin: I find much of my inspiration from bands that we meet and hang out with. I listen mostly to bands such as Avfart 33, Insidious Process and Beyond Pink which are some of my favorites. But also some more "rockstar-y" bands, such as L7, Mötörhead and Disclose.
Kaysa: I listen to all kinds of genres and can't really be sure what inspires me, but the style of writing lyrics is more anarchopunk or folk music inspired I guess. The punk scene is a great place to be when you are writing lyrics since you meet so many interesting people when you go to shows and other events. The discussions that occur are great ways of venting. as well as evolving your train of thought around current and past events in society. Of course you can never avoid being influenced by mainstream media and films/TV. I think the main thing is to have a critical eye and wanting to learn more—that as well will be a great inspiration.
Christina: I love art in many forms and get inspired by exhibitions I go to. Maybe not to the extent that I make a song, but more to feel creative and that helps in the process of writing songs.

**MRR: So your music is inspired by things outside of music and punk…?**
Malin: There is so much fucked-up shit going on that influences our daily life, so I think it's impossible to not be influenced by it. I can get inspired by a band, by how they work together as a group, or their philosophy of songwriting etc, I guess that's why my main influences are friend's bands.
Maria: Definitely not solely from music. I often read something in the paper, discuss a subject with someone or get info from a documentary that gets my inspiration going, especially about topics we can write about. And of course, from things that happen in our daily lives. And a lot of our inspiration, and I think I speak for all of us, we get from hanging out with each other, discussing things and the whole creative process that comes with playing together.

**MRR: Are there any bands or genres that influence you that might surprise the readers?**
Christina: '80s dance music!
Kaysa: And '90s euro techno! If there ever is a dance party after a show with these genres you can be sure to find the whole band on the dance floor.
Malin: Superfuzz Bigmuff, say no more! For sure we love to disco dance and have disco DJ parties in our tour van, but I wouldn't say it influences our music. Or maybe I'm wrong…

**MRR: Despite the strong political presence in the punk scene, female bands are a rarity. Within an open-minded punk community, do you feel it makes a particular difference?**
Christina: I hope we are not viewed upon differently because of that. If so I think it is in a positive way. I hope we can inspire more women to start bands. I don't know about the punk scenes all over the world, but at least here in Sweden there are more and more women being involved in bands, which is really encouraging.
Kaysa: I don't think we get treated differently because we are female, however a contributing factor is the style of music we play. There is a stigma of how bands with females are "supposed" to sound and, even though that is not true, I think we benefit from not fitting that anticipated mold.

**MRR: Do you think that asking about being compared to male bands is an irrelevant question, since it implies that male bands are the norm? Or is it important as to raise awareness about gender discrimination and norms in music?**
Kaysa: I think that there is still a need to ask these kinds of questions since all male bands, which there are plenty of, never get compared to female bands. That being said, I think we are playing in a scene where it is still important to acknowledge the gender inequalities. As Christina said in the previous question, our being viewed not only as a punk band, but also as an all female punk band in a male dominated genre in a positive way, I feel that shows that the scene is becoming more equal and it's a welcomed fact. I would however like to see more all-male bands get these kinds of questions because that might enlighten a lot of men in this scene that they are really privileged when they may not be reflecting upon the gender situation at all.
Malin: It is super important to be and become aware of norms and the discrimination that follows in order to fight them. But, as Kaysa suggests, it would be really awesome to see interviews with male bands being asked these kinds of questions because while we get them in every single interview we do, our male counterparts never do.

**MRR: Any last shout out to readers, fans and punks around the globe?**
All: Thanks for taking the time to read this interview! Listen to our music at www.contorture.bandcamp.com! And support your sisters by going to their shows in order to make this scene more awesome!

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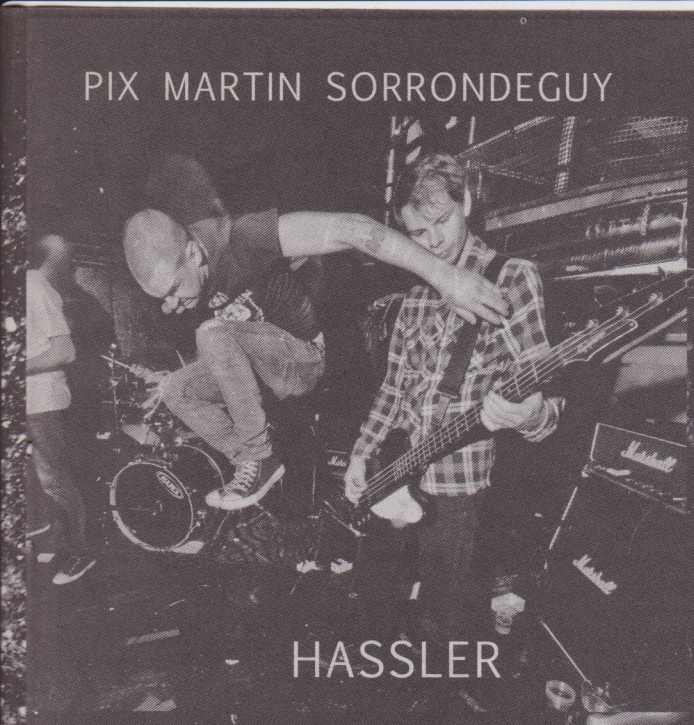

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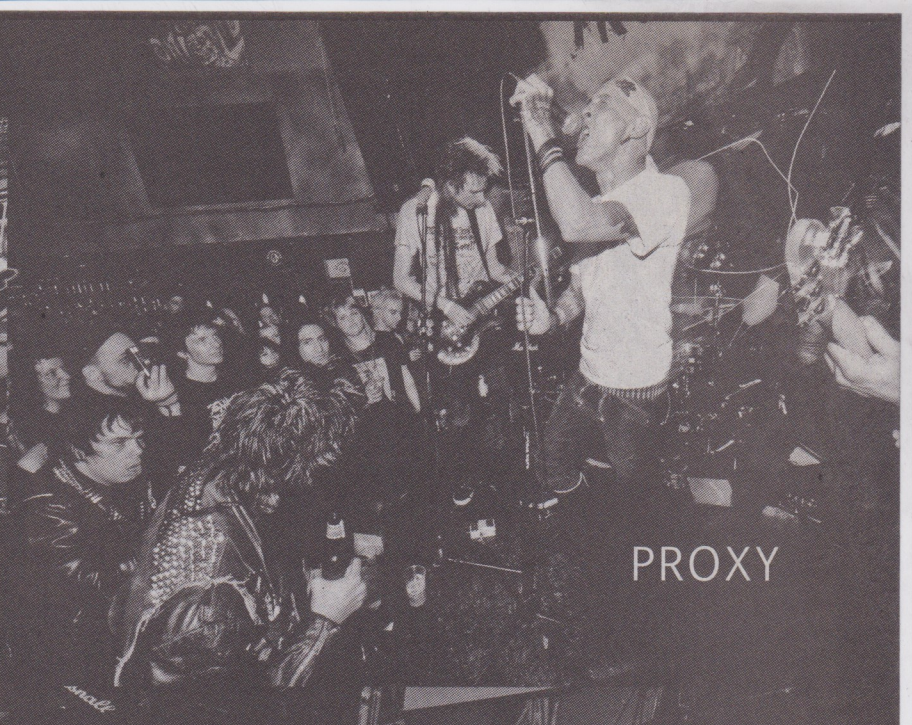

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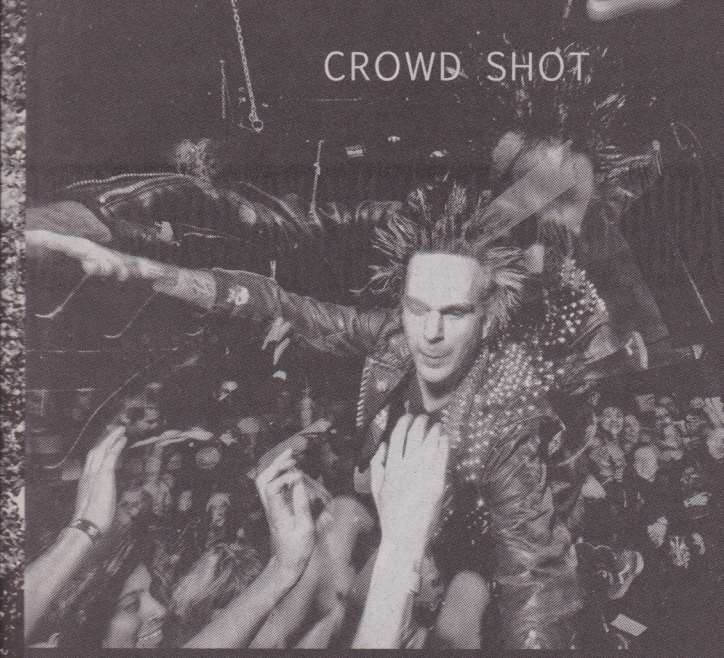

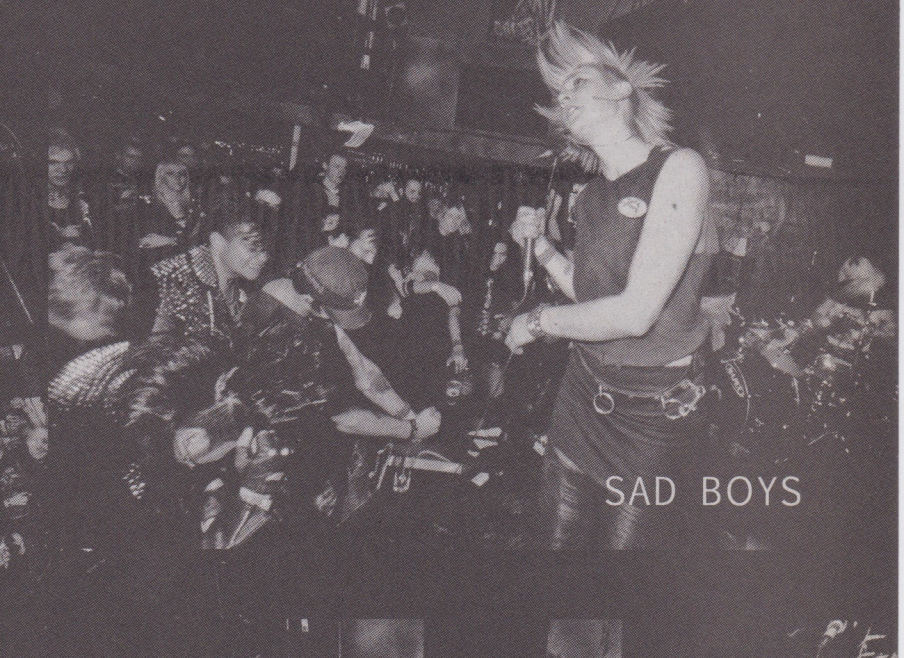

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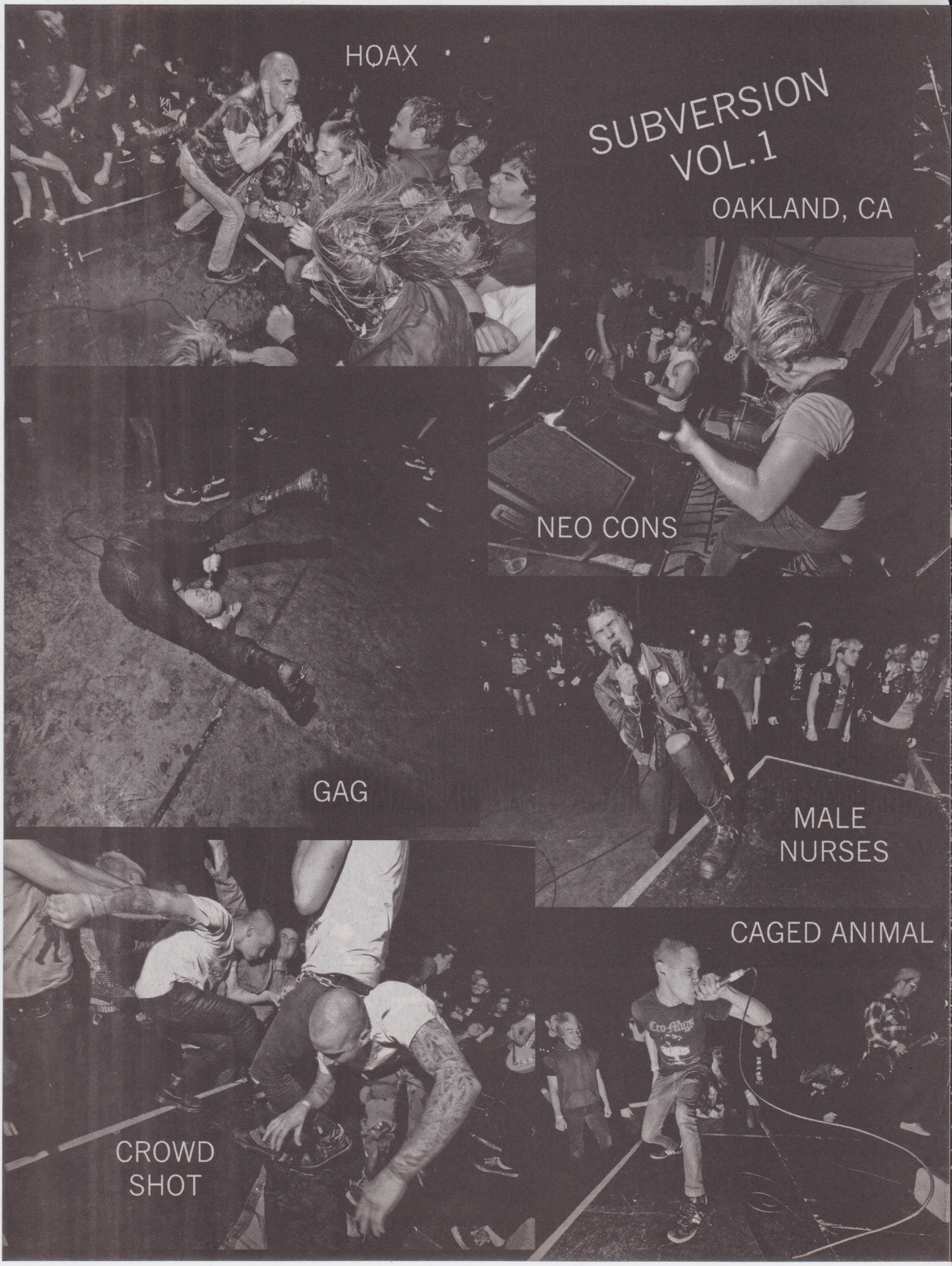
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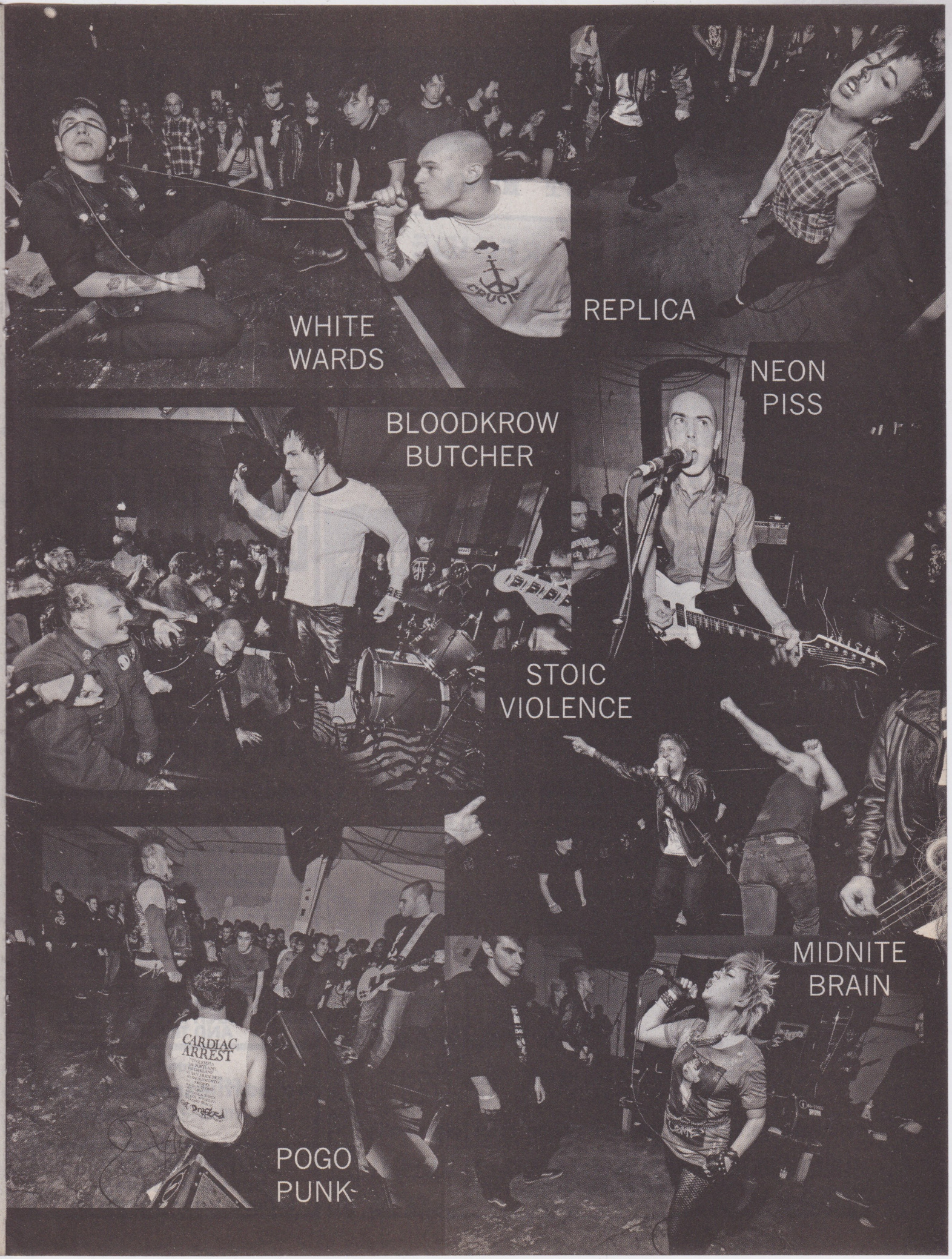
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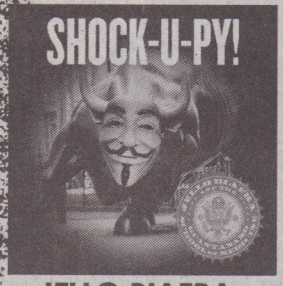


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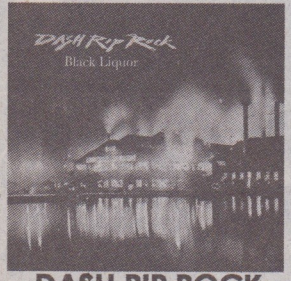


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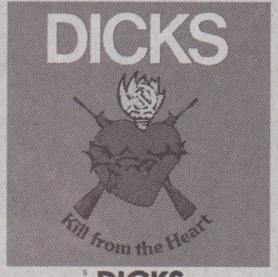


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# beatnik termites

*Beatnik Termites are one of the longest running American 'pop-punk' bands, having just celebrated their 25th anniversary. Still going strong, the band has always retained a DIY ethic—setting them apart in a genre that has seen a lot of commercialization over the years. I sat down with sole original member, Pat, for their first interview for* MRR *in a very long time. With new members in place, they plan to release a new album of their unique brand of '60s doo-wop inspired sugary pop-punk within the next year. Interview by Kyle Folsom. Photos by Pat Kim and Mark Gartner.*

**MRR: So when was the last time you were interviewed in *MRR*? Been a while?**
Yeah, probably fifteen years or so. I think the last time we did it we were looking for a bass player at the time.

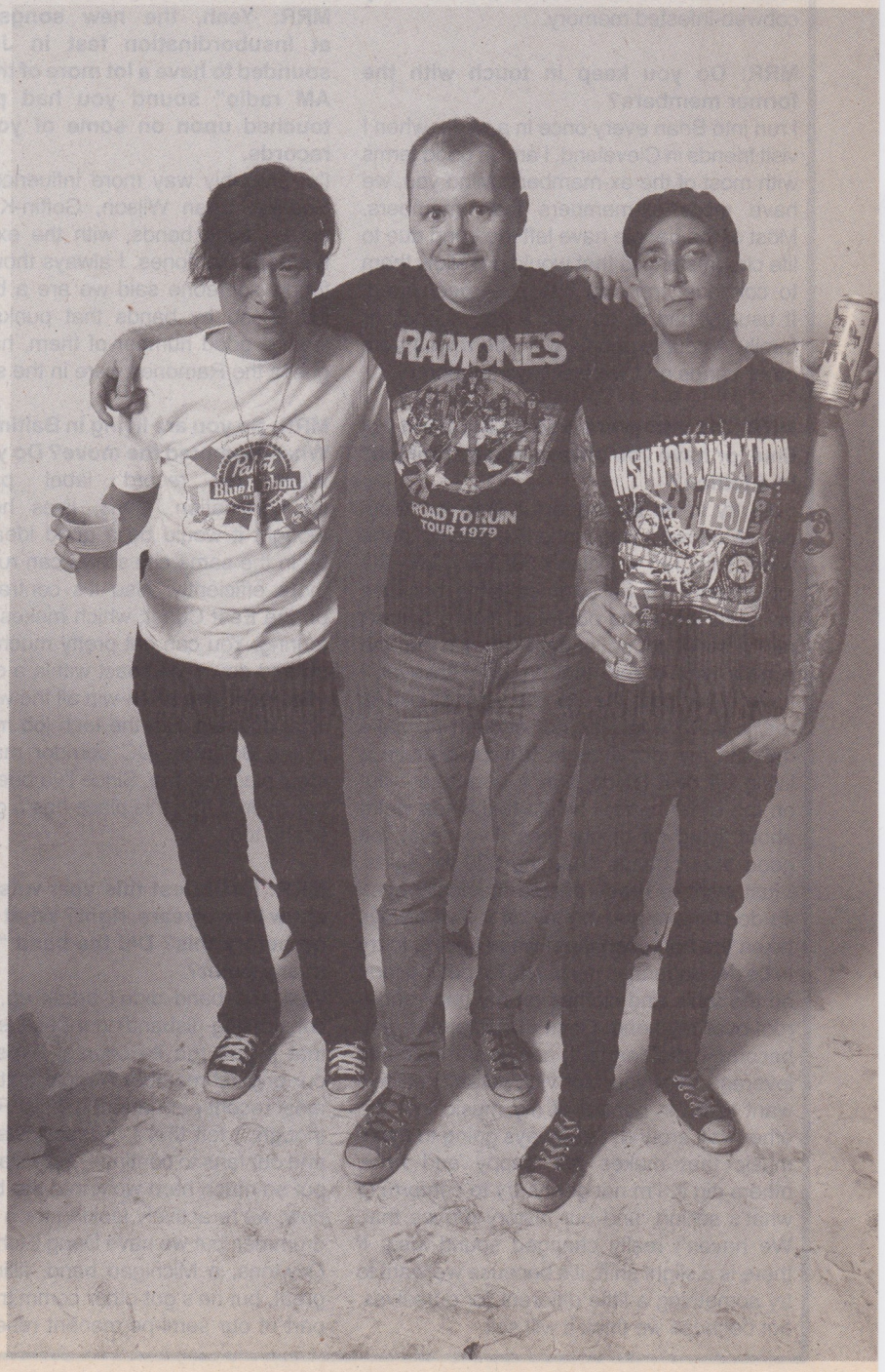
**MRR: OK wow, yeah it has been a little while then. So that was back around when *Bubblecore* first came out?**
Yeah I think it was around then. It's good to know that we still have our street cred, haha.

**MRR: Can you tell me a bit about the origins of the band for those who aren't familiar?**
Well we started the band in 1987, while I was a senior in college. I was playing in several bands at the time that were winding down and I wanted to start something new. There were the other two original members, Reggie and Brian. I always wanted to play this kind of music but up until then I couldn't really find people who wanted to do the same style, until I met up with those guys. At the time, there were no CD players. So we decided to put out a 7" to start out, since we really only had a couple of songs I had written. But I kept on writing more so we had enough for an EP. So we decided to go with the 12" seven-song EP instead.

**MRR: What were the bands you were really into at the time? Ramones, Descendents, etc. obviously... Were you playing metal or what before this?**
Well, I was playing in a mix of other bands that ranged from joke bands to indie pop. I was actually playing drums for a couple of bands at the time and bass for another. The bands I played drums in were called Sleazy Jesus and the Splatter Pigs, and Terrible Parade. Sleazy Jesus was more of a joke band. Terrible Parade kind of sounded like a dark, surfy version of the Smiths. I really didn't contribute to any of those bands from a writing standpoint, although I did help with the arrangements somewhat.

**MRR: So you started playing with Brian and Reggie in 1987, and then the first record was the self-titled 12" in 1990?**
Yeah, it was actually recorded the summer of '89 but we didn't get around to actually pressing it until '90.

**MRR: So were you just playing locally for the first few years?**
We had kinda played around locally for about a year and a half while I wrote some tunes, until we had enough to put out the EP. Yeah we really couldn't go on any extended



tours at the time since Reggie and I were both fresh out of college and starting entry level jobs in the engineering field. Brian was a city bus mechanic but he was enrolled in the Cleveland Fire Department Academy at the time. None of us really could hit the road just yet until we accrued some vacation time.

**MRR: Who were some of the other good bands playing in Cleveland at the time?**
Well, there was a band called the Floyd Band who I thought were great. We used to play with a band called Bluto's Revenge, which Brian actually plays for now. Pink Holes were a lot of fun. Also, the New Salem Witch Hunters, the Attitude, and the Revelers were great too. It's been so long I really have to reach back into the deep recesses of my cobweb-infested memory.

**MRR: Do you keep in touch with the former members?**
I run into Brian every once in a while, when I visit friends in Cleveland. I am on good terms with most of the ex-members. Mind you, we have more ex-members than members. Most of the people have left the band due to life circumstances that would not allow them to continue…no one has ever been fired. It usually had to do with a job, school, or family. A couple people were borrowed from other bands and were always temporary.

**MRR: Did you ever try to do the band full time, or have you always had a "real job" in addition?**
I did try to do the band full time for about two years but it was kinda like pissing in the wind. I figured if I didn't get back into the job market, I'd be unemployable because my skills would be outdated. There doesn't really seem to be a huge market for the sugary type of pop that we do. However, I have found that the people who do like it, *really* like it a lot. It's not enough to make me quit my job, though. If I could make a living off of it I'd do it in a heartbeat—but on the other hand, I would feel kinda weird about living off of our fans. I've never felt good about bands charging $20 for shirts. I just want to reach people musically even if I don't make any money off it. I've always taken the approach that I wasn't going to try to be dependent on my music for putting food on the table and clothes on my back and a roof over my head. Once that happens, you become beholden to it, and your music has leverage over you, not vice versa. I always want to be in control of my music, not the other way around. I'm always going to make music that makes me happy and hope others dig it. I'm not gonna try to conform to what's selling, and our history proves that. We haven't really changed sound-wise. If there is a slight shift, it's because we want to try something a little different for ourselves, not because we think it will sell.

**MRR: Yeah, it seems like in the '90s even when pop-punk was such a big thing you guys still went your own way and stayed constant with your unique sound.**
Well, we never really fit in sound-wise in that pop punk genre. We were kinda lumped into it by default because there was no other home for us. If you really dissect our music, it has much more in common with golden oldies than any of the typical Queers/ Screeching Weasel derivative bands in the pop punk scene. We probably fit in more musically with bands like the Go-Gos, but at the time, those types of bands had died off. A lot of the "pop punk" fans liked us, so I guess that's where we got lumped into, but structurally and melodically, we take much more from the '50s and '60s than punk.

**MRR: Yeah, the new songs I heard at Insubordination fest in June 2012 sounded to have a lot more of the "oldies/ AM radio" sound you had previously touched upon on some of your earlier records.**
I'm probably way more influenced by Neil Sedaka, Brian Wilson, Goffin-King than I am by punk bands, with the exception of the early Ramones. I always thought it was funny, someone said we are a band that's influenced by bands that punks hate…at least a good number of them, haha. But, I guess the Ramones were in the same boat.

**MRR: So you are living in Baltimore now? What prompted the move? Do you like it?**
Well, my record label partner at Insubordination, Chris, lives here and I thought it would be a good idea for us to be in the same city so we can run the label more efficiently. Also it's centrally located on the East Coast, which makes it ideal for touring. You can get pretty much anywhere up and down the coast within a day's drive. I figured it was a win-win all the way around. That coupled with the tech job market here in the Baltimore-DC corridor makes it the ideal place for me. Since I've been here I've discovered that this place has a great music scene too.

**MRR: Insub fest this year was your first show in two years, right? What was going on before this? Did the band "break up" at any point?**
Well, the band didn't break up, but I was considering disbanding it because I had felt that it had run its course, especially after our original member Reggie quit. Since our most recent permanent bassist Ricky joined though, I felt that I at least owed it to him and our fans to continue, especially since he put so much hard work into the band. Right now, we're actively looking for a permanent drummer, but we have Doug Etcher from the Dewtons, a Michigan band, filling in. He's great, but he's got other commitments. He's part of our semi-permanent reserve lineup, so to speak.

**MRR: The last record that you released was in 2003, right? What are your plans coming up, another album soon?**
Yes, we have about thirteen or fourteen new songs. We played about five of them at Insub fest 2012. The direction this album is going in is more of a straight-up oldies type of feel. Most of the songs are mid-tempo, but they will keep you singing along.

**MRR: Are you planning to record with Doug soon, or wait until you nail down a full time drummer?**
Well, we might record a one-off 7" or something like that, to commemorate Doug's service to the band, but the logistics makes it impossible to really do anything more than that. So I will probably just record and play the drums myself, and Ricky and I will overdub everything else. It's just easier that way. Plus, my drumming style is virtually indistinguishable from that of Reggie's. If you've ever heard my other band that I play drums for, the Firecrackers, it's really obvious that it's pretty much the Termites drumming. We're hammering out the musical details as well as typing up some financial details, but yes, soon. Right now we have twelve new songs, but I have two more in the making… I'd like to have fourteen songs ready to go.

**MRR: Do you feel as passionate about writing and creating new Beatnik Termites material as you did back in the '80s and '90s?**
I would say even more so, especially since I have members that are on the same page with me goal-wise. Plus, I think my songwriting has matured and gotten better. Sometimes when I listen to that old stuff, especially some of the *Bubblecore* songs, I just think it sounds juvenile compared to the stuff I'm putting out now.

**MRR: That's cool to hear, that you are still excited about the band after 25 (!) years.**
If you think the *Girl Crazy* album was a move in the right direction, the upcoming album takes it two steps further. This album will definitely have your 60-year-old parents singing along and reminiscing about the high school dance where they shared their first kiss.

**MRR: Honestly, I always thought you guys were a bit under-appreciated. Did you ever feel this way yourself, or was the self-satisfaction enough?**
Well I can't say I haven't felt it a little, especially when I see bands that are influenced by us getting all the glory that we worked so hard for. However, I'm not resentful of those bands as a lot of them are my friends. I just think that a lot of those bands' followers aren't quite ready for a

really unmodified version of the power pop that inspires their favorite bands. It's like asking a typical Ramones fan if they like the Shirelles—some of them will but the majority of them won't. Just because we've influenced a lot of bands doesn't necessarily translate into their fans liking us. I have just learned to accept the situation for what it is. We don't have that tough guy sound nor will we ever.

**MRR: I always found it surprising that you guys never did a record on Lookout. I know you were on the *Punk USA* comp, but did you ever have discussions with them to do something else?**
Yes we were, but it was during the time that things were going south with that label in general, so things never really materialized. That, plus the punk scene was squabbling amongst itself and we got ensnared in the fray. I don't really care to go into the details, but I think everyone kind of knows what was happening between the major players around that time. I've never been one to get involved in scene politics. I just keep my head down and keep on making music. That's always been my way. I just want everybody to just be civil, get along and have a good time.

**MRR: Do you feel like quote-un-quote "pop punk" in general is on the upswing again? The success of Insub fest this year seems like a good indicator.**
I think that Insub fest and bands like Teenage Bottlerocket have generated somewhat of a revival. Hopefully it will sustain and maybe break out… Only time will tell.

**MRR: Who are some of your favorite current bands?**
I really like the Hot Toddies and of course Teenage Bottlerocket. I like a lot of the stuff that Kurt Baker is doing, too… Too bad the Leftovers are defunct. That was a great band. There aren't many bands that build their riffs around vocal hooks and harmonies like those bands, so I tend to notice when a great band comes along. I think the trick to being a great band is to write your songs around a melodic hook, not a guitar riff, which is what most other bands do. It's very easy for me to tell which bands do this and which bands don't.

**MRR: A bit of a lost art?**
I think the majority of generic pop punk bands are coming up with the chord/instrumental arrangements and then subsequently fitting lyrics over top of them, and I can tell. The right way to do it is to come up with the vocal melody and lyrics first and then build the instrumental arrangement around that. That's always the way I've done it.

**MRR: Any chance you can you hint at any surprises for next year's Insubordination fest?**
We still haven't even begun to discuss it amongst ourselves. Right now we're still in the brainstorming phase.

**MRR: What are your plans for touring in the future? Will you wait until the new LP is released?**
Yes, we will wait until the new LP is released. However, we need to get all our ducks in a row. Actually, the Firecrackers release is ahead of the Termites in my queue, and ready to be recorded. So Ricky and I are concentrating our efforts there in the short term. Once that's taken care of, we will revisit the whole Termites thing. We're looking probably at a six to twelve month timeline, depending on other factors.

**MRR: Sounds good! Do you have anything else you want to add?**
I just wanted to say to any bands that are on the verge of "breaking out"… Please keep your humility. You're just a person just like the rest of us. Your fans will respect you so much more if you treat them with respect. If anyone wants to check it out, I have a SoundCloud page where I post a lot of demos from both the Termites and Firecrackers. www.soundcloud.com/pattermite.

**MRR: Great, Pat. Thanks a lot for taking time out to do this.**

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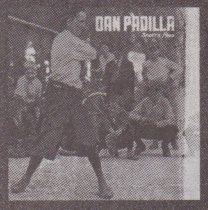


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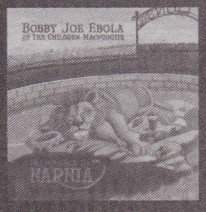


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RECORDS

# DETONATE RECORDS

**Interviews, introduction and photos by Tony Gunnarsson**

*Next up in MRR's special series of small Do It Yourself record labels is Detonate records from Denmark. Detonate has churned out a number of really great records in a few years and naturally we're all too interested in hearing how Lasse does it. Kids, here's lesson two.*

**MRR: Hi Lasse, please tell us something about yourself. How old are you and where do you live?**

Lasse: Hi Tony, I am 31 years young and live in the northern part of Denmark.

**MRR: How did you get into punk?**

Lasse: I guess I got into punk in the early '90s. Most of my friends were heavily into metal. I remember I went to the library to pick up some CDs with metal bands. Somehow I came across Suicidal Tendencies. We used to have this small record shop where I lived. I found a section in the store with Sore Throat and Extreme Noise Terror. I guess these bands really got me into punk in the first place—well, together with Suicidal Tendencies.

**MRR: I know that you have a "respectable" record collection. But how did you get from collecting records to releasing records?**

Lasse: Releasing records was something I really wanted for a quite a while. Even years before I released my first record (2007), I just really didn't know much about releasing records. I was lucky enough to get my hands on a Disdomestic Violence 7". I sent them a mail asking if I could release a record with them and they agreed. This record is where it all started and releasing it taught me a lot about releasing records.

**MRR: Did you have an idea for the label when you started it? For example, were you inspired by other labels? Which ones?**

Lasse: Sure, Kick N' Punch records inspired me a lot. Even though I wanted to release something different. But at the time KNP started, not many other labels releasing underground punk were around in Denmark. Another huge inspiration is New/Bad Smell records from Tokyo. Even though 50% or so is techno, their artwork, and the bands that were released through that label just really inspired me. Many labels from Scandinavia, well, and Europe, were focusing a lot on Scandinavian/European bands. Not a bad thing, but as I really love and enjoy Japanese hardcore punk, I knew it would at least be something I'd try to focus on releasing.

**MRR: Please outline the discography of Detonate records to date!**

2007: Disdomestic Violence – Nuclear Winter... 7"
2008: The Wankys/Exithippies – split 12"
2009: Claysea – Slave State 7"
2009: Attack SS – No Boss 7"
2010: Electric Funeral – Make Noise, Not War EP 7"
2010: Noisecat – 雑音猫暴走曲 7"
2010: Noisecat – 政府ハ虐殺ニ賛成シタ 7"
2011: Noisecat – 雑音猫行進曲 7"
2011: Nü-kl - r Blast Suntan – ...Arms Of Static... 7"
2012: Caravana Anarquista – Mad Max 7"
2012: Noisecat – チョビ髭糞野郎ノ亡霊 7"
2012: Exithippies – Part 1 7"
2012: Massgrave – Your Freaks Now Too 7"
2012: Black Hole – Untitled 7"

**MRR: Say something about your imprint, Dead Section! Why the need for a separate label? What have you released under Dead Section to date?**

Lasse: Dead Section is a label that focuses on harsh noisy blackened punk and metal. I don't want to mix these two labels. I think it would be weird to see a black metal release through Detonate records to be honest.

2011: Sump – Demo I 7"
2011: Sutekh Hexen – Daemons 7"
2011: White Medal – Blod O T'North Seeur/Lam 7"
2011: Family Enema – s/t 7"
2011: Sutekh Hexen – Untitled 3x7"
2011: Sump – Demo III 12"
2011: Sump/Cadáver – Split 7"
2012: Cadáver – Lathe cut flexi 6"
2012: Pagan Youth – Ærefrygt 7"

**MRR: What's the process behind releasing a record? I mean, how do you go about deciding what band to release, what songs to put on the record and what happens after that?**

Lasse: I want the bands to have the freedom to decide what to release. It is their decision in the end. When I release a band, it is because I really like what they do. They deserve the freedom to record and make the artwork the way they want to. However, if I have some ideas I will talk to them about it. But in the end, the band decides what they want to release.

**MRR: Out of the thirteen records in the Detonate catalogue, only three bands are not from Japan (the Wankys, NBS and Electric Funeral). Why this fascination with Japan? Surely there must be a Danish band you'd like to release?**

Lasse: I actually did release a Danish band—Pagan Youth is a young hardcore punk band from Copenhagen. Their style is pretty raw. My fascination with Japan, which later got me into Japanese hardcore punk, can be found in my love for geography and history. What is really fascinating, is a very high-tech country such as Japan, still preserves their old traditions. Whether that being serving tea, pottery or whatever. This is really fascinating; at least for me. People being so dedicated, they will still use old methods of work etc. This is really amazing. My fascination with these things, later led me to music. I guess that's how it all started. Japan is an amazing country. Everyone should visit it at least once in their life.

**MRR: You've released two records with Exithippies. Do you want to say something about Exithippies?**

Lasse: Exithippies has always been very special to me—the music, artwork and the members. When listening to their tracks and looking at the artwork, it just makes perfect sense.

**MRR: On the subject of Japanese bands, I know that some of your releases were only made available in Japan. Can you say something about that please? I know it can be a sensitive topic but since there's a lot of confusion around this, it would be good to hear your view on this.**

Lasse: You are right. But I don't decide where my releases are available. If the bands just want their music available in certain countries, then that's how it's gonna be. Of course I would like to see all my releases being available worldwide and not just limited to one country. But it's the band's decision. Not mine. In Japan you will see this kind of behaviour almost everywhere. It might be weird, but for them it is absolutely normal. Before, it was not common for a Japanese label to make releases available worldwide. I know more and more are releasing records worldwide, but just years ago, this was very different.

**MRR: I'd also like you to say something about how you view the issue of record pressing quantities; since I know that you do some relatively short run releases of only 100 copies. Surely you'd be able to sell more than 100 Exithippies EPs?**

Lasse: My first releases had a pressing of 500 records. But after the financial crisis and the flood of blogs with downloads, releasing this amount is just not something I can do anymore. The Exithippies Part 1 and Part 3 7"s are supposed to be rather limited. These are just for fans, as most of the tracks are already available. However, each record does indeed have an unreleased track. But I guess these are mainly for fans of Exithippies. Exithippies came up with the idea.

**MRR: How do you go about selling your releases? I know that you have a webstore now, so you sell some records "directly to consumers," but how do you make sure your records are available around the world?**

Lasse: Over the years I have made some contacts with stores and distros worldwide. I just keep working with these. In the past I only did wholesale, but I made a webstore a while ago.

**MRR: Is it difficult economically doing a DIY punk label? I mean, these are difficult economic times, and production costs are constantly going up, as are international postage rates...**

Lasse: Sure. Pressing records in Europe is not cheap. I think the biggest problem is the shipping rates in Europe. Or even worldwide.

**MRR: You've got no less than four Detonate releases lined up—can you say something about them?**

Lasse: Massgrave Your Freaks Now Too... 7" is a vinyl version of the tape released by the good man of Hardcore Survives (fucking maniac). The vinyl version will feature two bonus tracks from a demo. Exithippies Part 2 7" (Part 3 7" in 2013) is in the works. Three tracks including a Flux Of Pink Indians cover ("Progress"). Side B will feature the Butcher track that was only available as an endless loop tape. Black Hole 7" features a studio session and the only recording from this band, except for the two tracks on the Tokyo Sound System 1+2=3 CD.

**MRR: Many thanks for the interview, Lasse! Keep them Exithippies EPs coming! I know you're off traveling again for several months soon—so have a good one! Also please give some contact info for those who are interested in Detonate / Dead Section records.**

Lasse: Thanks so much Tony. Contact: detonaterec@gmail.com. A Danish saying: At rejse, er at leve! [To travel is to live]

## EXITHIPPIES

**MRR: What is the story of Exithippies? When did the band start? Where? Why? How?**

Jo2: I forgot.

**MRR: Please say something about each member of Exithippies!**

Jo2: Guitar is Mr. Sakai. He lives in Niigata city. He makes fucking stinky noise. He knows what is the best noise guitar for Exithippies. Drums is by Mr. Baron. He does We Suck records. I have 100% trust in him. Bass is by Mr. A. He loves old school Chicago house like me, also he can make heavy bass sound. Vocal and sequencer is Miss

Kubo. She is scum. Anyway, now we are very comfortable.

**MRR: What drugs inspire the sounds of Exithippies? Fuckin' stone...**

Jo2: I never touch, I promise, hahaha…

**MRR: How come you decided to release records with Detonate records?**

Jo2: It's easy because Detonate Rec gave us enough pay so we've got pure stuff for about three years…

**MRR: What do you think of Lasse's enthusiasm for Exithippies? Is it abnormal?**

Jo2: I do not think so, he is nice…

**MRR: Why does your Part 1 EP have such shit artwork? What do you think of Connor "Flower" Dubson's enthusiasm for Exithippies?**

Jo2: His asshole is fucking smelly, I love it…

**MRR: Why are Exithippies not popular in Japan? What do you think of foreign/overseas fans of Exithippies?**

Jo2: I cannot say my opinion in this interview. If I say my opinion maybe some punks will kill me. It is just difficult to explain.

**MRR: KLF or ENT? Sore Throat or Disaster?**

Jo2: Those are important in our lives, except Disaster.

**MRR: I know that Exithippies is considering touring in the USA. Please say something about your ambition to travel to USA! What do you think of Kamikaze Dan's enthusiasm for Exithippies?**

Jo2: I hope to visit USA in 2013. About Kamikaze Dan, Lotus Fucker and Exithippies are going to make a split 12". I'm fucking interested in Lotus Fucker. They are new generation and a really important band in USA.

**MRR: What are the ambitions of Exithippies for the future?**

Jo2: We will be like Lady Gaga, fucking millionaires.

**MRR: Do you have a message to readers of MRR? Jo2, do you have a message for American punks?**

Jo2: Tell me your opinion about Exithippies? What do you think about Exithippies? We won't know MRRs answer…

# NOISECAT

**MRR: Noisecat is a secret band that has been released by Detonate records. Can you please say something about the band?**

Noisecat: We are Japanese "full noise addict". Bored with everything but love noise! Hahaha…

**MRR: Apart from the first demo CD-R and cassettes editions, Noisecat has only released records on Detonate records. Why? What do you like about Detonate records?**

Noisecat: Finding another label to release us is troublesome. We have not received any other offers. Therefore, all our stuff has been released by Detonate or self-released. And, self-releasing is easy to do, as is the exchange of communication with Lasse. Usually we allow him to release record, then we get him to accept our demands later!

**MRR: Please say something about the new Noisecat record on Detonate. I think the new Noisecat 7" is your best material yet!**

Noisecat: Ah, I don't remember the songs of the new EP so much; because we recorded those materials over one year ago. Maybe the B-side last song is very best for us. Maybe "I'm Punk" cover song is the best. But the thing which I would like to do, has been performed perfectly. But I don't remember new Noisecat EP songs… Ha ha ha. From the start of Noisecat's first term, first demo CD-R, we wanted to make some fucked up noise or lo-fi sounds maybe… Later we made "middle-fi" sounds and always experiment with noise sounds and settings and effectors… Not using the same sound two times… In the last EP maybe more high fidelity sounds than before, but still the noise and fuzz…

**MRR: What is your favourite drink?**

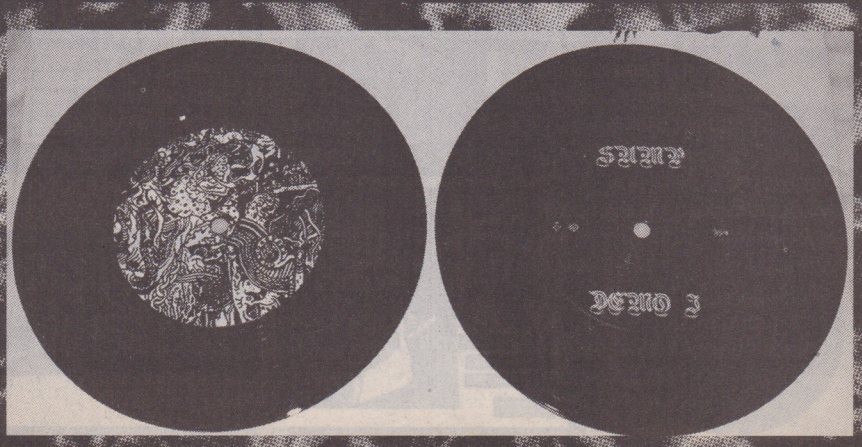
Noisecat: I am an alcoholic, so used to drink a lot previously. I loved whisky and beer and cider and vodka. But I can't drink alcohol since over one year ago. The doctor said "You will be dead by alcohol soon". Ha! I drunk some whisky only one time in the last year and it was when we record the latest Noisecat EP recordings. But today I like to drink tea and Oronamin C very much. Apart from me, the other members of Noisecat like to drink coffee very much.

**MRR: What are Noisecat's future plans?**

Noisecat: Noisecat's first term is ended on the new Detonate records EP. We are changing everything now. Our second term is changing sound style. No noise punk. Maybe hear a different band now. No noise punk, no punk rock. Ha ha. New double EP will be out in 2013 from Detonate records. Maybe... but still hope the Noisecat lover out there will hear a Noisecat-sound in whatever sounds we make in future 2013 releases…

**MRR: Do you have a message to US punx?**

Noisecat: Yes. Someone makes and sells Noisecat T-shirt freely on eBay. I want to know who is making them! I saw it a few months ago. It was our Disarm tribute cover EP design. Please stop making Noisecat unofficial t-shirts. If you want to make Noisecat official t-shirt, please contact us first. We will make some design for that t-shirt. Also please stop uploading Noisecat mp3s on the internet. We don't support this. Fuck off internet virtual world! Our policy is not to release information on the internet. My personal opinion about USA at the end… Don't forget Hiroshima and Nagasaki genocide! United States is still repeating war. It is a war dependent state. Needs certain revolution in the United States so as not to repeat this tragedy.



# CARAVANA ANARQUISTA

**MRR: How and when did the noise core collective Caravana Anarquista begin?**
CA: We gathered naturally, but it could be said that JUN played the key role.

**MRR: Who are members in this noise core collective? Are all members from Yokohama?**
CA: Vocals MA, guitar GO, bass JUN and drums KXXXXX. Some from Yokohama, some are not.

**MRR: Do members of the collective play in other bands? I know of some bands that maybe members have played in: Raw Ride, Impara, Retort, Vomituk, Deaf Vandalism, Lexicon Devils, etc. etc. Who are all these bands?**
CA: Members do as they please. Caravana Anarquista can be said to be a collective, but we are not sure it is a band or not. Collective is only significant if individuals are deviant enough (however, in our perception, we are just being moderate as we are). Besides those bands you mentioned, members are playing, or used to play, in Omei Land, Buschmann Impotentz DV, Elekrto Humangel, Algo Ruidoso, Earth Bound, etc. Jadoo is the latest band derived from the members of Caravana Anarquista.

**MRR: Please explain the manifesto of musical protest and the improvised musical destruction noise core of Caravana Anarquista!**
CA: FUCK!!!

**MRR: What recordings do you have? I know of the split 7" with Aggressive Dog Attack (ADA) in 2006 and the Nat records CD compilation in 2007, the Caravana Anarquista CD-R demo...**
CA: Battle of Disarm compilation, Too Circle World Hardcore Punk Compilation 2xCD compilation, and a compilation tape with Stagflation.

**MRR: It has been quiet from Caravana Anarquista, no new records since 2007, what have you been doing?**
CA: Not quiet at all. We have been busy in destructing spree.

**MRR: How come the Caravana Anarquista EP on Detonate records was delayed by two years?**
CA: We thank you with all our hearts, Lasse. We are real punks. Sorry, there will be troubles. But we will do whatever we can.

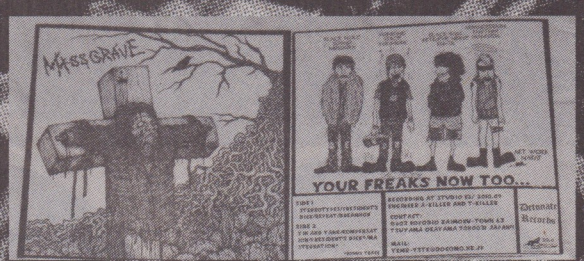
**MRR: How is the Yokohama DIY scene, everyone knows world famous hardcore legends Systematic Death, but what other bands are there in Yokohama today? Is there a good scene with live shows, record shops?**
CA: We don't care for scenes or something. DIY is only relevant when it is deep-rooted in suffering and poverty, otherwise it would be a joke. So if you ask for DIY in Yokohama or DIY in Japan, you will find nothing more than bullshit. A member of Caravana Anarquista could be a rare exception, because he is a real DIY, but note that we are not talking about whether Caravana Anarquista is DIY or not. Since we started Caravana Anarquista, we have found our sympathizers, which we hadn't expected. Their works tend to fit our liking. Sometimes very impressive. They have great spirits. Those old bands, Systematic Death and other bands in the '80s, are simply great. They are great as they are.

**MRR: Explain the politics of Caravana Anarquista? Are you anarchy outlaws? Do you break the law? What is the role of Caravana Anarquista in Japanese society?**
CA: It is all over in Japan. We live in the day after. Everybody is breaking laws. Politicians, cops, teachers, preachers, everybody. Like the pot calling the kettle black. We have already reaped benefits from society and therefore been domesticated and corrupted by the society. Anarchists have lapsed into parasites dependent on the corrupted society in Japan. Anarcho-Capitalism, which excels in the magnitude of physical violence, seems to be the only winning anarchism. Standing on the side of humanity became much more challenging than breaking laws. Rebellion starts when you are aware of the fact that you have already been domesticated. Pursuit for freedom without the momentum of self-denial would be mere escapism. Politics without preparation and insight is a kind of fuss. Especially when you are dealing with sounds. We are trying to elicit primordial and pre-linguistic awe, which drives us down into positive desperation.

**MRR: What are your favourite Japanese bands today? What about your favourite foreign bands today?**
CA: We are under influence of all things. That's how it goes. We don't believe in the originality of our sound. Yes, it rarely exists, but it cannot be sought.

**MRR: What are your views on narcotic substances?**
CA: Find it yourself.

**MRR: What are your plans for future noise destruction of the world? More noise? More junk?**
CA: If you understand the essence in our lives and records, you are Caravana Anarquista. We welcome warriors brave enough to call down Caravana Anarquista to your home ground (we are expensive, we warn you). If you call us, you will see. You will see what reality means. You will also see what loud is, what speed is. We hope you join in the midst of our destruction.



# MASSGRAVE

**MRR: Please introduce Massgrave to readers of Maximum Rocknroll!**
I'm Yukimura/singer. The other members are... Ushiroda/drums, Nara/bass, Kota/guitar and Syoki/guitar. We are playing almost four years now and we are all living in the countryside of Tsuyama city/Okayama prefecture. We became this line up after several times members changing.

**MRR: Please say something about each member of Massgrave!**
Ushiroda is playing in Skizophrenia as drummer. Nara is singing in Last. Both bands are awesome!

**MRR: What inspires Massgrave to make music?**
It's hard to say all! Making sounds is inspired from Electro Hippies, Concrete Sox, E.N.T, Deviated Instinct, Atavistic, Axegrinder and Heresy, etc....and so many friendly bands from our city and all over Japan. About lyrics, they are inspired a lot from Japanese woman rapper Rumi.

**MRR: What releases do you have so far?**
Demonstration tape It was recorded on a cassette recorder. You Are Freaks Too our greatest friend So's Hardcore Survives released on Procassette. Heal benefit compilation CD with 27 bands, for the Japanese northeast earthquake. Grind Bastards Vol. 6 compilation CD recorded at Unholy Grave's show. And You Are Freaks Too will be released with a bonus track on vinyl from Detonate records.

**MRR: How come you decided to release a record with Detonate records?**
Lasse from Detonate asked us about releasing You Are Freaks Too on vinyl. I'm so glad it happened and it's our first time our vinyl. Also he will release my old band Black Hole from five, six years ago. It was a short period and no sound materials produced, nobody knows us, not even Japanese punks. I had to take my hat off to his mania. By the way, I was playing bass and Miya from Ferocious X was singer.

**MRR: What are your future plans and ideas for the band? Any upcoming shows in 2012? Any plans to tour overseas?**
I'm imagining foreign bands are often touring. Is it easy to take a day off? I think the Japanese are workaholics. We are planted to work much before we are born. I'm also manipulated in this horrible society. It's a great thing Ushiroda is running a t-shirt printing plant by himself in that situation. About bands from overseas I'm listening to, Krömosom, N.D.T., Fy Fan, State Poison, Destino Final, Mauser and Ruidosa Inmundicia. They've played a Japan tour. I wanna see Instinct Survival. Also Skizophrenia guys telling me about the singer from Canadian Mass Grave is crazy, whom they met in Chaos in Tejas!

**MRR: Do you have any other bands apart from Massgrave?**
Nothing.

**MRR: What are your future plans and ideas for the band?**
Playing one show a month. We've changed member recently so wanna play more from now on. Of course we want to release some stuff but no new songs right now. Should make a new one, then wanna release something quickly.

**MRR: Do you have a message to readers of MRR?**
Thank you for taking our interview. I can't believe our band is in MRR! MRR articles and paper, both are great! Kanpai!

**MRR: How can people get in contact with the band?**
This is my e-mail: ykmr-ystk@docomo.ne.jp. I'm poor at English so please forgive my broken reply.

# THE WANKYS

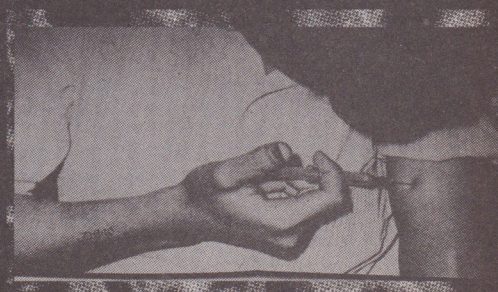
**MRR: The Wankys and Exithippies shared a LP on Detonate records. Can you say something about how this release happened?**
Mr Wanky: Lasse got in touch and asked about doing the split. At the time I wasn't interested, we had material ready for our next EP (on Tardis) but stuff wasn't ready as he had other stuff lined up. So by the time the studio was booked I had written one further song, which was enough for a split LP. We had many labels asking us to release stuff and my preference was to work with somebody that I knew and trusted, but none of them fit into that category. I'm not sure why I agreed to the split, probably because of Lasse and his perseverance, but I had never met him and still haven't. I gave him my trust and it worked out well in the end. I remember I had to negotiate to get more copies of the split than he was offering, so we might have a chance of covering the studio costs, and that he wanted to make some special edition of the split, whereas I wanted them all to be special. He came good and agreed to both. About the recording, I think it was done in one day, there was a terrible fuck up with the bass and by the time we had realized, we told Paul that he needed to re-record all of it again. Problem was Paul was so drunk by that time, he had no chance of playing. Thankfully Duane (studio engineer) managed to rescue the bass and as it turned out we got the best bass sound the band has ever gotten, a total fluke and impossible to re-create. Actually, as far as my personal preference goes, those five songs contain the best Wankys sound that I think we have got so far. We play one song "Noise Disorder and Chaos" live at most gigs. I also like the song "Much To Young," we played that live once but it didn't really work. The other three songs I don't recall that we have ever played them live. I'd like the split (or at least the Wankys songs) to get re-issued on vinyl.

**MRR: How did you get in touch with Lasse?**
Mr Wanky: I didn't, he contacted me through myspace.

**MRR: What's your favourite Detonate release?**
Mr Wanky: Attack SS EP, easy answer. Generally I'm not interested in crust music.

**MRR: What's new in the Wankys camp? You have a new EP out and I believe you're working on your second LP right?**
Mr Wanky: Our fourth (or second) album will be out when we can agree on some artwork. It was recorded six months ago. We are working on a follow up EP, possible something in support of our next US tour with Chaos Channel (November 2012).

**MRR: You also have your own label, Noise Punk records, what's next for the label?**
Mr Wanky: Lots of poorly recorded blackened crust, cut into biscuit lathes which you can dip in your tea and eat, much better than playing them.



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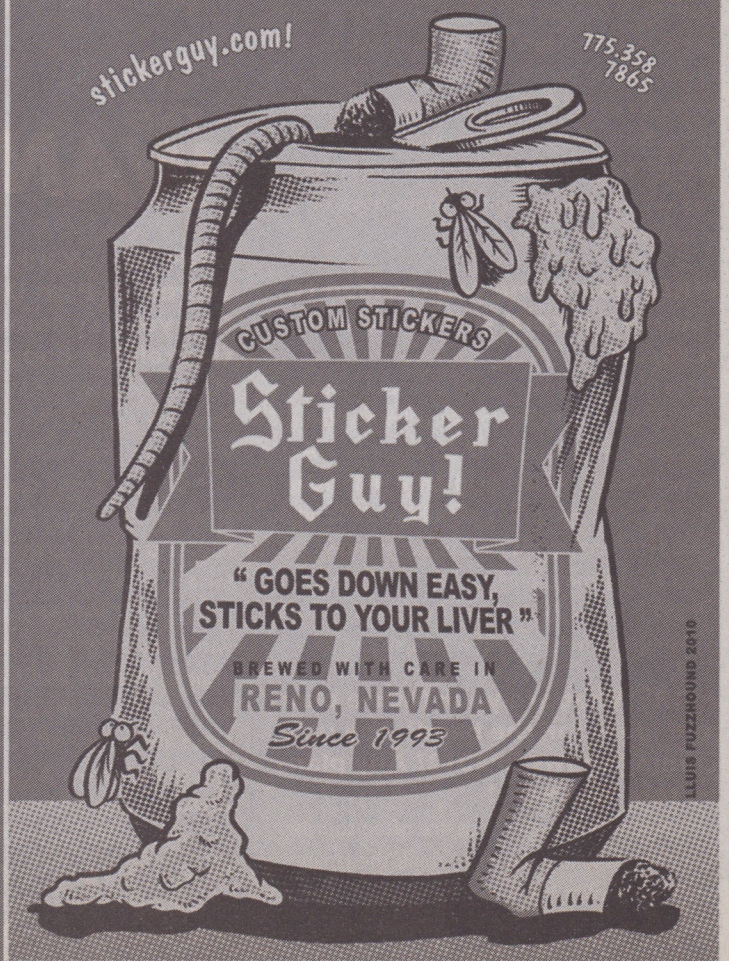


**MADE UP OF MEMBERS FROM NEUROSIS, DYSTOPIA, FILTH, SUBMACHINE, MEDICATION TIME, NIGEL PEPPER COCK AND JESUS FUCKING CHRIST, KICKER HAS BEEN BREATHING NEW LIFE INTO THE BAY AREA PUNK SCENE, ESPECIALLY VOCALIST PETE THE ROADIE, WHO HAS BEEN A PUNK SINCE 1977, BUT STILL REACHES OUT TO THE YOUNGER GENERATIONS. THEIR CONTINUED ENTHUSIASM TOWARD PUNK SHOULD SERVE AS AN EXAMPLE FOR THE REST OF US DEPRESSED, JADED FUCKHEADS AS WE GET ONE STEP CLOSER TO THE GRAVE. THEY ARE TOURING EUROPE IN MARCH, SO GET OFF YOUR ARSES AND GET TO THE GIG! THE REST OF YOU SHOULD ORDER THEIR NOT YOU LP FROM TANKCRIMES AND INSIST THAT THEY BRING THEIR TAKE ON PUNK TO YOUR TOWN. INTERVIEW BY JAKE KELLY. PHOTOS BY FOTO PRINCESS.**

# KICKER

**MRR: Let's start with who is in the band?**
Roadie: I do vocals.
Mauz: I play guitar.
Dave: I play bass.
Toby: I play drums.

**MRR: Let's get the history lesson out of the way. What made you want to start playing music together and how did it come about?**
Dave: I was at Gilman one night and Mauz told me that he was starting a band with Roadie. I said, "Really?" and he said, "Well, I was kinda joking to him, but I kinda persisted until I had him convinced that I was serious." I said, "That's cool. Who's going to play drums?" He said, "I don't know. Who's going to play guitar, because I want to play bass." I said "Bullshit, Roadie's not gonna fuckin' be in a punk band with anyone else but me playing bass. You gotta play guitar, Mauz." Mauz is generally a guitar player, but has recently been playing bass in some bands. I said that now we needed to find a drummer, and I suggested Toby, not knowing that you (Mauz) actually knew Toby. You said, "Of course! Let's get Toby!" And that was it. Then we didn't talk to Roadie for about a week or two, but me and Mauz made a three-song demo to drum machine tracks to see what we'd come up with. Then we both said, "We should probably tell Roadie we're doing this," but Roadie called and said, "Is this band thing serious?" I said, "Well, we've got three songs," and he said, "Good, because I wrote some lyrics." We put the vocals on top of it, gave the three songs to Toby so he could learn them and then we started rehearsing.

Roadie: The outside Gilman thing...I was at Gilman and it was a rainy night. It was a crusty gig and Wankbird were onstage. I said, "There is no way that I'm going to the dark side," and somehow they convinced me.

Dave: His name is Roadie. To him, the "dark side" means being a band member.

**MRR: What were some of the other names you had in mind before Kicker? Is there a love of the game that bears significance on your choice of band moniker?**
Mauz: Wankbird.
Pete: Oh, yes. I love the game kicker, but I am absolutely rubbish at it.
Dave: And the rest of us are even worse!
Toby: I enjoy it, but I prefer air hockey. I do love kicker, but we need more practice.

Dave: It's a commonplace thing, especially at European gigs. It's at all the squats, the punk clubs and the bars. It's a part of punk life that people can identify with, especially in Europe. It represents the fun of getting together with friends and goofing off…

Roadie: I have a kicker table in Roadieworld, my bar, and there was a kicker table at the Silver Lion (infamous Oakland punk bar, now closed). We'd play it loads, and we all thought we were really good until we went on the next European tour and were beaten every night by German youth.

**MRR: Roadie, you have been into punk since the late 1970s and have traveled with countless bands as a roadie—yet Kicker is your first band. What has kept you from starting even a crappy punk band?**

Roadie: I was never interested and went straight to being a roadie. Like I said, I didn't want to go to the dark side and never even thought about it. I have seen how much bands argue and stuff like that. I never wanted to be in that position, but it's not like that with this band.

Dave: I think we're all old enough to know why we're doing this. If it wasn't fun, we wouldn't be doing it.

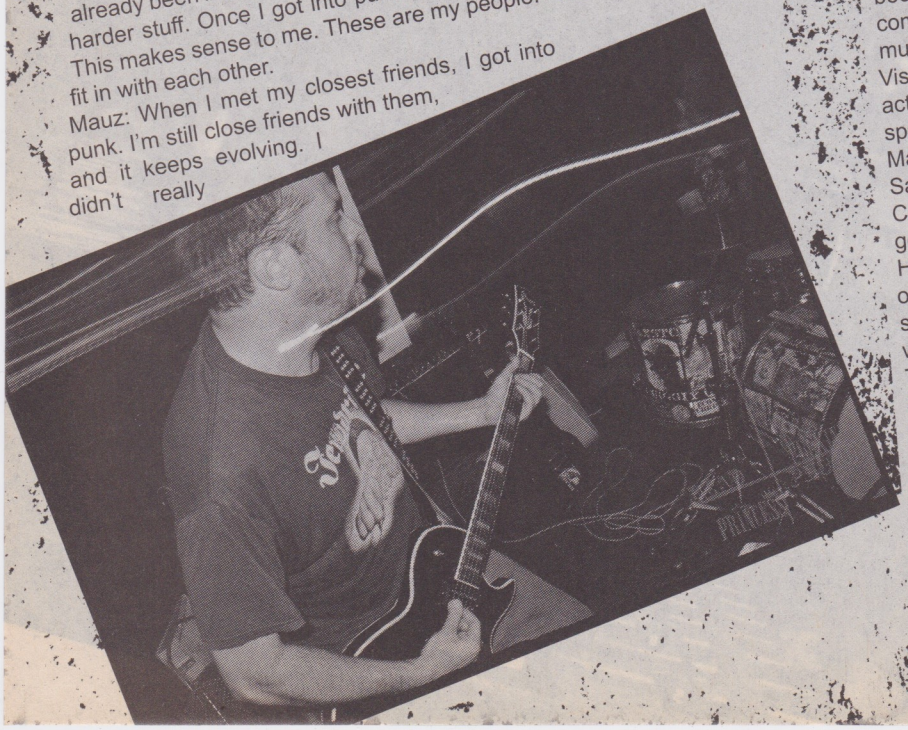
Roadie: Exactly. We're all older, and we've all been on the road, so we know what it's like.

**MRR: You all have been into punk for a long time and you are clearly "lifers" by anyone's definition. What attracted you to punk in the first place and what keeps you interested?**

Roadie: In England, in 1977, I had the choice of disco and Yes and Rush. I listened to John Peel, and seeing punks from 1976, that was it for me. That's what got me into it. Plus the political climate 'cause of years and years of school and being told to choose a career. When you leave school, there's nothing—no future. It was the right place, right time.

Dave: I have felt alienated by society since I was a kid. I always felt like an outsider and couldn't relate to others. By the time I was in the fourth or fifth grade, I'd already seen social cliques and said, "These people are all assholes. They're stupid and not nice to each other. People are dicks! Humanity sucks! People want to go to war and do all sorts of bullshit! Hey, look, there's a bunch of freaky people that look like they're social outcasts, too, but they're making a scene out of it and not writing a bunch of stupid fucking love songs and bullshit that everyone seems to be falling for." For me, it totally made sense, and I instantly gravitated towards it. I guess Devo was my gateway drug. I'd already been into bands like the Who and the Kinks and a little bit of the harder stuff. Once I got into punk, it was like, "This is where I belong. This makes sense to me. These are my people." We don't fit in, but we fit in with each other.

Mauz: When I met my closest friends, I got into punk. I'm still close friends with them, and it keeps evolving. I didn't really connect or hit it off with anyone else before that. Anyone before that, I'm not in touch with.



Toby: I grew up in a very sheltered environment in a strict, religious family. As a teenager, I became concerned with the hypocrisy that I saw all around me. I was always confused by the six days a week when it's okay to be an asshole, but then on the seventh day you go to church and everybody's like, "Okay, we're Christians." I had a cousin who was the first new-waver in my town, and he was into the Cars and Blondie. He turned me on to all the classic rock like Led Zeppelin and the Who, and that's how I got into music. My neighbors were listening to punk …that was the summer of '82, and I got turned on to hardcore. I was fascinated, completely enthralled and affected. I can't even describe how much it changed my life. It was so powerful. I felt like it was the most truthful thing I had ever encountered in my life, so I became addicted. That's one of the main reasons why I'm still in a punk band. I'm an addict!

**MRR: Where are you guys from originally? Did the environment you grew up in have anything to do with getting into and solidifying your commitment to punk?**

Toby: Definitely. I grew up in Ventura County. I was close to the Nardcore scene and Los Angeles, and every weekend we would get in the car and drive to punk shows all over Southern California. I didn't realize it at the time, but now I realize that California is a destination for every touring band. We're very fortunate. The fact that I had access to so many gigs definitely solidified my involvement.

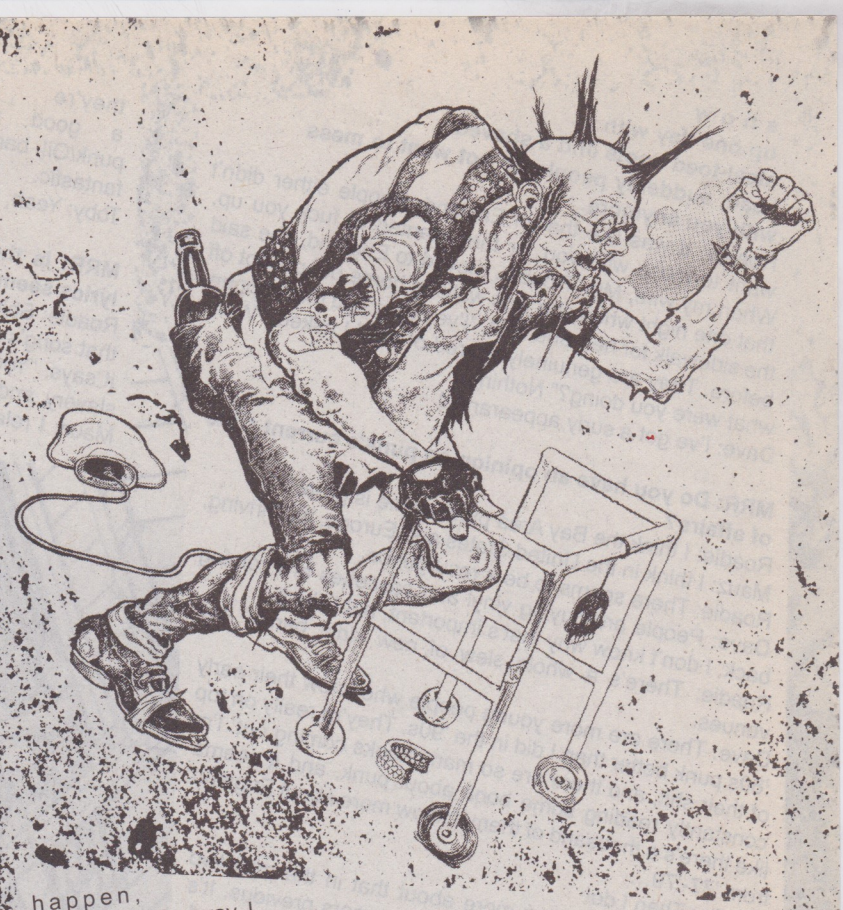
Dave: I was born in Berkeley in '68. There were a lot of good bands coming out of San Francisco and the East Bay, and it continues to be a great place to be. I started playing in bands when I was fourteen and I said, "I'm not just gonna be a spectator. I'm gonna be a participant." By the time I was fourteen, I had played my first show. When I was sixteen, I had two demos out. When I was seventeen, I was playing regular gigs on the weekends with Violent Coercion, who cross-faded into Neurosis. I was in a thrash metal band for a little while with some longhaired friends of mine from high school, back when that scene was beginning with Exodus and the first Metallica record. Slayer didn't even have an album out yet, and here I am playing thrash metal shows at Ruthie's Inn.

**MRR: Do you feel lucky to have grown up in an area where it is easy to get to shows and a lot of them happen all the time?**

Dave: Very much so. At the same time, a lot of great bands come from very small places where they make their own things happen. They seem more isolated, and you get more unique bands from smaller towns or the suburbs. Victim's Family was from Santa Rosa, but I don't think they could have been from San Francisco because they would have been too caught up in the scene to come up with their own crazy, super-progressive degrees of musicianship that they had at the time. Or Plaid Retina from Visalia, which is a suburb of either Fresno or Bakersfield… actually, I think it's between the two. But yeah, we're pretty spoiled.

Mauz: I'm a native Southern Californian. I've lived in Hollywood, Santa Monica, the Valley, Ventura County and moved to Orange County in junior high. I got into punk through being a skater and going to all the skate demos. I had the long bangs and the Tony Hawk look. I started hanging out with skaters who were five or eight years older than me, and they turned me on to all this stuff. I caught the tail end of Fender's, and most of the gigs I went to were at the Anti-Club and the Country Club in Reseda. Then, I got really into the OC peace punk scene and the SoCal crust scene. I also went to a lot of straight edge shows. I never was straight edge, but I saw a lot of good shows. I saw Infest three or four times. I almost moved to the Bay in 1990 after high school, but ended up joining Mindrot instead and did that for another four years.

Roadie: I was very lucky because I lived in a small town in the southwest of England, but fortunately went to the same school as the Subhumans and Organized Chaos. I went to all of their shows, and they asked me to roadie for them, which is how I started roadieing. I got to see a helluva lot of bands from that time.



Dave:
He is the only person I know that has seen Crass.

**MRR: How important is the "age thing" to Kicker?**

Roadie: It's not important at all. I'm a fucking stupid juvenile imbecile.

Mauz: I think we all joke about it quite a bit. We're all busy with our lives, and families, and work and lifestyles that we've had for the past twenty or thirty years, but we act like kids when we're together.

Roadie: There've been so many punk bands who said, "I wanna be young. I wanna be a teenager, and I wanna be this and I'm going to die before I get to this age," and blah blah blah. We're like, "Well, why not write a song about being old?" We wrote "Broke," and it's fucking true. You wake up every morning and you're in pain. After a few beers, you're a kid again.

Dave: A lot of our older punk friends aren't necessarily in bands, or maybe they're in bands with some younger people. I feel like there's definitely a scene of older people, kind of the Oakland part of the BOB crowd. I feel like we're one of the only bands in which all of the members are 40 and older.

Roadie: You're right. There's a lot of people in the scene who are our age, and I can guarantee that we don't recognize our age so much and act as we did twenty or twenty-five years ago. I think that's the sign of a very good scene, and it keeps you youthful.

**MRR: What does it mean to be a punk in 2013? Punk has been around all of these years and has gone through so many changes. Aspects of it have been absorbed into the mainstream...**

Roadie: I think it's evolved as a music genre. You get old metallers and old rockers, and it doesn't seem to be the same thing as older punks who still have the same ideals and that look out for each other and have benefits for each other. It's ongoing. It's not just a reunion every year. I think it evolves. If Darwin was around, he would draw a picture of me. He would draw a picture of us! [It's not likely. He wasn't really into drawing, just writing. In the *Origin of Species* there is but a single figure—ed. SC]

Dave: When punk was new when I was going to shows in late 1980 or early 1981, I felt like it was a reaction to old stuff that had been around for too long, especially the hippie movement. Punks were taking over where the fuckin' hippies failed. They were revolutionary in their minds, but they were too fucking peaceful and not angry enough, so they didn't get anything done and got old and fat. It's funny that punk has outlived what I thought it was originally protesting.

Roadie: Punk music also encompasses that ongoing protest. These things that we were protesting 30 years ago are still worthwhile to protest. It's still got that energy, and there's band after band singing about those issues. It's still relevant. Whereas hippies, how many songs can you write about fucking getting stoned and putting flowers in your hair? How many metal songs can you hear about, "We're going to rock this house tonight?" It's old hat.

Toby: I observe mainstream culture on a daily basis, and I feel like everyone wants to be a consumer. They want to do their job, go home, sit in front of the TV and consume the stuff they're gonna consume and then go out and consume. It's this consumer culture.

Mauz: It's become twice as easy to operate.

Toby: Exactly. It's become so convenient. It's like they want you to be a sheep and line up like a bunch of cattle. Punk is saying, "No, I'm not gonna do that. I don't have to drive that fancy car or wear that style of clothing. It doesn't have to be that way. We can make an effort and live our own lives the way we want." It gets difficult now that we're older, and we have to pay the bills, but you can make an effort to live your life the way you want.

Dave: When I was first getting into punk, the whole thing felt really revolutionary. It felt like we could change things, literally smash the state and overthrow the government. This many years in, we've seen that it didn't happen, but it's still the way I feel, and it's still the only place where I feel at home with other people who feel that way and think that way. I'll never stop thinking that way.

Mauz: Never.

Toby: Nope. Never.

Roadie: Never. Dave is right. I absolutely despise the public, and I'm quite lucky that I don't have to work with them.

Mauz: I think punk, hip-hop and a lot of the culture from the '80s and '90s definitely caused people to lighten up regarding things that are acceptable now that would have gotten you thrown in jail or shot back then.

Dave: Punk definitely influenced culture in some positive ways. A lot of the more radical people in anything, like filmmakers or activists of various sorts, have come from the punk scene.

Mauz: Things were so much more rigid when I was growing up in the 1980s, and there was so much out there that would cause someone to gasp, like if they saw a semi-nude body on television.

**MRR: Do you feel that punk succeeded where the hippies failed?**

Roadie: Definitely.

**MRR: Sure, the punks did not get to smash the state or overthrow the government, but as Dave was saying, it is undeniable that punk has influenced...I do not know if you can say world culture, but definitely American culture for sure.**

Roadie: I think there've been some hippie organizations that put society on edge. In England, we had the Angry Brigade who tried to put a bomb on the steps of Downing Street in 1968. There were huge riots in France, student and hippie riots and stuff like that. Overall, you will *never* overthrow the government by saying, "Give peace a chance." There's got to be some direct action involved.

Mauz: There's a lot more fear and threat for sure. My first memory of learning about punk was when my sister's boyfriend who was ten years older than me came over for Christmas dinner. He was late and we said, "What happened?" He said, "Oh, I just got out of the hospital. I got stabbed in the back by punk rockers last week!" He lifts up his shirt and he has this gaping wound with all these staples and stitches. I was eight or nine.

**MRR: If you were a kid who got his ass kicked on a regular basis and then you**

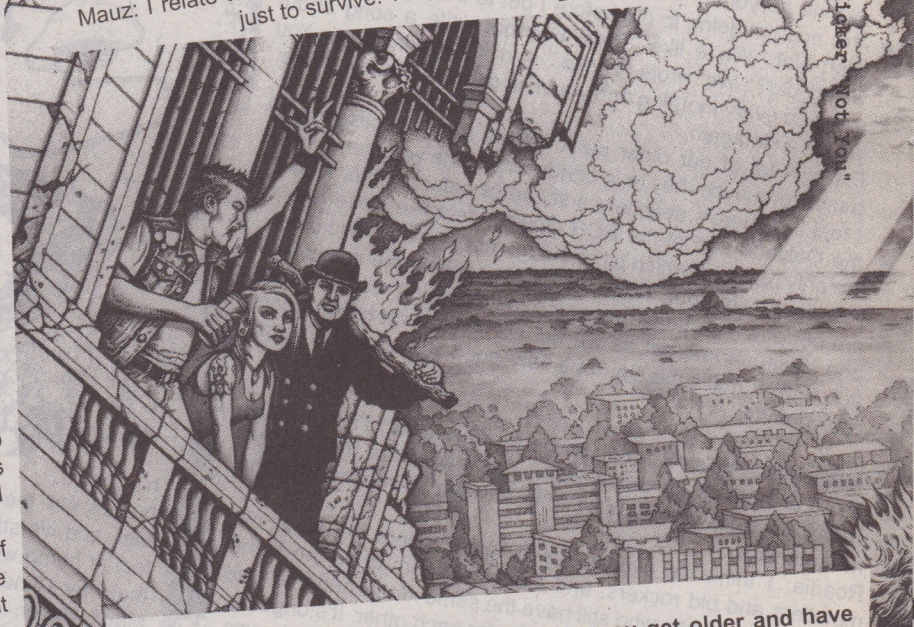
**s h o w**
**up one day with**
**steel-toed boots and a shaved**
**head, suddenly people do not want to mess**
**with you anymore.**
Roadie: It was like that in England. People either didn't want to mess with you, or they wanted to fuck you up. When my wife, Mrs. Roadie, moved to England, she said that one night when she was walking home people got off the sidewalk for her. She said, "I've never had that happen before. They are genuinely scared of me." I asked, "Well, what were you doing?" Nothing!
Dave: I've got a surly appearance!

**MRR: Do you have an opinion on punk's current state of affairs?**
Roadie: I think the Bay Area punk scene is great.
Mauz: I think in the United States and Europe, it's thriving.
Roadie: There seems to be a resurgence.
Dave: People are buying vinyl and cassettes are coming back. I don't know why that's important, but I like it.
Roadie: There's a whole slew of new kids, bands and venues.
Dave: There are more young people who know their early '80s punk better than I did in the '90s. They're really on top of their shit, and there are so many books coming out. I'm constantly reading some book about punk, and it seems like there's a thousand of them. I know more about England from '77-'79…
Roadie: Than I do!
Dave: I've been reading more about that in the past two or three years than I have in all of the years previous. It's exciting for me to read 'cause it reminds me of my past and what's still inside me that is thriving off of that.
Dave: Pyrate Punx are great. There's a great network of places for people to play. I think people have seen some bands get big. In the '90s, it seemed everyone thought that maybe they could make it and then nobody did. Now, nobody even aspires to anymore. Everyone knows what it is and what they're going to get and tries to at least get you gas money, and everyone knows you're not going to do much better than that. Everyone's happy living at that level with their bands. It's set up well now, and I don't think anyone has any ridiculous aspirations anymore.

**MRR: It does seem like people have finally caught on to the fact that the punk rock gravy train left the station a while ago.**
Roadie: A lot of people don't want to be part of that punk rock gravy train and never did.
Dave: It was still a confusing time for a lot of us. "Bad Religion is getting big. Why shouldn't my band get big?" It seemed like everyone was more competitive and that things were unclear. Now, things are clear.
Toby: Every time I go to Gilman, I see a young band that impresses me. I'm amazed that there are so many bands, an incredible amount of talented people. I guess I'm surprised that it keeps going.

**MRR: Who are some of the younger punk bands that impress you?**
Dave: We like Proto-Regime a lot. Crypt Keeper, too.
Toby: I saw a band at Gilman called Side Effects. It was a cover show, and Side Effects did all Crucifix songs, like the *Dehumanization* album from start to finish. It was amazing!
Mauz: Murmurs Those guys are pretty good.
Dave: That band we all went to see last Friday…
Roadie: Pang, an all-girl band. They sound like the Slits and Kleenex. Fucking fantastic. And Wire. For me, the Harrington Saints from Alameda are maybe not young kids, but they're a good street punk/Oi! band, and I think they're fantastic.
Toby: Yeah, they're really good.

**MRR: Is the song "Not You" concerned with longevity in punk? The lyrics seem to be about people who "move on" from punk.**
Roadie: Shit, don't get caught up in that fucking shit life culture. That's what that song's about for me; from school to work to death. Be yourself, and like it says, "You're not going to get anywhere." By the end, fucking 50 years of slavery, and you can't afford your own funeral. Fucking pointless.
Mauz: I relate to that. Everyone's stuck chasing this carrot no matter what, just to survive. They find themselves stuck in this pattern.
Dave: Don't fall into the trap.




**MRR: Do you feel that kind of pressure as you get older and have families?**
Mauz: Absolutely. I'm self-employed, too, so there's a tricky balance between wanting to keep all of my punk ethics and to survive. I think I'm doing a decent job.
Dave: These guys [Mauz and Toby] have kids, so they have to worry about budgets and shit. They're the next generation! I've got a job that pays me good enough. I didn't even want to work full time, but they pressured me into it. I was happy working part time and making less money, but having more me-time to fuck off. I don't have kids and my wife doesn't want to have kids either. We've got dogs, a cat, and four chickens. I'm not so into material possessions, and I seem to be doing well enough with the jobs that fell into my lap. I'm 43 and I've never written a resume. I've only gotten jobs through friends.

**MRR: Roadie, how about you? Do people ever put the pressure on you to take out the spikes and live a "normal life"?**
Roadie: Never ever. I don't feel it. I don't notice it. I work in the music industry, so I'm pretty lucky. No one has ever told me to dress smarter or do something about my appearance.

**MRR: One thing that is appreciated regarding Kicker is the variety of influences. Do you feel like you bring something new or different to the current crop of punk bands? There is a thought among a lot of people in punk that the new bands aren't doing anything "new" or advancing the genre by doing something other than typical '80s hardcore.**
Dave: People have been around for a long time and have come up with their own styles. I think anyone that's been doing something for a long time has some sort of degree of talent. I think we never really had a blueprint. We naturally gravitated towards the overall song influence, structure or style that is probably close to what we were all listening to in the early to mid-'80s when we were younger and felt super-enthusiastic about punk music, while being filtered through our experience playing all sorts of other stuff.

Roadie:
The three others are accomplished musicians and play our brand of punk really well. I've been outside our practice room door listening to them and they have me pogoing. It's the music they like and the music they play really well.

Dave: I like it when I hear a band do something interesting or different and I go, "Oh, wow! I wasn't expecting that bass part!" I hope that people think the same thing when they hear me playing.

Mauz: We're really going out of our way to write simple stuff. Simple to play, so that it's not complicated for us, so we can rock out, too.

Dave: Yeah, but then we do something tricky with it.

Toby: I guess at our age, we're not really trying to copy or emulate…

Mauz: You can hear riffs from other bands though. I think it's sort of homage to bands that we were listening to years ago, but we're not trying to blatantly rip them off. We'll put our own spin on it, make it fun and easy to play. I'm trying to write a song with only one note that's awesome…one of these days.

Roadie: I think you can hear the influences in Kicker. You can hear the influences in Mauz's guitar and Dave's bass, and you can hear the Subhumans and Partisans influence. You can pick it apart and break it down, and it's there because that's the music we're all into.

Dave: I think it has a lot of variety, too. I don't think any two songs are too terribly from the same mold, and I think some are pretty far away from each other. Although, as with any band, we wound up sounding like a band with a sound, but from song to song there's faster songs and slower songs that are more melodic. I bring stuff in, like I hear a Buzzcocks song in my head, and then someone else says it sounds like Crass. By the time we're done with it, it sounds like a Kicker song.

Toby: I think one of the best compliments we got was from Scoot in Doom who said that we were a mix of Monty Python and Rudimentary Peni.

Roadie: Not an insult at all!

Toby: Despite our age, I think we all have pretty high standards, which helps. We're all dedicated to our music, but we're trying to have some fun along the way, so it's a good mix.

**MRR: One thing that probably works against bands now that may not work against you guys is that people are a lot less rigid in their identities now than they were in the '90s, but you still have people who are like, "I'm *only* a traditional skinhead," or, "I'm *only* into ramshackle D-beat."**

Dave: You go to Portland and everyone looks like G.B.H. or Discharge, and you find that they're huge fans of ABBA or new wave or metal. I think there are a lot of people who specialize, but I think everyone's got more access to everything and more people like bits and pieces of everything.

Roadie: But I think you're right. In the '90s, people were more into "This is all I like. This is me. This is my scene." It's gotten more diverse and people listen to other types, even other types of punk rock, all the 'cores and things…and like it. 'Cause you alienate yourself and I think that as you grow up, the blinkers come off. I was like that as a young punk. It was just punk, but now maybe you like all different types of music…apart from Yes and Rush.

**MRR: Personally, I appreciate the Fuck Ups cover of "I Think You're Shit" on the new LP. Ironically, we are doing this interview for *MRR*, whose history with them and their late vocalist Bob Noxious has been documented.**

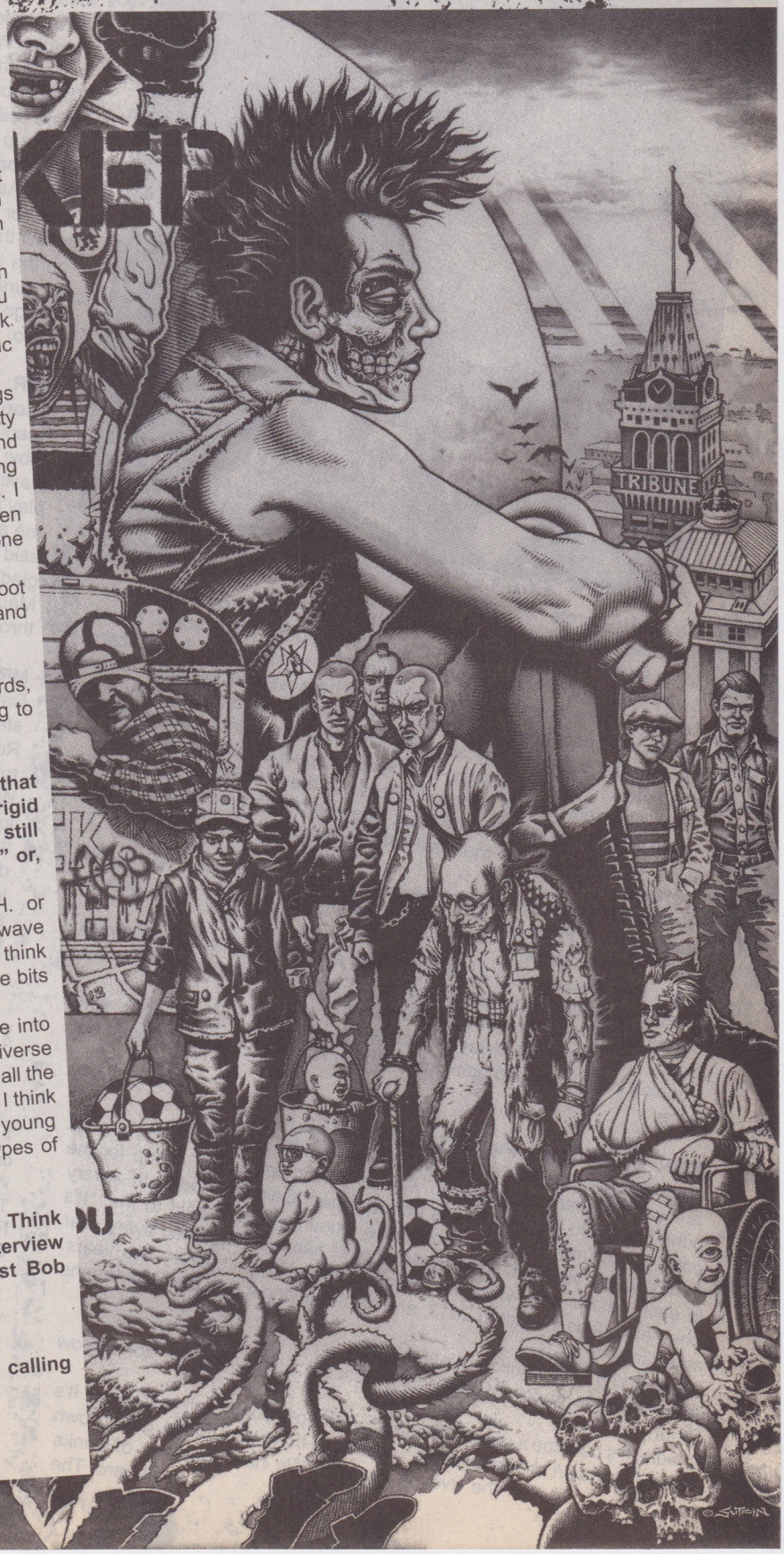
Dave: He was an idiot.

**MRR: As the designated *MRR* representative, should I be calling you on your shit right now?**

Mauz: Nah.

Roadie: He would love it.

**THERE'S A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THE SCENE WHO ARE OUR AGE, AND I CAN GUARANTEE THAT WE DON'T RECOGNIZE OUR AGE SO MUCH AND ACT AS WE DID TWENTY OR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO. I THINK THAT'S THE SIGN OF A VERY GOOD SCENE, AND IT KEEPS YOU YOUTHFUL...**



Dave: He wrote a fantastic fucking song for Kicker to play, and I think going back to an earlier question or comment regarding punk being scary; it was scary back when that song was written. Those were scary times, scary people. The scene was a lot seedier. There were a lot more really hard-knock people around back then, and he was one. He may not have said the right things all of the time, but the spirit of that song is absolutely a distilled essence of a certain aspect of what Kicker is, and it was a perfect fucking song for us to do. In these times, someone can safely listen to a band like the Fuck Ups and not be a horrible asshole, if you consider people that listen to something dodgy to be horrible assholes.

Roadie: This is my good friend Monterey Mark. He gave me the original version of the Fuck Ups "I Think You're Shit," and I think we've done a pretty good cover of it.

Mark: Bob Noxious was a friend of mine, and he did go south and drank himself to death for no good reason. He wasn't always a great person, but he wasn't always a bad person either.

Dave: No, I think he always meant well. He hung out with other very troubled souls from bad backgrounds. Punk has a lot of hard stories out there.

**MRR: Do you guys want to talk about BOB Fest?**

Roadie: Me and Mitch started BOB Fest in 1996 in Bath. We did a punk festival the year before, which was very successful. The lineup for the punk fest in '96 featured bands from Bremen, Oakland, and Bath. A very good friend from Bremen, Nicole, the Queen of Party, said to me, "It's BOB country, you see." That's how it got its name. It happened every year in each other's city, which was unaffordable. Now, it's every two years. The next one is in Bath in 2013, and we're playing it with the Subhumans and Slime.

Dave: And a whole bunch of other bands.

Toby: A whole bunch of legendary, obscure bands that we don't know about.

Roadie: It's become a great family, and we keep in contact all year round. It's encompassed art shows and taken over huge boats and things, going down the river in Bremen. We had hundreds of punks aboard. The last BOB Fest in Oakland was successful and followed by a punk rock holiday in Tulum, Mexico, which was fantastic. Taking 30 punks to a beach resort in Mexico is fucking great.

Dave: We're also doing a small European tour leading up to that as well at the end of March.

**MRR: How come you're not touring the US first?**

Mauz: We've toured the Northwest twice and were hoping to get to SoCal before then, but it doesn't look like that's gonna happen.

Roadie: We've had offers to tour Southern California and Texas, as well as the East Coast, Chicago, Detroit, and the whole Midwest. There's been some family issues to be taken care of. There's been some holidays. We've had a wedding in the band. This year has been taken up with that, which is much more important than this scruffy Kicker band on tour.

Dave: As it is with older people, we have jobs that we can't get away from for large periods of time, so we don't have the opportunity to screw that up for a six or eight-week tour. That's not gonna happen on the level we operate on, but if we can save our money to pay for ourselves to get to Europe, we can do a tour that pays for itself and go play BOB Fest and take a week and a half off from work to do so.

**MRR: Any last words? Will there be more Kicker tours and records in the future?**

Roadie: Yes, of course.

Toby: Yeah, we're thinking long term. I took a long break from playing music, from being a drummer. I really didn't know if I'd ever play again. I had no feelings about it, but these guys approached me and asked me to play, and it was an offer I couldn't refuse. I said yes immediately and knew it was a worthwhile project. I'm glad to be back in the scene.

Mauz: The last words I'd love to hear would be Roadie's story of throwing up on a family in the Ferris wheel in England.

**MRR: We gotta have a good Roadie story for the interview.**

Dave: Oh, what about him and Ed drunk in Germany and stealing the fucking bulldozer?

Roadie: No, not tonight. I was a very young punk and went to the fun fair with Spud, the singer for Organized Chaos. We'd been drinking all day and got on the Ferris wheel. They loaded the Ferris wheel and we got to the top of it. You know, the thing was swaying and I was thinking, "Oh god, I've been drinking really warm and rough cider all day, and I don't feel too good." Below us is this family of four really nice people, apparently. I don't really feel good at all, so I puked all over them. The dad got really annoyed and half stood up yelling, "*You fucking punks*!" so I puked over him.

Toby: Did your friend throw up, too?

Roadie: I think my friend threw up on the seats, so he almost sat in puke. We spoiled the fun fair for life for them kids. Sorry, family! Not really.

Tour dates:

Wednesday, March 20th – Kopi / Berlin, Germany
Thursday, March 21st – Zoro / Leipzig, Germany
Friday, March 22nd – Freise / Bremen, Germany
Sunday, March 24th – A.U. / Frankfurt, Germany
Monday, March 25th – La Zone / Liege, Belgium
Tuesday, March 26th – The Pits / Kortrijk, Belgium
Wednesday, March 27th – The Grosvenor / London, England, playing with the Subhumans
Thursday, March 28th – BOB Fest
Friday, March 29th – BOB Fest – Komedia / Bath, England, playing with the Subhumans, Slime, the Restarts, and three other bands
Saturday, March 30th – BOB Fest
Sunday, March 31st – BOB Fest
Monday, April 1st – BOB Fest

KICKER: www.kickersucks.com
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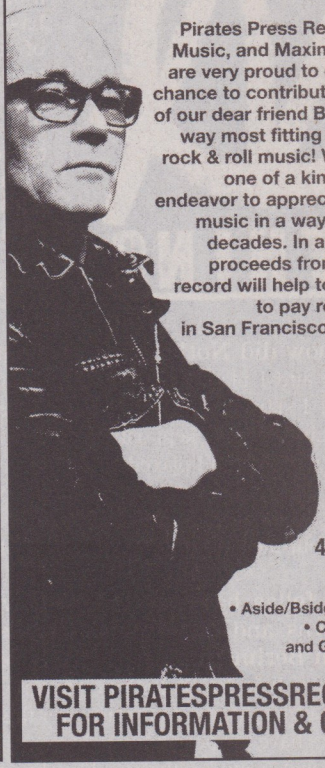

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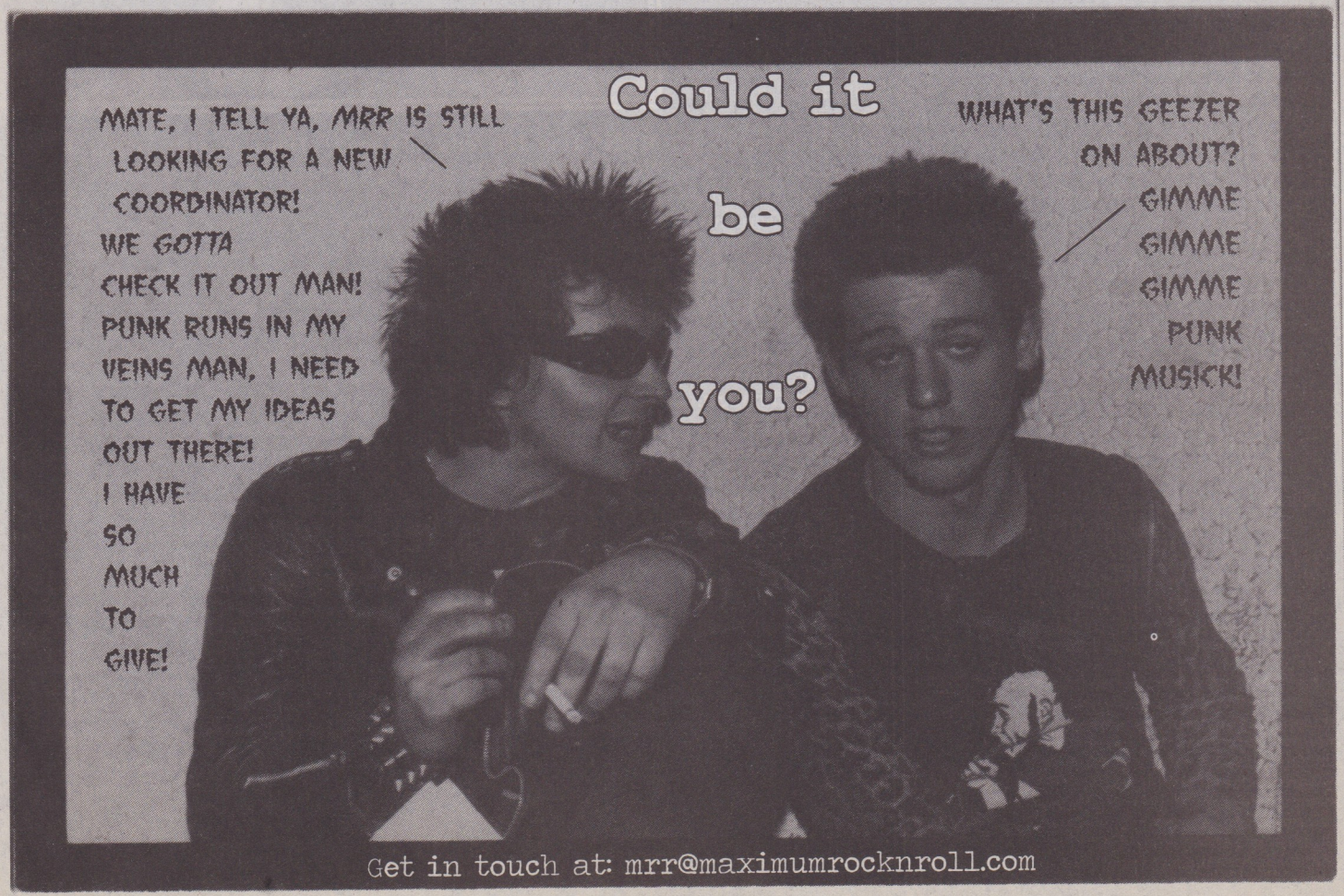



Get in touch at: mrr@maximumrocknroll.com

# NOTHING

The Berlin punk and hardcore scene has always been a productive and creative one. It might be the long list of great fuckin' bands that have come from the city, or the network of squats which have provided shows, bars, kitchens and parties to the punks for the last few decades. It might be the significant counter-culture movement that stems, in part, from Berlin's unique status in West Germany, making it a city where people could escape the German military service. In short, it's never been afraid to be a city to stick it to the man and do its own thing. Enter Nothing—a set of transient bastards that have found a bolt-hole in the depths of Berlin. Within a short space of time, the band has produced two albums—available on vinyl and cassette—and toured a fair bit. You may well have heard of some of their previous bands; names like Highscore, Mönster and Situations to name just a few. While the band certainly doesn't need to be defined by its members' past achievements, it is worth mentioning these names, as they have all been important parts of the international punk DIY scene; and just like these bands, Nothing is a great example of how a punk band can pursue and achieve some fantastic goals without compromise, or pandering to music industry bullshit, or getting stuck in petty scene politics. Over to you...

Interview by Tom Chapman. Photos by F.L., Karl Heinz Stille and Christian Münster.

**MRR: So how did Nothing come about?**
Jobst: Matze and I played in a band called Mönster before. After we broke up, I started a mellower band called Blood Robots with Ronny on drums. Matze kept asking to do a hardcore band again. As Matthias, with whom I played in Highscore years ago, just moved to Berlin, we all met to see what happens. Worked out fine. We had two different bass players until we realized it's way less complicated to work as a four-piece band. So I recently took over playing bass.

**MRR: You fellas have slowly made your way from the various towns and cities of Germany and somehow all ended up in Berlin—is that the only place left for you?**
Ronny: I've been living in Berlin for eight-and-a-half years now and I still like it. I haven't thrown a tantrum over this city so far. As long as you sometimes have the possibility to escape this huge juggernaut for holidays, or going around with your shitty band, it's fairly good to live here. Rent, food, booze is quite cheap and if you need a new haircut, Poland isn't that far. Other people might think differently and you see a lot of people come and go (also within the punk scene). Very true, that winter in Berlin is quite hard. The whole city looks gray and there's a strong, cold, Russian wind from the East.
Jobst: It really seems that lots of people end up in Berlin. It actually is much more attractive for punks than most towns in Germany. Lots of things happening and the city really is always changing—not always for the better. But in comparison to lots of other cities in Germany, it's easier to not get bored. Or if you are, it's more your own fault, I suppose. Not sure if I will stay in Berlin forever. Seemed like a good idea eight years ago, but being a father now I'm not sure if it's the best place to raise a kid. We'll see.

**MRR: You've been in Berlin a while now, will you ever become "Berliners?" Or are you outsiders passing through?**
Ronny: I got this very strong Saxon accent so I'll never get to be a real Berliner haha. Seriously, during the Cold War in the Eastern part of Berlin, many cops and "stasi cops" from the East German district Saxony, worked and bullied the Berliners, so especially older people recognize my accent with anger, haha. And about the other part of the question: you might call it passing through and Berlin in my opinion is some kind of magnet for all the people that wanna quit with their old, boring, Catholic hometown where they never had any youth, where they maybe used to be "outsiders" and here they can run naked through the streets with speed in their noses and minimal-music in their iPods. I'm kind of grateful that this never was a reason for me to explore this city. I just came here for a simple reason those days (Berlin girl) and I'm glad that I never had any expectations for this city.
Jobst: Aren't we all outsiders passing through...?

**MRR: Has the city changed? Does it still retain its character? Does it still have a strong counter-culture?**
Ronny: I like to talk with real Berliners or people that have been living here for more than 20 years. I'm kind of fascinated by stories from those days, right before the wall broke down. I mean, how strange is it to live in a city that is surrounded by a communist country? You could cross many western parts of Berlin by going with the subway through East Berlin, and for nearly 30 years, every day you saw East German armed soldiers at the platform edge. Even Western punk and hardcore bands made their illegal way to Berlin or Leipzig to play shows. I'm fascinated how the DIY community worked in those days. West Berlin was very special indeed. For example, all the conscientious objectors from Western Germany came here to hide from the army. That's why there was this big hippie and punk-rock scene, squatted places and maybe some kind of anarchist smell in the air. I once talked with a West Berlin punk and asked him if he was as lucky in the night when the wall broke down as the people from GDR—and he told me that he wasn't and the first thing they did was to go to East Berlin with their car to feed some bonehead-faces with their baseball bats, haha. Anyway the city changed, although I mentioned that for many people Berlin is still this kind of magnet. You still have some DIY places and shows, political demonstrations and art, a lot of bands, and I told you it's still quite cheap to live here compared to other big European cities, like Paris or London; and there is also this dark cloud over Berlin, called gentrification, *but* the city isn't dying because of this fact. The culture is just moving to other parts of the town.

**MRR: It's fair to say you aren't the youngest guys around—you only need to look at the catalogue of bands you have played in. Are you still pissed? What fuels that anger? Or have you mellowed?**

Jobst: In daily life I am definitely much less pissed than compared to years ago. But the general attitude hasn't changed. Once a punk, always a punk. I definitely haven't made my peace with society. There's simply too much bullshit happening and too many idiots everywhere. But I also realized that being angry doesn't really change too much. So now I believe that the main thing is changing yourself and living to your ideas of justice as much as possible.

**MRR: As you get older ("what are you gonna do when you grow up?") how have your perspectives changed, if at all?**

Jobst: It seems that one of the easier ways of coping with not wanting to belong, seems to be cynicism, and it is very tempting. But lately I realized how much it affects your inner balance. Taking nothing seriously takes a lot of energy, and makes life harder—at least, it did for me. I know to try and focus more on the positive aspects of life and on the things that I can actually improve—without losing my anger and turning all hippie. Not sure where that'll end, though.

**MRR: Musically it sounds like you are having a blast, combining various different sounds into Nothing—D-beat, old-school thrash and a decent helping of *schweinerock* in there too, I bet this is fun to play. Was this always the intention or did your sound evolve?**

Jobst: Sure it's fun; otherwise we wouldn't do it. We met to play hardcore, the rest simply evolved. We're not planning to sound like someone or something and I suppose that works out, as we get compared to all kinds of bands that have nothing to do with each other.

**MRR: What are your favourite towns and venues to play?**

Ronny: There is *nothing* like Poland. We had some cool shows there, especially Szczecin. Not just the shows themselves but the things around. When the nice local promoter, Herman made this first show with us and Overpower, we didn't expect what would later go on. He phoned us some hours before the show to say that the venue is closed but he had an alternative: a gabba-hardcore-techno party. We met each other late in the evening at a parking place and he drove with us into a really, really dark forest. The forest didn't even have a road and later he told us it was a military area of the Red Army in the old days. Then we came to this wreckage building with no lights and he organized an emergency generator and the gabba-hardcore-techno youth totally freaked out. Cool night! One year later Herman organized a show within the courtyard of a national museum for us—although quite funny! Personally I liked touring Russia with one of my former bands. It was in 2004 and the country was still wild somehow in those days and Russia is so beautiful!

**MRR: Some punks are the best cooks around—which venue does the best food?**

Jobst: Most punks in Leipzig are good cooks. Playing Zoro or Gieszerstr we always had great vegan food. Plus we have to mention our friend Andreas who does shows in the German small town of Trier and made a fabulous vegan five-course meal for us!

**MRR: Some of your previous bands have been intensive touring machines, touring all over the world. Have you got similar plans for Nothing?**

Ronny: We are always fascinated by shows where you get something although you never expect something. I'll give you an example in the answer to the next question. I mean it's quite easy to play in squats and youth centers in Germany every month. There are so many bands from all over the world touring our area and the audience is sort of jaded and tired. This aspect isn't so funny for us because we don't want to play shows just to play shows. I guess you know what I mean. In 2011 we had a show with those very nice guys from Fanzui Xiangfa and they invited us to China. We are very excited and wanna go there in March 2013. And we want to go to Greece because we have an invitation there as well. People from all over the world just might get in contact with us!

# HOUNDS OF HATE

*I caught up with Braddock, PA straightedge hardcore punk band Hounds of Hate while they took a break from recording their debut LP at their own DIY studio, the Braddock Hit Factory. They released one of my favorite EPs of last year on Katorga Works, nearly perfectly recreating the reverb-drenched NYHC (but still very much punk) sound of early Warzone or Agnostic Front that few have been able to since the late 1980s. Their LP is slated for release in a few months time on an as of yet undetermined label. Interview by Kyle Folsom. Photos by Alex Matuszczak, Alexandra Marangone, Matthew Finner, Liz Prince, Morgan Potts, Adam Juresko.*

**MRR: Hounds of Hate is:**
Flynn: Guitar.
Trey: Vocals.
Dave: Bass.
Jay: Drums.

**MRR: Can you tell me a bit about how Hounds of Hate formed? How did this all come about and how did you all meet?**
Flynn: Trey, Dave and I know each other because Trey and I moved to Braddock in 2009 and we started hanging out with Dave who was already living here.
Trey: Flynn wanted to start a band with me as the vocalist. Jack joined on drums, we recorded, Dave joined on bass, and we recorded again. Jack moved away, and then Jay joined.
Dave: Jay and I met at the old Mr. Roboto Project in August 2009 talking about cars at a show.
Jay: I met Trey and Flynn at 538 Johnson in Brooklyn (loft/show space) where I lived for a while, because they were friends with Adam Whites. So, I assumed they'd be weird anti-social freaks, but they're actually alright.

**MRR: Ha ha. Are you still living in NYC, Jay?**
Jay: No, I moved the hell out of there. I lived there for nearly two years and it's hard, in retrospect, to understand why. I mean, NYC punk is pretty awesome and I loved the people at 538, but there are too many people and too much concrete and not enough green stuff and space there. Now, I live in a wartorn hellhole, but hey, it's better than New York.

**MRR: I agree with your sentiment 1000%.**
Dave: I know you have been living in Braddock (Pittsburgh) since 2007. Trey and Flynn–where were you guys living prior to this? Were you playing in any other bands before Hounds?
Flynn: I lived in DC and then rural southern Maryland for school. I used to play in a noise rock punk band called Timber.
Trey: I lived right outside DC and in DC until I was 23, and then I moved to Braddock. This is my first band.

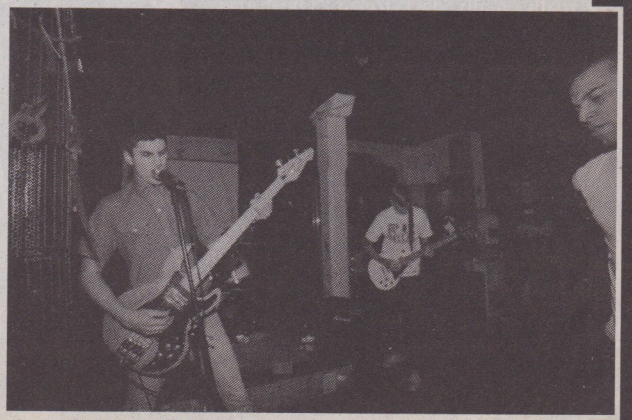
**MRR: To most people I'm guessing that Braddock, PA sounds like a pretty random place to move. What drew you all there?**
Dave: I moved here in 2007 from Allentown, PA. My business was moving to the Pittsburgh area and Braddock was one place in the region that had space for setting up a shop. When we were here we met the Mayor and he was encouraging that we move and wanted to help us find a space. There weren't any other places where an elected official wanted to help us out, so we decided to go for it. I lived in a number of places within Braddock and North Braddock for two years and then bought a house here in 2009.
Jay: I moved to Braddock because Dave said I could live in his house for free. I mean, I do work around the place for him in exchange for a sizable, plush room in his "house." I was really committed to not signing a lease and paying as little rent as possible, so that worked out for me. Plus Dave's house is well-stocked with music equipment, tools and other fun things to occupy one's time with. And we have an empty lot full of broken down old cars, trucks and vans, that appeals to me as well. I regret earlier saying that I live in a wartorn hellhole, that's not fair to Braddock. But, the town is enormously decayed and depopulated which is unusual, at least for me. So far I like it though. There's a lot of freedom here.
Trey: I moved here with Flynn, Jack (our old drummer) and a few others a little over two years ago. We bought two houses dirt-cheap. We live in one while we fix up the other. It's a simple life.
Flynn: I'd lived in or close to DC my whole life, aside from a little time in Portland OR, so I was eager to live somewhere else. When a bunch of my friends wanted to move to Braddock and live life on the cheap, I dropped out of college with several weeks left until graduation and moved here.

**MRR: Other than what you've already stated, what else besides playing music occupies your free time there? I know you have started the "Some Ideas Collective"—what is the story behind that?**
Trey: SIC is basically the house Flynn and I live in with a few others. We're an "intentional community," but really we're just a group of friends that want to grow old together and be cheap. Aside from sitting around with books and episodic television, we work on our house and make fun of each other.
Dave: Jay and myself are not official SIC members, just associates. We occupy our non-music time with auto body work, building oil collection systems, building out and organizing the garage, welding stuff and fixing other bands' vans (like Southern Lord recording artists Heartless). Also, we used to all work out but somehow that stopped being a thing.

**MRR: What other bands is everyone else playing in, other than HOH?**
Jay: I play in two other hardcore punk rock and roll bands. One is called Creem. The other is called Natural Law. Both bands are pretty great and I love the people in them. (Hello Colman!)
Flynn: I play in a band based in Richmond called Hard Stripes. The demo has been out for a sec and hopefully we'll be dropping a seven-inch later this fall.
Dave: I play in a weird communist straight edge band called Blood Red that is like the mid '90s snotty HC of Born Against and Ink & Dagger. My other band is called Secret Tombs. That's a pure rock and roll band, like Rush or AC/DC with some Wipers/Dead Moon things going on.

**MRR: So, obviously, you guys are a straightedge band. From my experience of living in Pittsburgh, it's a pretty drinking-heavy town. It seems as if Braddock is a bit**

photo: Morgan Potts



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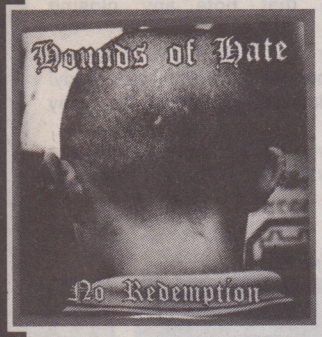
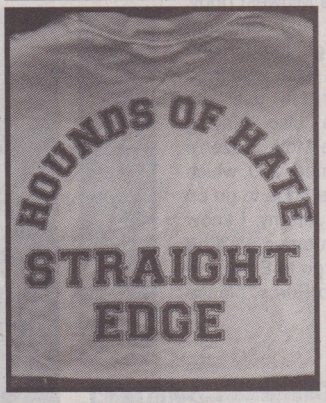





**of an island off the coast of Pittsburgh in this aspect (in that most of the "punks" there are straightedge). Do you ever feel isolated in this way?**
Dave: I love being isolated from people but not because of straightedge, just because I like working on projects, not going to bars or coffee shops. I personally feel connected to the non-straight edge Pittsburgh scene. I go to all types of shows at all types of venues and am friends with all sorts of punks. But yes, being a non-beatdown/tough guy straightedge band is a rarity in the hardcore world of western PA. There are two other bands (Blood Red and Rabid Pigs) that are straightedge and from Braddock, or at least have one member from Braddock. There are also a bunch of straight edge kids in other bands that we play with like Code Orange Kids and Heartless.
Jay: I think that I also enjoy the isolation out here. One of the things I haven't been excited to admit to myself is that I'm probably more introverted than I thought I was and so the solitude thing is actually making me way happier than I was before. Also, I'd just like to say that while Hounds of Hate is a straightedge band and likes being that way, we're a band for everyone! I don't like the idea of being exclusive or something. I hope all punks can come out to our shows and have a good time. Even though we're weird extremists who live, essentially, in a colony.

**MRR: Yeah that is a good attitude to have. It seems like for such a small city there are lots of bands.**
Dave: Do you mean Pittsburgh or Braddock?

**MRR: Both, for sure. I know that Braddock is a lot of the same people in a number of bands each, but Pittsburgh in general has a ton of bands based on its relatively small population.**
Dave: Yo, this ain't the PGH scene report, bro. We ain't here to talk about Kim Phuc breaking up!

**MRR: Hahaha. Oh shiiiit!**
Dave: But for real, it sucks when good bands have to go.

**MRR: It's true and that is a bummer. A while back, I heard some story regarding a weird altercation or something that happened while you guys were playing the last Wasted Time show in DC. Can you tell me exactly what went down?**
Trey: Alright, here's what happened. We were playing at the Corpse Fortress in Silver Spring, MD. The summer air was thick.

**MRR: The suspense is killing me.**
Trey: Flynn broke a string and while we waited for Pat Vogel to grab a guitar for us to borrow, I was forced to fill the silence with banter. I asked the crowd how many of them liked Skrewdriver. There was a lukewarm response from the crowd, and I admitted to being into it. Later, when Wasted Time was playing, they dedicated a song to us, and someone in the back yelled "Racist!" The basement at the show was pretty dark, so I'm going to chalk it up to people not being able to see that I'm black. I'm not going to give you the "the first record wasn't racist" excuse. I like more than just the first record—I find shit like that entertaining. I probably shouldn't have been so forthcoming with my Skrewdriver opinions. I'm black and have dealt with a fair amount of racism…it sucks man. Throw that swazi in the trash.

**MRR: That is *kind of* the same story I heard before, so thanks for clearing that up. Since you're in the middle of it right now, I wanna ask a bit about recording. The debut EP has a pretty authentic '80s Warzone/NYHC sound to it. Tell me a bit about the process to get that sound. Also, did you record the drums in a cave!?**
Flynn: The recording process in many ways is pretty basic. Dave does a fantastic job of mixing drums and trusting me when I ask for stupid things like □verb on Æverb violence.
Jay:…and that "spelunking" sound the kids are going crazy for right now!
Dave: Our studio doesn't have a high ceiling room for natural reverb, so pretty much all the sounds are post-production effects. I don't have anything special. I think anyone who has a digital studio has just as many resources to get certain sounds, it's knowing how to use them and having an ear for what makes certain instruments sound a certain way. It's not what you got but how you use it, if you know what I mean.

**MRR: Do you find having your own studio allows much more attention to detail that would otherwise be lost when having to pay an hourly rate?**
Flynn: Paradoxically more attention to detail, but also more in-studio stupidity.

**MRR: It seems like a huge advantage to be able to spend extra time to get those sounds, since you have the studio in your own basement.**
Dave: A blessing and a curse. After a few recordings I've come up with a good system, and when recording other bands I have a pretty finished mix by the end of all the instruments. I know you (with Stockpile) recorded here in the early days of the studio but even then we knocked out a bunch of songs really fast. It also helps to record competent musicians.

**MRR: OK, switching gears a bit...You've been**

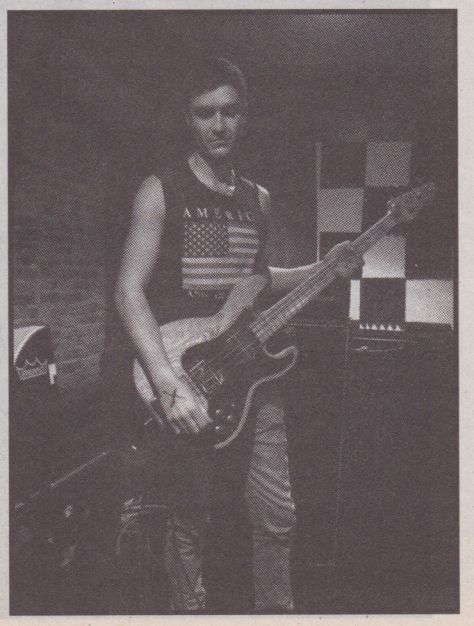


photo: Kyle Folsom

photo: Alexandra Marangone

**on a few tours over the last few months—who were some of the best bands you played with, best shows? (No obligation to say Boston, haha)**

Trey: For real, our show in Boston was incredible. Thanks man. We've played with quite a few awesome bands on our last couple tours. Violent Future, Death Camp, Brown Sugar, Hysterics, Sectarian Violence, Stockpile, Twerps and Last Words. We also played a silly show in Austin with Creem and Hoax in a recycling center full of dirty recyclables.

**MRR: Yeah I saw some crazy photos from that show! I need some details...**

Trey: The show at the recycling center was booked by our friend, Jason. Tempe SS opened.

Jay: It was a one-off opportunity for stupidity and pitting.

**MRR: Yeah, seemed like total madness from the photos. I saw you also played a show at Chaos in Tejas that had a pretty strange lineup; what was the deal with that?**

Trey: The actual Chaos show looked crazy on paper but they were basically two different shows. Japanther, Touche Amore, Post Teens and Joyce Manor played outdoors, and then we played inside with Creem.

**MRR: OK, yeah that makes a lot more sense now. Dave, I know you weren't able to join for the tour down in Chaos due to your work schedule. Can the others elaborate on what the deal was with finding his replacement?**

Jay: We had trouble nailing down someone for the tour. The Hounds of Hate Volunteer Auxiliary was small at the time, you see. We had to have Mike from Creem fill in. He was not straightedge, but that's okay. He exudes core vibes and is a seasoned tour pro. I will say that he kind of got freaky and adopted an alter-ego that was straightedge for the duration of our sets. So thanks, Mike. We appreciate it. We appreciate all of our tour crews, past and present.

**MRR: Hell yeah. So what's the plan for this LP you're recording? What can the public expect when this sucker drops? How many songs will it be, who is putting it out and how many dive bombs did you record?**

Flynn: No dive bombs: when the world zigs, we zag. Tentatively, eleven songs on the record, and a tape coming out sooner with three of those songs, plus a re-recorded song from the demo. I don't know how to describe it, although I don't think it's a radical departure from the other stuff… more of the same. No one is slated to put it out yet. Any ideas?

**MRR: Perhaps some record mogul perusing *MRR* will take you up on this offer. Well, I for one am excited to hear what you got in the works. Can you give me some info about your future touring plans?**

Jay: Alright, check it out; we played Not Dead Yet fest in Toronto in November which was a great time. It also gave us an opportunity to do a little loop of the Midwest (Indy, St. Louis and Chicago) and also go through the Northeast. That was from November 5th until the 16th. We're also playing a show in NYC with Antidote, the Mob, Citizen's Arrest and Urban Waste on December 2nd, which should be pretty wild. After that we hope to go on a West Coast tour in the winter. Jeremy, I know you'll read this so get your van in order, we'll be in touch. Oh and then we want to go to Europe in the spring or summer of 2013. So Euros, please get in touch.

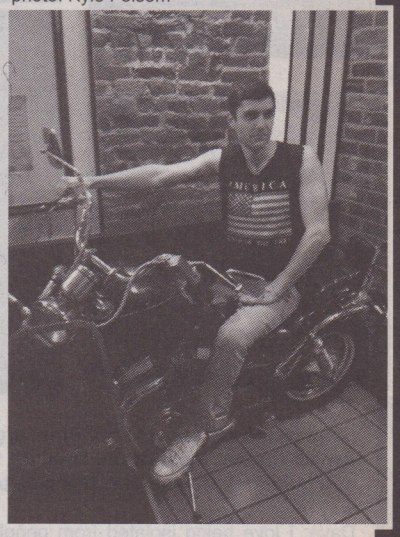
**MRR: Well, on that note…any closing comments?**

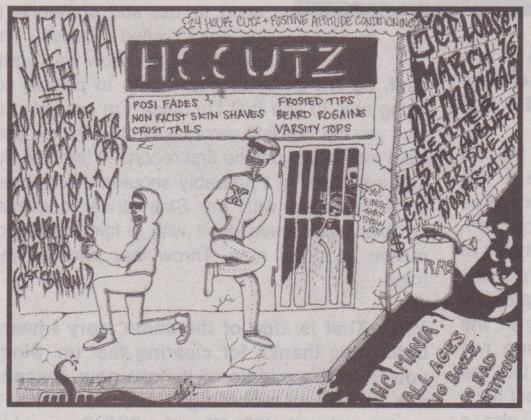
Jay: I want to say hi to Mariam and Lydia and Jason and everyone else at *MRR*! Hi everybody! Also check out Nuclear Spring. Oh, and stay weird.

Dave: For those who don't know, Kyle is a true mensch, especially for a goy. That's it and that's all.

CAST OUT AND PROUD

photo: Kyle Folsom



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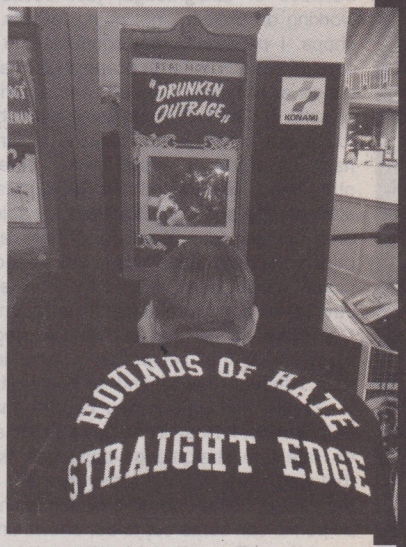


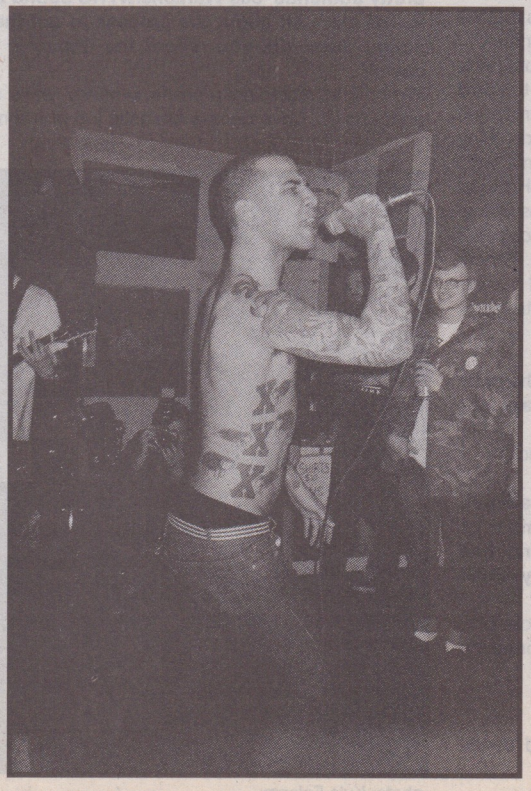

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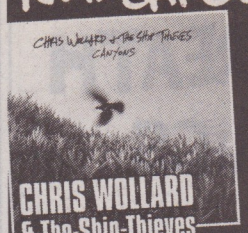

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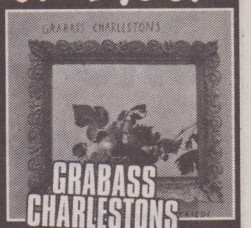

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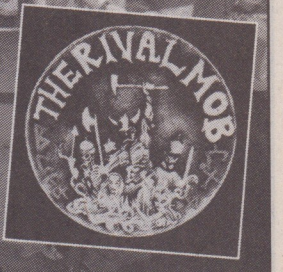


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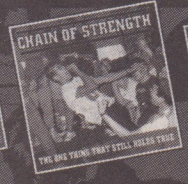


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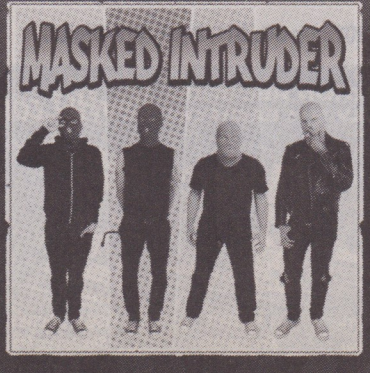


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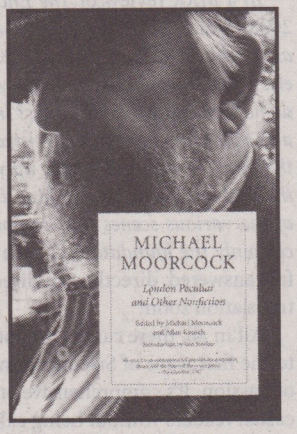


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Michael Moorcock has written a lot of books. And there is apparently a large dedicated base of people who love those books. However, I have to admit that until recently the only things I really knew about the man were that his oeuvre regularly takes up an entire shelf in the science fiction section of most bookstores, and that he had his own Bloodhag song. And while I usually take the Bloodhag nod as a ringing endorsement, I always felt a bit hesitant to dive into such a vast body of work.

As a person with profound issues with self-doubt and procrastination, I've always harbored a deep resentment and suspicion of those writers who seem to publish a book or two every year. Rationalizing my distrust of these prolific labors by dismissing the majority of the works as unoriginal or poorly executed, has primarily served to save me the trouble of ever having to read them. And until recently Moorcock had remained firmly in this category. I mean the guy has written almost fifty books—and extremely long books at that—on top of numerous short stories, essays, articles and comics. He edits numerous science fiction anthologies, wrote a *Doctor Who* novel and has penned lyrics for both Blue Öyster Cult and Hawkwind. What sort of writer has that kind of time?

But when PM Press started reissuing some of Moorcock's lesser-known books, I felt like I would finally have to toss aside my prejudices and actually read some of these books I had so readily relegated to the dustbin. And so, by picking up two of these, the novel *Byzantium Endures* and the non-fiction collection *London Peculiar,* I've converted from dismissive naysayer into stark admirer of an extremely original, profound, and often hilarious, writer.

*Byzantium Endures* is the first of a four-part magnum opus, following the life and trials of one Colonel Maxim Arturovitch Pyatnitski (Pyat), conveniently born at the turn of the twentieth century on January 1, 1900. Purportedly the translation of autobiographical notes given to Moorcock by the elderly Colonel, this first volume follows the young Pyat from his impoverished youth in Odessa, through his adolescence at the beginning of the First World War, detailing his misadventures and offering his spectacularly spiteful commentary on the world.

From every angle, Pyat is a despicable human being. Vehemently anti-Semitic (despite every indication that his father was Jewish), nationalistic and addicted to cocaine, the unlikable anti-hero trudges through Russia during this period of upheaval and, like a fascist Forrest Gump, seems to always find himself embedded in every event of historical import. And while it's difficult to always take the narrator at his word—his insistence that he soared over Odessa in a homemade flying suit, for example—the character's allure and penchant for adventure is undeniable. As anti-heroes go, it seems fairly easy to write a completely evil and unredeemable character. But straddling the line between disgust and affection is much more difficult, and this is where Moorcock stands apart. For all of Pyat's flaws, his outspoken racism and acrid misogyny, he comes across as ultimately more pathetic than evil. As much as you want to hate him completely, he remains an ambiguous figure, as sad and incompetent, as he is heinous and arrogant. And ultimately the character is so compelling that by the time Pyat escapes to Western Europe at the end of the novel, I felt a kind of duty to follow him through to the next volume. And at a book of nearly 400 pages, there is almost no greater praise that I could give than this.

As competent and formidable a novelist as Moorcock proved himself to be, I have to admit that he seems almost more at home in his book of essays, *London Peculiar.* After wading through such a hefty text as *Byzantium Endures,* a collection of smaller pieces was welcome relief, but I found that I devoured this book in a few days. In the very first essay, Moorcock recounts his writing process, which consists of a regimen of tea, dog-walking and procrastination. His diffidence and charm is disarming as it is endearing, and throughout the ensuing articles, diary entries and book reviews, Moorcock reveals himself to be an acutely aware, insightful and, above all, humble observer of the world.

In the pages that follow he muses and reflects on a variety of subjects, regaling the reader with reminiscences, conjecture and anecdotes about everything from the work of R. Crumb, to the delta blues, to Willie Nelson's latest arrest for drug possession. Within a few paragraphs Moorcock can deftly move from a rebuke of the current state of science fiction to a rallying cry of utopian revolution, and he keeps a hold on the reader each step of the way. Some of the more outstanding moments in the book appear in the collected obituaries written for friends, among which we find a touching memorial of J.G. Ballard alongside a rigid defense and obituary for Andrea Dworkin, proving that few writers have as much intellectual range as Mr. Moorcock.

But for all the autobiography and reflection, the main character of *London Peculiar* remains the city of London itself. In what is by far the best piece in the book, Moorcock recalls a childhood Christmas amid the blitz, where he explored the rubble of a crippled metropolis while keeping a keen ear for the air-raid siren that would beckon him home. Though he lives in central Texas for much of the year, London remains Moorcock's first love, a place of mystery and promise; a sentiment to which I think most denizens of a major city can relate. These intimate experiences and hopes of a city, even with all of its faults, really serve as the linchpin that holds together this book of disparate, if beautiful ruminations.

Above all, what sets Moorcock apart from other prodigious writers is his ability to intimate greater issues beneath the surface of these works. In both of these books you can feel a thinker deeply concerned with the world, its troubled history and its precarious future. Behind the reflections on the changing landscape of his native city, you sense the vacillations between remembered joy and intense loss as his world continues down an uneasy path. In the same vein, it is difficult not to see foreshadowed in the figure of Colonel Pyat that same timid monstrosity that would spread across the twentieth century in various despotic guises. When Moorcock shies away from the explicitly political, it remains clear that these works stretch far past their simple narratives and have a great deal to offer readers who find themselves in this

uncertain present. Both *Byzantium Endures* and *London Peculiar* are great places to start delving into an original and often profound observer of the past sixty years. And if you join the ranks of Moorcock's legion of fans, you won't be able to exhaust his body of work for some time.
—Matthew McKenzie

***Ny Våg – Svensk Punk / New Wave / Synth 1977-1982***
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The premise of *Ny Våg* is "five hundred bands – one thousand records," taking as its subject the first wave of Swedish punk in 1977-1982. Author Peter Kagerland, who did time in the first wave punk band Spy amongst others, spent fifteen years researching and writing this book, which has resulted in a very informed and researched publication that promises to be the definite article when it comes to the first wave of Swedish punk. The book's format and layout is very similar to an earlier book, *The Encyclopaedia of Swedish Punk 1977-1987* (2008), published by the same publishing company.

Both books, as many punk histories tend to do, centre around band biographies based on the author's interviews with band members, and covers the usual objective chronologic and sometimes tiresome details of each punk bands' existence—how they formed, the various line-up changes, the records they released etc. Inevitably, there is some overlap between the two books, but the period covered in the new book is shorter (five years as opposed to ten), and its criteria of what bands are included in the book (as the title of the book makes clear) is much wider.

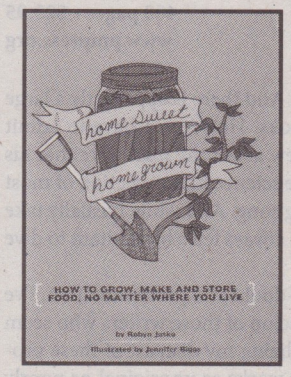
The selection of bands in *Ny Våg* is comprehensive to say the least, from bands such as Ebba Grön or Anti-Cimex that today are well-known around the world, to the more obscure and little-known bands that perhaps even few Swedes remember today—and to be fair, the majority of the 500 or so bands covered belong to the former category. When it comes to the golden era of Swedish hardcore punk—which, brutally speaking, I would argue started with Massmedia's *Das Jazz* in 1980 and ended with Totalitär's *Luftslott* in 1989 (or perhaps with G-ANX's *Out of Reach* in 1993)—this is however only just touched upon in *Ny Våg*.

The crucial difference between the two books, at least as far as the majority of *MRR* readers should be concerned, is that *Ny Våg* is entirely in Swedish. But you can take my word for it—the band biographies of *Ny Våg* are all very well written (and being written in the author's native language means the book is so much stronger for it, while the earlier book suffered somewhat from being in the peculiar "Swenglish"!). That said, nerdy foreign record collector types will no doubt buy the book anyway, and will no doubt study the consistently detailed discographies of the bands covered and drool all over the beautifully reproduced record sleeves and photos of the bands covered (many previously unpublished).

But apart from being in Swedish, how *Ny Våg* significantly differs to *The Encyclopaedia of Swedish Punk* is that the introduction articles greatly complement the biography section, which is of course the greater part of this near 700-page book. These complementary articles read more or less like "oral histories" and are written by people who were, in one way or another, involved in the local scenes of the three big Swedish cities Stockholm, Göteborg and Malmö, and by people who were involved in the local scenes in the provinces. All of them are invaluable accounts that frame the contexts and backgrounds of the bands profiled in the biography section. I found it particularly interesting that the lingering far-left political fringe scene (the grass roots of the Swedish "progg" scene) was dismissive of the burgeoning punk scene, even going as far as to see punk as a right-wing capitalist invention. The final article is written by a sociologist who conducted a survey with 300 people with a background in the first wave of punk. The article argues that, contrary to popular opinions, punk was not strictly a working class movement. Based on the survey, statistically there were more punks from the upper-middle class than from the working class. The article also discusses other interesting sociological metrics among the group of first wave punks, for example the higher average of university students among punks compared to the Swedish population average, particularly when it comes to punks with working class backgrounds. Conversely, the number of first wave punks who are dead or in prison is also higher than the Swedish average.

In a *MRR* review of *The Encyclopaedia of Swedish Punk 1977-1987* from 2008, Stuart Schrader wrote: "*Anyone looking to understand Swedish punk as it related to the social context of the moment, however, will have to look elsewhere. I would like to know why punk was so big in Sweden. Did the social democratic state aid the punks? In what political struggles did the punks become active? What connections existed between the "progg" scene of the 1970s and the punk scene? And what's up with the raggare? Outside anecdotes here and there in the band biographies, there is not much to provide a cohesive view of the various scenes that comprised Swedish punk, though a discography is certainly the foundation of such a history.*" Most of Stuart's questions are in fact answered, directly or indirectly, by *Ny Våg*. Let's hope there is an English translation soon!

All in all, there can be no doubt that *Ny Våg* is the definite when it comes to the first wave of Swedish punk and new wave, as well as evidently a work of passion. It's comprehensive enough for diehard collectors yet accessible to casual readers without being exhaustive to a fault.
—TG




***Homesweet Homegrown: How To Grow, Make, and Store Food, No Matter Where You Live***
**Robyn Jasko**
**127 Pages $9.95**
**Microcosmpublishing.com**
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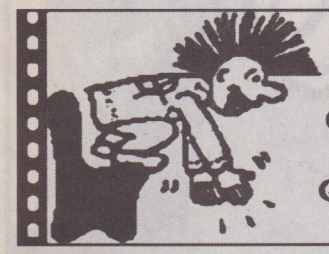
Excuse me for a second while I nerd out about seedlings and DIY compost bins. A fantastic book answering almost any question one would have about DIY gardening. From setting up boxed gardens, plots, potted plants, rooftops and fire escapes, your bases are covered. The book is broken down into eight succicint yet informative chapters, covering a basic twenty-four gamut of fruits and veggies. The beginning chapters covering the cost of seeds, the differences between planting seeds versus seedlings, seed germination and transplant times. There are even charts that help decipher the shelf life for seeds, and how much each variety it will yield. The middle chapters are then broken down into specifics about each of the twenty-four vegetables, i.e. Asparagus, then Beets and so on. Going through the growing weather statistics, preparation, planting and harvest times for each veggie. Then we are walked through approximately five styles of planting and ways to build soil, depending on what type of space you have, such as container gardens or a raised garden bed. Instructions on how to build a rain barrel, creating natural weed killers, antifungal sprays, and compost bins follow. The last chapter rounds out the book nicely with a few useful recipes for what to do with your (hopefully) bountiful harvest. Sound like a lot of information? That's because it is! Trust me I was pleasantly suprised to see all the content that was packed into this little book. *Homesweet Homegrown: How To Grow, Make, and Store Food, No Matter Where You Live* is truly what the spirit of farm to table is all about, empowering people with the knowledge and tools to build their own gardens and harvesting their own food.
—Danielle Gresham

# MOVIES



## BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

### LAY IT DOWN CLOWN

It is an interesting idea. A band documentary that does not include any music from the band or any interviews with any band member. Band members can be notoriously difficult. There is always the inevitability of rewriting history through the rosy glow of nostalgia. Music rights are never cheap. Will it work? I had to know.

**Color Me Obsessed – A Film About the Replacements** takes on that ambitious premise. I am routing for the concept to work. In an ideal world the only reason for a band to reunite is for the fans. Of course, I know that is never really the reason. Bands break up, stop speaking, members die, whatever, but the music continues to exist and people continually discover it. I never really blame a person who discovers an album ten years after its release for wanting to hear it performed live. You just have to know going in that it will never be the way it was originally.

**Color Me Obsessed – A Film About the Replacements** is all about the fans. Some were there when the band formed. Some came to the music later. Some knew the band personally. Some speculated from afar. Some saw the band live. Some never saw them. Yet, they all have a story to tell. This film is more the story of the people who listen to the music than the people who made it. It is a good thing.

The Replacements formed in 1979 in Minneapolis, MN. They released seven albums before their break up in 1991. Hearing the band's story through the eyes of the fans gives a different insight into the history. A person could remember something one way and another recalls it the opposite way. All points of view are presented. Who is correct? Does it matter? There is probably no way to know for sure. Then again the band could even have another recollection.

There are some good stories. The intro for "Stink" where the police bust up the party was recorded by Terry Katzman who was recording the bands and had the foresight to press play before the police stepped up to the microphone. The namesake of *Tim* was the lead singer of Duck Kicking Vulture who passed out during his band's set at a party. Guitarist Bob Stinson wanted to finish a pinball game even though the band had already started playing without him. Paul Westerberg taunting heckling punks with a twenty-minute drum rendition of "Louie Louie". Of course, who knows what is true and what is remembered as true. That's the fun of **Color Me Obsessed – A Film About the Replacements**.

The only facts presented in **Color Me Obsessed – A Film About the Replacements** are each album's sales stats and the rating Village Voice critic Robert Christgau gave the record. Also pointed out are the top-selling records of the year. While I know this is to put into perspective how underappreciated the Replacements were by the majority of the public, those facts mean little to me. Either I like the music or I don't. If more people bought *Synchronicity* than bought *Hootenanny* in 1983, it doesn't bother me too much. It just reinforces my opinion that most people have bad taste.

By the time talk turns to discussing the Replacements' appearance on *Saturday Night Live* (in 1986, past the halfway point of the documentary) I just want to hear some of the band's music. I am fed up with listening to people I mostly don't care about rambling on with their impressions of the band. I want to hear it for myself. This is when the film goes down. I know the music. I've seen the band live four times. I never needed to know that the creator of the TV show *One Tree Hill* thinks getting kicked off *Saturday Night Live* is a punk thing to do.

Also at this point I start paying more attention to the interview backgrounds, undoubtedly because I have become bored with listening to the never-ending opinions about the Replacements. There are so many locales I assume the interviewee is responsible for where people are interviewed. There are the inevitable ones at a rock club or a bar. Some are on sofas with or without pets. However I enjoy the ones where it looks like the subject is sitting in his/her grandmother's living room, on a chair with flowery upholstery and ruffled curtains. Jack Rabid sitting next to a piano in what also looks like his grandmother's house is pretty funny too.

The DVD for **Color Me Obsessed – A Film About the Replacements** contains two discs. The first includes the documentary along with a bunch of deleted scenes and commentary from the director Gorman Bechard and producer Jan Radder. The second disc is superfluous. It contains a "behind the scenes" with the director and producer which is basically an hour and sixteen minute long interview about the film. There are also extended interviews with Hüsker Dü's Grant Hart and rock critics Greg Kot, Jim Derogatis and Robert Christgau. These are over three hours long, just in case you hadn't already had enough of expounding on the Replacements. Plus there are film trailers.

While I like the premise of **Color Me Obsessed – A Film About the Replacements**, the film lives up to its title by getting very obsessive and overanalyzing every aspect of the band's history. The film should have been half the length. I can't imagine anyone who is not already familiar with the Replacement's music wanting to discover more about the band after watching this. Even though everyone interviewed is obviously into the band, it is a hard sell without any music. (www.mvdvisual.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com

### GUEST FILM REVIEW: BEIJING PUNK

Let me start off by saying that this movie is a fucking joke. And that if you do decide to pick up this movie and watch it, the only thing you will be doing is supporting the idea of exploitative, capitalist, Western ideas on the "discoveries" of Asian cultures, in this case of the Chinese—much like how once upon a time Western missionaries took it upon themselves to "civilize" the Eastern savages by building churches and raping native people as part of "God's will".

The director of **Beijing Punk**, Shaun M. Jefford, supposedly went to Beijing in 2008 with the intent of filming pieces about Chinese culture surrounding the hype of the Olympic games. But magically his interest turned to writing about the punk scene in Beijing. He mainly focuses on the bands that play at the "only punk club" in Beijing called D-22 (modeled after the infamous New York club CBGB's), which was started by a former American investment broker. To me the whole movie seemed like a ponzy scheme to promote the club, its managers and director, rather than the bands. Michael Pettis started the club D-22 in the heart of Beijing in 2008 with Charles Saliba. Charles also went on to start the label Maybe Mars, which began out as a small DIY label. Maybe Mars is not so underground and not so punk anymore, hosting bands such as Nine Inch Nails and the New York Dolls alongside Chinese bands, at such events as the Beijing Pop Festival.

The director makes a fool out of the punks he interviews by making them speak in English because he doesn't understand Mandarin or Cantonese. And yes, not all punks are the brightest of the bunch, but certainly this makes them seem even more inarticulate than if they spoke in their native tongue. If you're going to direct a movie about another culture that does not speak English, I suggest that you get a translator, rather than torturing your subjects and making them seem inferior by subjecting them to a language barrier you created. He also doesn't talk about the fact that these punks are working class people, or the fact that they have families. He takes them on solely as a "punk" not rounding out the full character of the people in relation to their surroundings. Which makes them look like caricatures that simply just get wasted all the time.

I am reciting all this information to pull out the truth about Beijing punk. It did not start in 2008 at the club called D-22. Especially considering that American-born Tim Armstrong (of Rancid fame) signed two Beijing punk bands to his California label Hellcat records before 2008. It seems ironic to me that this hack of a director Shaun Jefford steps in to claim territory and spread the gospel of Beijing punk. Well Mr. Jefford you are sorely mistaken. Because in any subculture, especially punk, those who live the struggle look to our roots and history for inspiration and guidance, we don't depend on outsiders to do it for us.

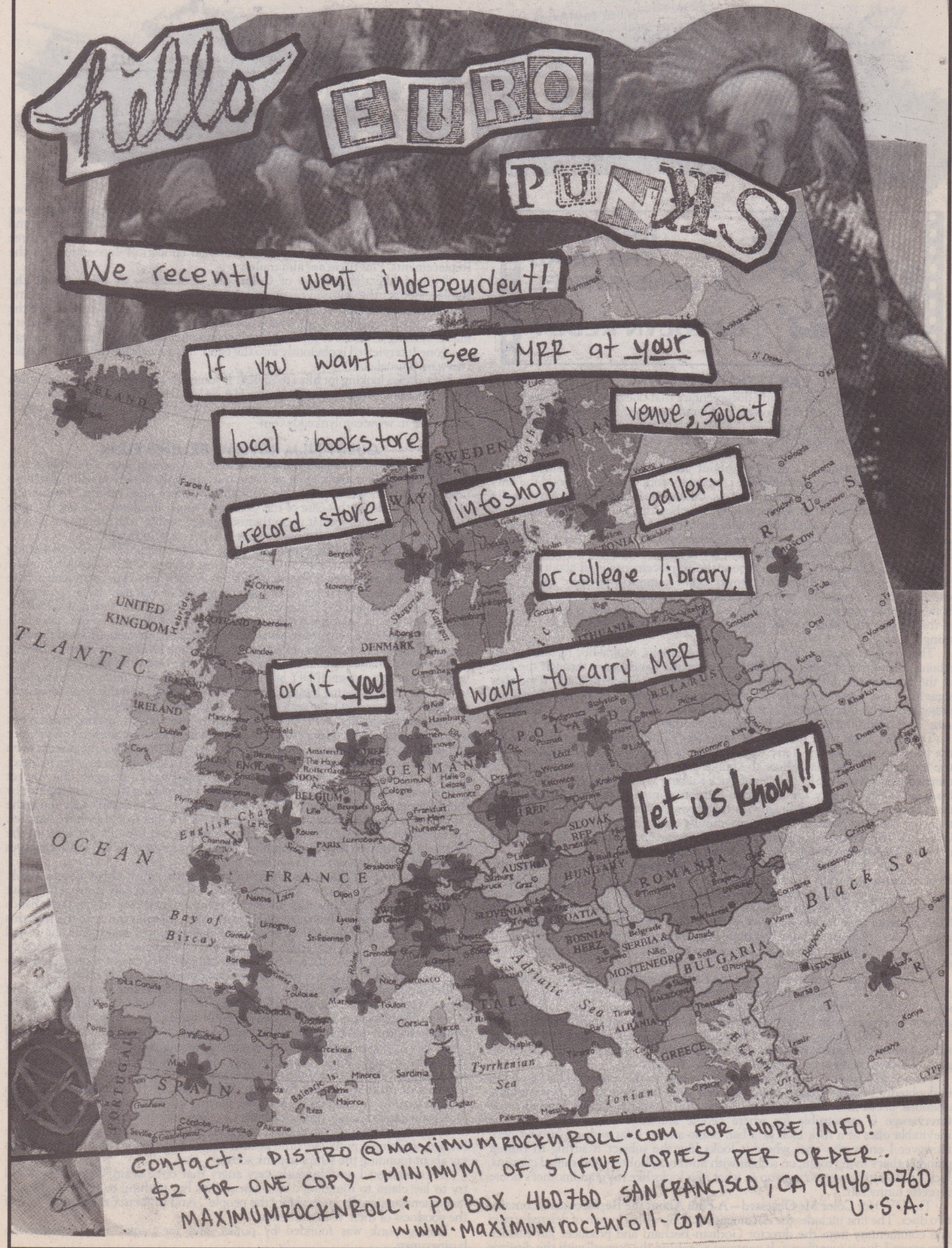
Beijing punk started in 1996 at a venue called Solutions Bar; the band that played would later be known as Underbaby, led by singer Gao Wei. Underbaby is noted for being the first DIY Beijing punk band. The person responsible for booking the show is David O'Dell, a former American student. David just released a fabulous in-depth book about the origins of Beijing punk and the history of all the bands up until the Beijing Olympics. The book is called *Inseperable – The Memoirs of an American and the story of Chinese Punk Rock*. David was not out to objectify or make money off the scene (unlike Mr. Pettis) but rather became a brother in arms, by helping book shows, playing in bands and creating forums of discussion and exchange right alongside Gao Wei and the other Beijing punks.

If you read David's book, or even do a little internet research, you can trace the lineage of Chinese punk verbatim against what Shaun Jefford and Michael Pettis say about founding the Chinese punk scene.

In conclusion I am obviously very angry that once again Westerners would try to lay claim to founding a movement that has nothing to do with them; a movement supposedly created for "the people". And to "better the people," out of the goodness of their Western hearts.

Beijing punk was founded by punks, and for punks, *not* by American businessmen.

—Danielle Gresham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# RECORDS

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We will review everything that falls within our area of coverage: punk, garage, hardcore, etc.—no major labels or labels distributed by major-affiliated distros. Please include postpaid price and contact information. Let us know where your band is from! *No reviews of test pressings or promo CDs without final artwork.*

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(MA) Matt Badenhop
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(BB) Brace Belden
(WB) Will Blomquist
(GB) Graham Booth
(JU) Justin Briggs
(MC) Mitch Cardwell
(WN) Robert Collins
(AE) Amelia Eakins
(FF) Francesca Foglia
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(LP) Langford Poh
(RO) Rotten Ron Ready
(KS) Ken Sanderson
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(KR) Kat Smith
(MS) Martin Sorrondeguy
(AU) Andrew Underwood

**AGITATED – "Gender Issues" EP**

After showing off their great raw guitar tone by firing off a few chords, AGITATED kicks into some blazing early '80s style hardcore. It's obvious that they're a current band going for an "old" sound, but they do it damn well without coming off as retro, ending up sounding akin to, say, HONOR ROLE playing songs with the melodic intricacies of the CIRCLE JERKS and the first SUICIAL TENDENCIES LP, and of course the occasional modern breakdown. All fronted by a smart and sarcastic little fucker who sounds like he's gonna give posers and socialites the wall-slamming they deserve. Though I will say that, although the music here is excellent, the full-color artwork (minus the insert) is horrible and makes this record look like cartoon skate-thrash dollar bin fodder, which is misleading and does not do the tunes justice. (DG)
(Helta Skelta)

**THE ARROGANT BASTARDS – "Back to Myself" CD**

Self-styled (I'm guessing from the name), self-produced/released street-punk à la SWINGING UTTERS. Decent enough for the genre, though the obligatory acoustic song is completely disposable. When they stick to the basics it's pretty good, and on the occasion when they slow it down, it morphs into really good, along the lines of the ENABLERS/REPLACEMENTS whisky-soaked efforts. Lyrically, tis all about heartbreak and getting on and off the wagon. Nothing to blow your mind, but it'll get the foot tapping, at the very least. (RK)
(self-released, no info)

**ASHTODUST – "The Inevitable" EP**

Thin, discordant guitars perfectly suit the tinny basement recording of hollow punk. Vocals are reverbed to oblivion and the overall impact is a deliberate homage to early third world punk by way of modern third world black metal—at least to my ears. The first side is a total success, but the "Bright Light" is an over indulgent track that takes up most of the second side without really doing anything interesting with it…not one to be easily daunted, I flip the slab over and start digging the first four songs all over again. Rare that a record can pull off a vibe as well as this one does. (WN)
(Video Disease)

**THE ASSASSINATORS – "Ma Ha Bone" CD**

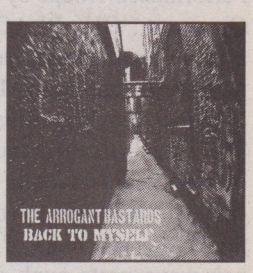
All you really need to know about this band is that they have connections to a member of MXPX, they sell spaghetti-strap shirts and the careerist spew on their website talks of taking their recordings and live shows to the next level while also listing the myriad of reunion show lineups on which they've appeared (and by the way, I had no idea BUTT TRUMPET even existed beyond 1995). The music is speedy, one-two-one-two generic hardcore punk with Guitar Center Metal Band equipment, Jello-Biafra-as-black-metal-clown-villian-in-a-bad-movie rapid-fire vocals and little variation except for the occasional talking breakdown and background "screamo crunk" yell. Not exactly "next level." (DG)
(Bludgeon)

**ASTA KASK – "Med Is I Magen" 12"**

ASTA KASK rules, as you know, and this 12" is and has always been nothing short of amazing. Thank you PRANK for rereleasing this in its original 12" format for all of us not fortunate enough to own the original. You don't know what this sounds like already? It's the perfect blend of raw hardcore and catchy punk with relentless rhythm, snarling vocals and melodic yet still punk as fuck riffs. This 12" is quick and concise, leaving the listener wanting more. Luckily, there is more—much, much more! In the original *MRR* review of this record, ASTA KASK is compared to STIFF LITTLE FINGERS' earlier stuff—I have to agree. (KR)
(Prank)

**BILLY RAYGUN – "Stale Smoke" 12"**

This is straight pop-punk that sounds like it's second generation, influenced by early JAWBREAKER



and SCREECHING WEASEL (so in the vein of the ERGS! and so on). The greater part of the record is pretty listenable but that opinion might be skewed due the listenability being related directly to the fact that the vocals on the first song are so awful, out of tune and off key that almost anything you put after it could sound good. The better songs are the poppier ones, with the less harsh vocals, that sound like a slightly dirtier version of SICKO. (PA)
(People of the Hills)

**BLACK MONDAYS – "Chase a Black Cat" EP**

Not to be confused with the Caberet Drag Performance Troupe by the same name from Cincinnati, OH, BLACK MONDAYS are a proto-punk/garage band from Italy, who took their name from Mario Bava's famously retitled movie *La Maschera del Demonio*. This sounds like it could have just fallen out of a spaceship traveling back from the 1970s (though the cover art would never make you think so), with hints of psychedelic garage, new wave, proto-punk, glam rock and power pop. The singer has a slight T-REX/ROXY MUSIC/RUSH aesthetic to his voice and, seeing as he's English, provides a familiar British twang to the whole sound. The rough guitar à la VELVET UNDERGROUND and dark, new wavy, melodic bass go well with the more rockin'n'rollin' drumming, making these four tracks more infectious with every listen. The songwriting is solid, with a danceable beat and distinct catchy sound. This EP was released on Italy's White Zoo records, from which I already knew the glam/Oi! band GIUDA. Now BLACK MONDAYS mix the best elements of the origins of punk and I will happily investigate any further records they decide to release. An unexpected, yet pleasant, surprise. (LA)
(White Zoo)

**BLOODKROW BUTCHER – "Anti War" EP**

Fist clenching, blast after blast delivered by this current Boston band. This EP is definitely a contender for my top ten of the year. Gruff shouts spew out of PJ's mouth in a way that compliments the overall furious sound of this band. D-beat is an overused and cheapened term and this band deserves much more than that tired ass-label. Killer record, so go get it now. (MS)
(Side Two)

**BONECRUSHER – "Blvd of Broken Bones" CD**

Crushing skulls and starting trouble since '91, BONECRUSHER is back with a new record. Glad they're still able to stand up and stay out of jail enough to make a good record. This was one of Mr. Roehrs faves, which any aspiring scholar could guess, with the ANTISEEN/Oi! sound, fronted with Ian Stuart-style gruff vox (No, they're not nazis. get you're panties out of a bunch). Very anthemic songs, some pleading about the plight of the working-man. I'll never get that since work fucking blows and I don't want to sing a tune about it. Very good record over all for some old geezers. (RO)
(Knockout)

**THE BRISTLES – "Bigger than Punk" LP**

This is the Swedish BRISTLES, not the Seattle one. They included a sheet with a description of the record, in which they describe why they have named the album *Bigger Than Punk* (a play on Dead Prez), some of the lyrical content and that four different labels put this out. Great production quality, great lyrics and definitely a powerful delivery. I'm not a huge fan of the cover and it took me a long time to find this record in the review bin, as it is not a very "punk looking" cover. This is definitely a later release. (KR)
(Heptown / Noise of Sweden)

**BURT / KSM40 — split EP**

What the fuck is going on with this band BURT? They fucking rule. The cover of this record is orange and yellow with a fucking cartoon giraffe making googly eyes at a bumblebee. There was no indication of the fury contained within. Based on the cover, I was resigned to find the positive in somebody's heartfelt and cutesy garage pop songs that I will never listen to or think about again. Instead, this record immediately kicks in your teeth with BURT's blown-out powerviolence assault. They have the tone and heavy presence of a sludgy PV/grind band, but employ this sound half of the time. The other half is blasts and killer guitar work that I just listened to three times in a row. The KSM40 side is firmly in the fast hardcore realm. The band is totally solid, but it took a second for my brain to recover from the BURT beatdown. KSM40's singer has a cool high-pitched and kind of snotty voice, making the band sound pretty youth crewish, with melodic and bouncy guitar. It's the sort of thing that makes people circle pit and point fingers. This is a fun record from Germany. Orange vinyl, collect it nerds. (BL)
(Puzzle / Sengaja)

**CELLOS – "Bomb Shelter" LP**

Seems like for the last couple of months I've reviewed a noise rock record that could have easily come out in the early to mid '90s. *Bomb Shelter* is yet another one. Discordant rock, with clear bass and drums. While CELLOS isn't that heavy, their songs add some gothy darkness and are also catchy. CELLOS are from Windsor, Ontario and fall someplace between JESUS LIZARD and KITTENS. I think they've put out a good record but I'm still not sure about this '90s noise rock revival. (MH)
(Dead Beat)

**CLUSTERFUX – "Abandon your Gods" LP**

A swan song of this long-standing Colorado band, CLUSTERFUX demonstrate a lot of their mid-1990's origins in this seven-song record. These tracks have ANTISCHISM-ish moody interludes and long intros that also seemingly owe a debt to SST / Cruz records styled instrumentals, which break into a more scathing whole of proficient mid-tempo grimy hardcore fueled by chugging metal riffs. Each song is covered in scalding, occasionally thrash metal style vocals spitting thoughtful political lyrics. Uneven at times resulting from quirky musical experimentation and flourishes, this great unpredictable and original aspect of '90s hardcore also is its strength. Fans of bands as diverse as CLUSTERFUX within the style and /or legacy of Southwest/Colorado hardcore as DEAD SILENCE to WORD SALAD would all glean something pretty enjoyable here. Lyrics tackle depression, Fox news and american apathy, war and punk business. Solid release! (KS)
(Less Art)

**CONCRETE SOX – "Your Turn Next" CD**

CONCRETE SOX have an interesting place in hardcore history being a name that most know, but most also dismiss as a bit of a joke band due to their later joke-y thrash stuff. Rest assured that there's a reason why their name has endured and it mostly has to do with the quality of the material on this disc. Emerging in 1984-'85, CONCRETE SOX were one of the pioneering crossover bands, joining primitive thrash riffing to heavy punk politics and embracing a DIY/

activist lifestyle. The *Your Turn Next* album revolves almost entirely around themes of animal rights and still stands up today as a seminal early crossover record, leaning heavy on the METALLICA/Bay Area thrash style musically (plus moments of plodding VENOM heaviness) with vocals straight out of the ANTI-SYSTEM/ANTISECT camp of well-enunciated political shouting. The more peace-punk moments on the record (viz the intro to "Sustain the Orgy") fall a bit flat, but the fury of tracks like "Eminent Scum" and "Torn" cannot be denied or ignored. This reissue also includes tracks from '84 and '85 demos (the '85 demo is particularly blistering) and a 1984 live set that sounds about as good as one might expect a live recording of an underground metallic punk band from 1984 to sound. It is interesting to hear the band working out kinks in the songs that would later appear on the LP. If you've heard the name and wondered what the deal was with this band, this CD is the first (and possibly last) thing you need to hear. (AU)
(Boss Tuneage)

**CONCRETE SOX – "Whoops, Sorry Vicar!" CD**

Some things should always be in print and I put this record in that category. Absolutely crucial crossover metal/punk/thrash, CONCRETE SOX bridged a gap between charged UK punk and ripping UK thrash. Vocal snarls, piercing guitars, killer moshes and a searing, but still irreverent lyrical attack. Keep this one around for the next time you need to take someone to school—crossover revival has long since taken over the mainstream, but these are the sounds you'll be turning to in another 25 years. (WN)
(Boss Tuneage)

**COP CITY CHILL PILLARS – "Hosed" LP**

This is CCCP's second album, but my introduction to 'em. This is the sort of thing that'll get you labeled "weird punk"… I dunno if it's punk at all, but the shambolic stabs at trashcan art rock would sound right at home on a Messthetics comp of bedroom cassettes from the forgotten East Chipping Norton Musicians Collective. Ideas followed to just short of their natural conclusion take precedence over "rocking" or "songcraft" which can often lead to unlistenable shit, but can be interesting and occasionally energizing. There's more energy than not on this LP. (AM)
(Florida's Dying)

**CRUTCHES – "D-beat Tsunami" EP**

This Swedish band applies elements of Japanese hardcore, the echo-ey "guy yelling down an empty hallway" vocals and slight DISORDER noisiness to basic Euro ramshackle D-beat. Sweden and Japan have liberally interpreted and re-interpreted this style back and forth for nearly thirty years. CRUTCHES draws from the longer, pounding compositions of European hardcore, whose power comes from repetition that only give limited time to stew in three tracks, and maybe less of the Japanese hardcore energy the cover scribbled in Kanji might suggest. The EP's title is a little weird given their chosen imagery and style seeing as how the 2011 Tsunami still has actual effect on people's lives within Japan—hardcore is very much a global community. In this aspect, the title seems insensitive (but the Japanese penchant for gallow's humor probably would easily overlook that). The lyrics otherwise pledge resistance, attack elitism and support for punk unity. Comes with this insane giant poster of a pen and ink drawing of a crusty behind bars. Limited to 300 copies. (KS)
(Not Enough / Phobia / Pissed Off)

**DALAPLAN – "Ta Mig Nar Jag Faller/Alcatraz"**

Hmmm, this is an interesting lil' 45. DALAPLAN play a lil' a style of punk that wouldn't be out of place on one of those "Back From The Grave" comps, if the recording wasn't so clean. Instead, DALAPLAN remind me a lot of fellow countrymen RANDY on their *Human Atom Bomb* LP. Clean, but with a more modern take on a garage sound recording wise. Honestly, I like this. (JF)
(Gaphals)

**DAMAGE – "Weapons of Mass Destruction" 12"**

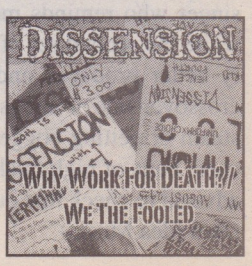
This DAMAGE is from Linköping, Sweden. They play a pretty standard, fast hardcore style with heavy guitar and rough dude vocals. The year-old recording is full and almost too clean. This LP is fine for the genre—the band is to the point and done, decent songs, tens tracks at 45 rpm with no wasted time. The lyrics are printed in a spiral format, which gave me motion sickness when I tried to read them. Digging through the library here, their *Holding On* 7" from 2009 has more immediacy and power, while their earlier LP had a rawer sound and a more distinctive, early-hardcore guitar tone. This LP is totally competent and more pro sounding, but not an improvement on their earlier work. (JM)
(Gaphals)

**DANCER – "On the Run" EP**

Wow, this is very cool. It's punk rock with a sort of 1950's guitar sound to it. I suppose by that, I mean that the guitar isn't all fuzzed up/out. It somehow reminds me of EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS and the RADIATORS FROM SPACE. It's mid-tempo and melodic and catchy. I have a real appreciation for punk rock that is rock'n'roll first and punk second. This one is right there. (KK)
(Daggerman)

**DINOS BOYS – "Play Dead/Scab"**

Volume 472786 in a seemingly endless stream of hot-shit punk singles out of Atlanta, courtesy of Die Slaughterhaus, purveyors of such goods for several years now. DINOS BOYS have some familiar faces (BEAT BEAT BEAT, FRANTIC, etc) and the general



air and quality level remain a constant. The guitar line in "Play Dead" worms its way in and out of the song, but stays with you after several listens. "Scab" is the tougher of the two tunes, but comes off even more infectious. No way to go wrong with this one. Excellent. (MC)
(Die Slaughterhaus)

**DISPARO – "Fracasados" 12"**

I am willing to bet that every punk in the world has a band like DISPARO in their hometown, a band that every one rallies around as their neighborhood punk band. This is angry street punk. There are some melodic, infectious guitar leads with melancholy-infused riffs, that are never over done yet not rudimentary. The vocals kill it on here—raspy and throaty that hold pitch (!) with good back ups and plenty of chorus parts. The lyrics are in Spanish with English translations in the liner notes and are indicative of the sound—struggling in an uninviting world, but getting up to fight for another day. This is not ground breaking, but DISPARO's style is definitely on the positive side of predictable BLITZ-worship with some melodic '90s moments. The tracks are angry loud, yet hopeful and I am wiling to bet that their shows are filled with sing-a-longs, hugs and all around good time for everyone present, because they just need to be pissed and blow off steam with pals the best way they know how. This is a good party record. Not essential, but there are some fucking straight up jams on this—"Vivir." This is worth giving a spin and, while I wasn't completely pulled in at first, I found myself listening to this over and over. (MB)
(Grita o Muere)

**DISSENSION – "Why Work for Death?/ We the Fooled" CD**

Long Beach's DISSENSION never achieved much recognition outside Southern California, but maybe this reissue of their two LPs will change that. Both records, from 1986 and 88, respectively, feature fast hardcore not unlike some of their better-known compatriots such as FINAL CONFLICT and ILL REPUTE. The first of tracks blazes by with mean drumming, raging leads and a singer who reminds me of Kevin Seconds, while the second set of LP tracks are slightly better produced and leans closer to the crossover side of things without losing much steam or getting bogged down in metal cliches. Fans of high quality hardcore are well advised to check this out or miss out. (JH)
(Bad Idea Music)

**DIVORCE – LP**

The record flails between nauseous creeping and heavy slamming, staying entirely raw and bleeding through each and every movement. When it pulls itself together it sounds like MUTATORS playing PANTERA covers, the rhythm section sounding polished, tuff, on cue and on beat, while the guitars and the vocals foam at the mouth and shred everything in sight to bits and pieces of rage and catharsis. Then it falls apart and recalls the wild destruction of early BLACK DICE or WOLF EYES. There's a real macho backbone to this that almost sounds pro, in a way that keeps me slightly suspicious, like I'm being tricked or fooled—at the same time the continual outpouring of bile and panic from the rest of it makes me almost forget that aspect. Here and there it falls into repetitions that are nearly hypnotic only to be interrupted by thrashes of destruction. It sounds like a violent fever dream or a bad trip, the not awake, not asleep, no comfort in sight kind of twitch. Definitely contemporaries of bands like JAILHOUSE FUCK or PRE. (MM)
(Nightschool)

**DON GARNELLI – "Negative Polarity" EP**

This month is another lathe cut, a clear, one-sided 7". This one also shies away from grind and is instead noise, which reminds me of CARLOS GIFFONI. Oh wait, lathe cut record sometimes need more weight on the needle, I just pushed down on the needle and instead heard noise core and grind in the same world as AGORAPHOBIC NOSEBLEED. Cool, two ways to listen to the same release. Now that I'm hearing the record the way it's supposed to be heard it is a combination of noise and grindcore. Noise Core! It sounds like four to five extremely short tracks, that are very fast with lots of noise, plus one straight-up noise track. They all blend together so this could be considered one track. (MH)
(Maybe it's Art)

**DOPESTROKE – "Wet Brain" EP**

This record kind of has me scratching my head: every time I'm about to write it off, there's suddenly a part that totally rips…then again, it's all uphill once I hear you rhyme "sobriety" with "society." Sing-a-long punk from Philly with melodic tendencies and a decent cheeseball factor, there's a good supply of rad '80s hardcore riffs in there—hell, the slow chunk from "Social Loathing" could pass as some pretty decent UK anarcho-punk—but why you'd choose do gang vocals for the entirety of almost every song is beyond me. I could see this being a fantastic beer-soaked mess live, but also kind of doubt I'd end up in the bar that they'd be playing in. Pretty weird seeing this on a label with AIDS WOLF and SHIT & SHINE, but I suppose stranger things have happened. (WB)
(Badmaster)

**DRESDEN / HELLBASTARD – split LP**

Still going strong after all these years, HELLBASTARD are known as one of the first wave of UK bands—alongside AMEBIX, AXEGRINDER, DEVIATED INSTINCT, etc—to fuse hardcore punk with heavy metal, lending the nascent genre its name via their "Ripper Crust" demo along the way. Their contribution finds the band mining the classic HELLBASTARD sound while occasionally taking it into some pretty adventurous directions that they manage to totally fucking nail. It's gritty, political and anthemic as all hell, and there's a decidedly throwback, heshin' thrash feel to a lot of what's here (which is what will separate the haters from the appreciators). The opening track "Wolf Song" is a definitely standout, a bit of dark punk in the vein of ALARIC and NEW MODEL ARMY that slowly ratchets up tension before the metallic siege, and I really dug the atmospheric choral vocals that emerge at the end of their side. Dis-consin warriors DRESDEN rip through a more modern D-beat/crust sound without a moment wasted, setting themselves apart with some standout dual vocals, downtuned Swedish death metal tone, and copious amounts of double kick to match. It's kind of a trip to hear guitar solos this soaring on a release that's otherwise so apocalyptic, but if you grew up on speed metal like I didn't, you'll probably eat it right up. Well worth checking out for fans of either band, and anyone with a fondness for aggressive, vocally-driven crust. (WB)
(Unleash Hell, no info)

**DRY FEET – "Highway to Heck" EP**

The tiny note attached to this record says "garage-y, surf punk, poppy!" While some of those apply way more than others, DRY FEET does come across as a total jumble. The surf aspects are delivered in a hard rock borderline-metallic way, the tweener garage varietal (plenty o' power) is here in spades, but the pop is remarkably ineffective. Goofy, potentially stoned punk, but not habit-forming. (MC)
(Secret Cookies)

**EXTENDED SUICIDE – "Breakdance Anthems" EP**

This is noisy and burly hardcore with rough, desperate vocals and a muddy recording—mostly fast and one-two-one-two, but with breakdowns and gang vocals at times. The feeling and musical aesthetic is there, and it's almost good, but there's something that's too bland and monotonous about it to keep it from falling flat. The riffs are fast and complex, but lack hooks, the drumming lacks power and dynamics and I wish it were faster in places. If this record had nailed even one of these things, it'd be worth multiple listens, but unfortunately it falls just short of the mark. (DG)
(Spaghetti Cassetti)

**THE FADEAWAYS – "Raw, Wild & Wretched" LP**

A Japanese band straight out of the TEENGENERATE school of punk rock. In fact Fifi and Fink are referred to as their mentors so there is no need to question my assessment. This is '90s-style garage punk. Distorted and messy, but in a somewhat calm way. The recording is much cleaner than most TEENGENERATE songs, but still catchy and wild. Fun stuff. (CK)
(Dead Beat)

**FEJLFIX – "Ensom Blandt Mennesker" EP**

This Danish band put out an absolutely scorching EP a couple years ago that I think flew under a lot of people's radar because it didn't have any hype around it, and was also one of those $10 import EPs. So, if you missed out on that record, don't sleep on this new one, because it absolutely fucking kills. FEJLFIX channel the speedier bands on *This Is Boston Not L.A.* and mix that sound with the abrupt catchiness of old European bands like ASTA KASK and SVART FRAMTID. There's distorted bass and vocals and tempo changes all over the place to make sure things never sound stale. All killer, no filler; the way it should be. (KM)
(Mosquee, no info / Pop & Sandals / Spaghetti Cassetti)

**FORGETTERS – LP**

Being a "famous" person within the punk scene is certainly a double-edged sword. Blake's previous band (THORNES OF LIFE) was able to pack Gilman without even having a single song available to hear. A poorly recorded youtube video of a New York house show was the only glimpse any of us could gather to shed light on what this new band might sound like. Message boards were lit up with rumors as to what this new band might sound like. "Are they more like JETS TO BRAZIL or JAWBREAKER?" was everyone's big question. All of us in bands want people to be interested in our music and Blake is able to set the pop punk world on fire by simply saying he's starting a new band. But the flip side of all this, he's also a prisoner of his old music. He can never play in a band that wouldn't immediately be compared to his previous projects. There will always be expectations, and there will always be a flurry of shit-talk if his new projects don't meet these lofty expectations. I myself couldn't help, but have expectations. With some people and bands, you just can't help yourself. So in reviewing this album, I tried to divorce myself of my preconceptions. What I found was an alternative rock album that felt flat and emotionless. It's not boring, but it doesn't feel inspired. But seriously, I don't know if I can fully divorce myself from my expectations. Song by song, I find myself feeling disappointed that the lyrics are not as imaginative as I'd expect. I find myself feeling disappointed that there are no guitar riffs that lock themselves into my brain. As their record ends I wish there was that song I felt compelled to listen to again—but there isn't, it doesn't exist. (FS)
(Too Small To Fail, no info)

**FORWARD – "War Nuke and Death Sentence" 12"**

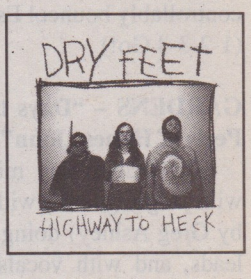
After a few years of silence from one of Japanese punk's biggest exports, Ishiya and the gang deliver a brand new 12"—and it does not disappoint! If you've caught them live or picked up any of the numerous EPs and LPs, you should know exactly what to expect: thunderous anthems that defy easy notions of punk in a way that is uniquely Japanese. Heavy, precise, occasionally melodic and always menacing, this record just gets better and better as the riffs and aggression soar to new heights with each song. FORWARD has really outdone it here and it's glorious. So by all means, pick this up immediately now that Prank has made it available to the western masses. To paraphrase Ishya, "DEATH SIDE was then; *this* is FORWARD!" (JH)
(Prank)

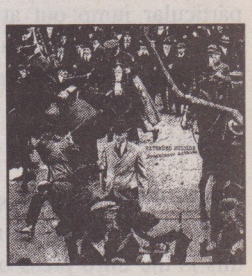
**FROZEN OCEAN – "First Fucking Vinyl" EP**

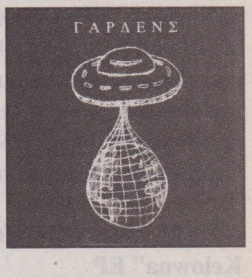
This Australian two-piece sounds like if ROCK N ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS tried to do a "wacky" hardcore band and pressed it on a shitty ass 7". That's that shit I don't like! Where are the riffs? Why is the singer straight crying over fake-ass breakdowns? What type of music is this? Yo, if SHANNON AND THE CLAMS covered some IRON LUNG tracks on garageband as a joke, that would be this 7". If that sounds cool to you, cop this record right now, I guess? (TM)
(Coffin Cut)

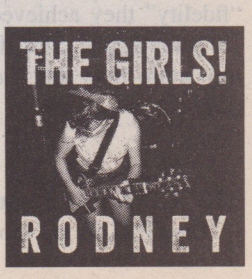
**F.U.2 – "Punk Rock" LP**

Incasin' youze don't already know, F.U.2 were a few dudes from DOWNLINER'S SECT who thought it wise to cash-in on the late '70s punk boom by forming a joke group for a contracted record. Naturally, this would fall under the Fake Punk umbrella, a much-loved micro-genre (at least among nerdy assholes like me) specifically because of these kinds of weird associations and the general piss-take nature of nearly every associated endeavor. More importantly, it's also loved because of records like this. I first encountered







this LP via a bootleg reissue in the '90s, when it reappeared alongside such other Euro heavies as RAXOLA, IVY GREEN, HUBBLE BUBBLE and the KIDS, which ought to clue you into quality level and overall vibe, which is punker than shit. If you haven't ever heard this record, you're in for a real treat. If you've longed for your own copy, well, here ya fuckin' go. Jesus Christ, the bass line in "F.U.2" still makes me uncontrollably bounce! Essential. (MC)
(1-2-3-4 Go!)

**GARDENS – "Days to Name/The Onion Peels of Honest John"**

GARDENS play mid-paced garage pop with jangly guitars, with a keyboard (played by Greg Ashley) doing some basic melodic leads, and with vocals crooned through a slow drawl. While neither of the songs in particular jump out at me, both are well-structured and well put together and leave you with a solid mid-paced moody garage pop record. (P$)
(Urinal Cake)

**GBH – "Punk Junkies" 2xLP**

This was originally released in 1997 and this is the third press of this subpar album. This rendition of *Punk Junkies* is a double LP, limited edition to 200 copies on clear orange vinyl. What a waste—there are nu-metal riffs on here as well as gang vocals that contribute to an all around sinking feeling in my studded, acne covered heart. You'll get no love from this city baby. (AE)
(Antisociety / Punkerama)

**GENTLEMEN OF HORROR – "Live In Kelowna" EP**

Hahaha what a bunch of stupid fucks! If you haven't heard of GENTLEMEN OF HORROR, they are pretty much the most fucked in the head '70s punk rockers from Canada of all time. This is a live eight-song 7" if that gives you any indication of their "craft". Eight songs in about eight minutes is pretty remarkable for 1982, especially since about two minutes of it is in between song banter. Mega piss-take, shitty sound quality, stupid '70s punk rock, real classy stuff. Any "fidelity" they achieved on their infectious EP is long gone. Sick if it's like three bucks, any more than that I'd feel like a sucker. (GB)
(Punk)

**THE GIRLS! – "Rodney/Say Yes"**

The GIRLS! are most easily comparable to a de-fuzzed BEST COAST mixed with a little bit of the CARRIE NATIONS, but not the actual pop punk band the CARRIE NATIONS, the CARRIE NATIONS from the movie *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Two overlong draggers of sixties pop inflected bubble-gummy power pop. The lyrics are really, really saccharine and lack any discernable depth or cleverness. The title track is essentially a "punk" rewrite of TAYLOR SWIFT's "You Belong With Me." These songs are so blah that I'm glad that the one sheet let me know that they're both "FCC friendly." Thanks GIRLS!, but no thanks. (LP)
(self-released)

**GOD'S WILL – "This is God's Will" EP**

It may come as no surprise that, for all the bands aping the early '80s hardcore sound over the last ten or so years, few actually sound as raw and honest as the real deal. This is one of those short and nasty little records that you know, from the moment you put it on, coulda only come out of the '80s. GOD'S WILL was a later incarnation of another Norfolk, Virginia band, FRONT LINE, whose demos were released on vinyl last year by the Beach Impediment label. They songs range from great to mediocre and putting your finger on particular musical reference points ain't easy because it carries elements of many popular bands of the era. But goddamn, this is a fun time capsule showcasing the hallmarks of an era that will continue to inspire many generations to come. Check it out. (JH)
(Signaler Frå Ovan)

**GREEN BERET – "Violence is Their Currency" 12"**

Ah, another Boston band that is here to destroy our minds as well as our eardrums. These folks have been around and have played in previous projects, so they know what they are doing. The sound has a very VARUKERS *Another Religion Another War* thing going on. Powerful instrumentation on this disc that has been stripped down but manages to maintain a unique quality to it all. Excellent release. (MS)
(Side Two)

**GRISWALD / RABID RABBIT — split EP**

I don't know how seriously RABID RABBIT takes itself, but they crack me the fuck up. They play jangly and weird pop punk with songs about how animals rule and pawn shops suck. The riffs are noodly with boppy drums with yelled vocals including death growls in the background. It's goofy, but my head was nodding and this is not the kind of music I regularly listen to. GRISWALD is bit off-kilter as well, but with a more straightforward sounding hardcore punk approach. The songs have mostly fast-strummed riffs with punk beats, but occasionally slow down into noodly melodic parts. The bass player is hella good and his shit is way high in the mix. Nobody is going to accuse either band of being formulaic, but neither is so wacky that they lose the ability to put together songs that are fun to listen to. (BL)
(Dilapidated)

**GROANING GROOVE – LP**

I hadn't heard anything from this band since their split with TANTRUM some years ago, which didn't really blow me away, so I was curious to see how a whole LP of their material would hold up. Turns out this is pretty meh. At their best there's a TOTAL FURY/CRUDOS vibe that I can totally get into, but a lot of the hardcore songs are just too generic to be memorable and the rock'n'roll stuff (à la A-side closer "New Dawn") is pretty fucking dire. The vocalist has a perfectly serviceable hardcore voice, but he sings clean way, way too much for my taste. It's not actively terrible, but if you're going to seek out a new Japanese hardcore record, this definitely is not the place to start. (AU)
(Karasu Killer / Too Circle)

**HAZARD WINGS – "Interstellar Torment" CD**

Possibly the worst release I've reviewed for *MRR*. This Finnish group proclaims to be "alternative garage lo-fi psychedelic space rock" and I guess that's what you could call it. The recording is lo-fi but in a "just sounds crappy" way. The cheap, simple electronics I guess are the "space rock" part. And if you listen close I guess those are garage rock riffs in the background. There is an almost hilarious gothy sound in the vocals. The guy sounds like he's trying to be scary. The best track includes some industrial sounds, which are really the clanking of some tools from the garage; hammer, saw, axe, screwdriver, etc. The last track is "trippy" but sounds like it's trying really hard to be trippy. This is awful. (MH)
(Krypta)

**THE HORNY WACKERS AND THE EPILEPTIC REACTION – "They Are Savage!" LP**

One of them new-fangled rock'n'roll revivalist garage punk bands. Guess I sound like a dick, but I think they spend more time on their makeup than on their trash rock songs. Anyway, they're French, typically over the top psychobilly rebel kinda shit. It's cool for lo-fi or whatever, a little theatrical for my tastes, the rawness seems staged. This copy is on green wax, limited to 100 copies. If you have to tell people you're "Savage" in the title… (GB)
(Dead Beat)

**IMPACT – LP**

This IMPACT is the old Welsh UK82 band not to be confused with the Italian hardcore band. This reissue of an old EP, comp tracks, as well as other unreleased goodies dated from '82-'84 has been pulled from the vaults of obscurity for all you fucking huffers. This has the bouncy, plodding drum style that is very typical of this era of bands from that specific scene. After you get through all the early material, the band has included four new tracks that were recently recorded, which suggest they have reformed. The new stuff is not bad; the songwriting got a bit more sophisticated and clearly has a modern production on it that gives it that current vibe. If you are one who needs more *Punk and Disorderly* in your life because you have worn your three volumes of it to dust, this will most definitely please. (MS)
(Antisociety)

**THE INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND – "Bitch/She's a 50"**

I'm starting to think the INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND is some kind of hoax. In theory, these guys were a band in like 1977. I'm not sure if nobody every knew about them, or maybe they didn't put out any records back then, or maybe they did put out some records, but they were extremely limited pressings. At any rate, now they seem to put out a record per week. Whatever. I don't care if it's a hoax or isn't a hoax—the music is just awesome. When I listen to most of the stuff that gets billed as an undiscovered "gem," it is no secret to me why it was undiscovered. There was no reason to discover it. Not true with these guys. Both tracks on this one are worthwhile. (KK)
(Last Laugh / Black and Blue)

**INSTINTO – LP**

Tight, slightly metallic, anarchocrust from Barcelona. Grated, pissed-off vocals, steady tupa-tupa D-beat drumming, heavy, thick bass and brazen guitars make up some archetypal-sounding crust, infused with melodic chord-picking, stock rhythm sections and some shout-along gang vocals. Not as aggressive or innovative as anarchocrust could be, but to the point nonetheless. Each track effortlessly progresses into the next and this ten-song LP goes by faster than you can sing "inhalando la muerte." All the staples of modern-day, crust are here and this is ambitious without being epic. "Now we feel panic, the consequences of our madness" pinpoint in the direction of their lyrics, which are in Spanish but the record comes with a translation sheet, which I find handy. For fans of DISFEAR, TRAGEDY, WOLFBRIGADE, etc., featuring members of TOTÄLICKERS, DISUNDEAD and INFÄME. (LA)
(Angry Voice / Grita o Muere / Hysterical / Mass Productions / Svoboda)

**THE INSURGENCE – "Elimi-Nation" CD**

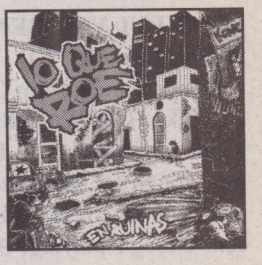
I am not familiar with these guys but they've been around and had some pretty decent tours with the likes of DROPKICK MURPHYS, as well as some Warped appearances. This is pretty heavy. The double kick drum has its shades of metal. The ZEKE shirt in a photo makes sense. There is also a bit of the speedy MÖTÖRHEAD thing. Too metal to be hardcore, probably a better fit with the greaser types of ZEKE, REVEREND HORTON HEAT and NASHVILLE PUSSY. (RL)
(Innerstrength)

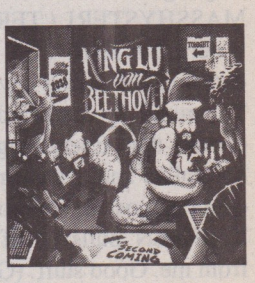
**KICKER – "Not You" 2xLP**

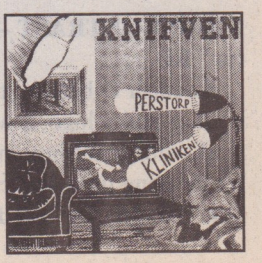
Featuring a bunch of dudes from super famous (well, punk "famous" anyway) bands that don't sound anything like this and are also super-old (like I'm one to talk), KICKER play punk with a capital P. Their sound is very firmly rooted in England of the early '80s, but with enough experimentation to sound very relevant in 2013. You can hear plenty of SUBHUMANS and CONFLICT in the mix, but with an unhinged theatrical element and a mid-'80s USHC edge that keeps them quite far from sounding like a nostalgia act. Seriously, if this had come out 30 years ago it might very well have ended up one of the starter punk LPs alongside *The Day the Country Died*, goofy skits and sound effects very much included. I will 100% vouch that "Innit" is one of the best punk songs written in the 2000s. Fucking great, even though I'm now inexplicably hungry for a pint of lager and some chips... (AU)
(Tankcrimes)

**THE KILL / WHITE EYES – split 5"**

This is a very pretty release. A two-song 5" (technically 4.75") with nice split artwork. WHITE EYES' side is pink/purple with some sort of multi-eyed head and the KILL side is a blurred face spinning. With just one track each on a 5", the tracks better be good and these two are. WHITE EYES is a wonderful ugly mess, which begins with grindcore but then disintegrates into a dark, confusing, sound. It sounds like a dude fooling around on keyboards at the end. The grindcore part of the track reminds me a little of DISCORDANCE AXIS. The KILL is straightforward brutal grindcore. It's a modern produced grindcore but is







not techie grindcore. This track is incredible. This release is incredible. (MH)
(To Live a Lie)

**KING LUI VAN BEETHOVEN – "Brick Tamland/998/Whatever This Is"**

If I mention the Fest down in the Gainesville, do you immediately cringe or have no idea what I am talking about? Because if that is your reaction, then this band is definitely not for you. KING LUI VAN BEETHOVEN is a band that would appeal to fans of NOTHINGTON, LEATHERFACE, HOT WATER MUSIC, etc. You know, for better or worse, what a lot of people call Beardocore (Non-Robert Collins division). As far as how it stacks up as a record of that genre, I would say this is better than a lot, but not necessarily great. (JF)
(self-released)

**KING LUI VAN BEETHOVEN – "The Second Coming" CD**

Melodic punk from Germany that sounds a lot like HOT WATER MUSIC with a few touches of RANCID. The vocals can be a little rough for melodic stuff. This is pretty solid and catchy. Good production and decent enough playing. An OK release with some room for improvement. (RL)
(self-released)

**KNIFVEN – "Perstorp/Kliniken"**

On the A-side, KNIFVEN employs jerky, yet even-handed tempos and a repetitive, staccato guitar rhythm to pull off a catchy song. It falls somewhere in the grey area between pop-punk, pop and indie-rock without ever placing its foot firmly into one camp. Side b is more straightforward and has a single guitar lead that definitely treads into MASSHYSTERI / TERRIBLE FEELINGS waters, but KNIFVEN has enough of their own sound to avoid any direct comparisons. The trumpet solo towards the end of the song ensures that. Everything about this record is controlled and even-tempered in a way that could almost be construed as boring, but KNIFVEN pulls it off with nary a yawn from me. Good stuff. (GH)
(Gaphals)

**KRIGSKONTRAST – "Prostituerad Natur" EP**

Swedish D-beat by the numbers. We got it all. A spiky logo, a war scene for the artwork with a mushroom cloud, a spiky font for the song titles so I can't read them, multiple vocalists, the Swedish crusty sound and a drummer who plays like he can't keep up with the rest of the band. This isn't bad at all; it's just that this has been done a billion times. Their sound is a slightly updated version of MODERATE LIKVIDATION. If you want more records with the classic D-beat sound, try this one. (MH)
(Halvfabrikat / Not Enough)

**KSM40 – "The Taste of Rust" 10"**

Kinda metallic. Kinda crusty, Hardcore from germany. Generic as hell. This blows. (RO)
(Sengaja)

**KSM40 – "The Taste of Rust" 10"**

Cookie-monster-vocals hardcore with some higher pitched yelling MacKaye style then to scream-y vox, but then some crusty throaty shit. The music goes from blasty fastcore mixed into chuggy parts, to mid-tempo hardcore parts, melodic eurocrust sounding leads and suddenly punk… Most of this is fast as fuck, the bass sound is booming and great, the vocals are all over the place and the music is played fucking tight, but I don't think I would spin it again. Yet, I would be interested in hearing what comes next because they are pissed, they seem to have a message and, above all, a sense of humor. (MB)
(Sengaja)

**KUZLE – "Archived" LP**

This label has been releasing a series of nice Ex-Yugoslavia reissues with great gatefold packaging. KUZLE are from the first wave of Yugoslavian punk and exhibit a great catchy, melodic, upbeat punk style, similar to other bands from Eastern Europe in the '80s. The first half of this is a decent quality live set from 1981, but the real treasure here are the studio tracks on the flipside—three tracks from the legendary *Lepo Je…* compilation from 1982, four tracks from "Radio Student" in 1981, and then demos from '80 and '82. Comes with a CD with addition tracks. Rad! (MA)
(NE!)

**LAMPS – "Under the Water Under the Ground" LP**

I would love to know how this band came up with their band name. Hopefully there is some thoughtful, emotionally charged reasoning behind the naming process. But I can only imagine the band scanning their living room, desperately searching for ideas. Hopefully it wasn't a real-life simile to the movie *Anchorman*. "Do you really love the lamp, or are you just saying it because you saw it?" But, while you can debate the creativity of their name, their music is another story. If early FLAMING LIPS had gone through a garage phase, it might have sounded something like this. It has all the fucked noise and drone of a SONIC YOUTH record, while employing extremely poppy elements in the madness, as FLAMING LIPS executed perfectly. If this record was released in 1989, it would have been on Sub-Pop and MUDHONEY would be opening for these guys. Long live the grunge revival! (FS)
(In The Red)

**LIBYAN HIT SQUAD / ROUND EYE – split CD**

The cover of this thing says that Greg Ginn appears on a LIBYAN HIT SQUAD track, which is cool to hear that guy is still making music—I just wish he was still making music with bands that sound like early BLACK FLAG. This is a proggy post-ish punk band that has a few catchy riffs in their more straightforward songs, but the more obtuse stuff loses me. It sounds jammy and emo-influenced. ROUND EYE sounds like a surf rock band with horns and a punk aesthetic. They start out a little chaotic and noisy, which I thought was going to be some low-key COLORED RICE MEN worship, but they settle into a more conventional rock sound with a little swing (am I hearing doo-wop in here?). Both bands are weird and catchy—listening to this is not a waste of time. (BL)
(Ripping)

**LO QUE ROE – "En Ruinas" CD**

Man, this CD has me torn… On one hand it's got some really amazing vocals and super cool street punky moments, then there is the obnoxious "rawkin" guitars complete with metallic chuggy palm mutes—the mix has me bumming hard. It's part what I hate about arena rock and part what I love about Latino street punk—in delivery and song structure alike. Damn it. If this were a bit less wanky, letting their talents shine through with their anger instead of guitar solos and rawk drumming, this could be good. With song titles like "Cerveza y Rock n roll" and "Ciudad sin Voz," you sorta know the two predominant styles repped here. Wait, did I just hear some psychobilly type stuff shit here? Oh man… If you like punk'n'roll or punk on the more rock side with a good message, this might be your jam. (MB)
(self-released)

**MELUSAASTE – "Manifesti Kuolevaisille" EP**

To say I'm just a little obsessed is an understatement! MELUSAASTE is a raw and uncompromising all female '82 style band out of Finland. Take raw Swedish punk like CRUDE SS injected with some chaotic Finnish KAAOS and you get this ripping 7". These badass ladies refuse to conform to boy's club bullshit as they rampage to drink, fight and offend. P.S. MELUSAASTE means "noise pollution" in Finnish. Up the punx! (AE)
(Hätäapu)

**THE MENTALLY ILL – "Strike the Bottom Red" LP**

Deerfield's finest is back after 80 years with a new record. Still idiots after all these years. They recorded with Steve Albini and are a real big deal now I guess. I really don't know what to say. It is the same KBD band MENTALLY ILL. The recording makes them sound like a suburban rock club band, but with the same unnerving vocalist shining through it all. They were actually a great band to see live a couple years ago; I do not think they benefit from the fidelity here. Cool shelf filler I guess. 100 copies on red vinyl. (GB)
(Last Laugh)

**LA MISERIA DE TU ROSTRO — "Jauria" 12"**

Oh fuck yeah this band is killing it. The whole record is fast and aggro crust with lots of tough black metal riffing. I hesitate to use the term "blackened crust" because it brings to mind all the pretty-sounding bands with feathered hair and keyboards in the genre that are totally unlike this collection of ripshit D-beat skullcrushers. The band is from Santiago, Chile and I want to know more about what is going on down there after hearing this. The songs are almost always in the faster D-beat-ish vein with tremelo-picked riffs that are sometimes a bit melodic yet ugly. Hella screamy vocals with at least two voices trading off and a huge bass tone really make the band sound oppressive. The only thing that I don't like is when they slow down a little, the guitars can get more rock'n'roll sounding while the rest of the record is strongly metal-influenced. Minor gripe aside, this record rules. The second jam on the disc, "Bestario," is fucking furious and sold me on this band immediately. (BL)
(Depraved & Devilish / Inhumano)

**MODRA – "The Line for the Men's Room" LP**

With no context whatsoever, I am more intrigued than anything else after my first listen. MODRA are equal parts PINK FLOYD, misty Eastern European mornings and drug fueled VELVET UNDERGROUND benders, but still manage to pull the whole thing off without sounding contrived. Subtle, meandering and casually calculated, MODRA have me completely transfixed without delivering one single song—no riffs, nothing to hold onto…just a feeling, and that in itself is a mighty accomplishment. Psychedelic smoke filled evenings captured on wax. (WN)
(Savage Quality)

**MOMS ON METH – "The Violent Bear it Away" EP**

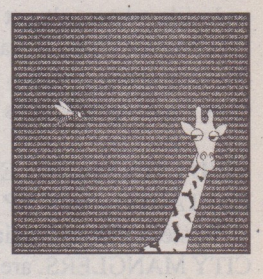
Chuggy straightedge hardcore from France with attempts at brutality. While I like to support female-fronted bands and the vocals are the best thing on here, there is a blown out, fuzzed effect on said vocals that take away from hearing what this really sounds like. I would like to see this band in action to make a full assessment, 'cause I bet they are a different experience live. The songs on here borrow from every hardcore genre, namely powerviolence and straight USHC influence, but the execution of sounds don't match up well. Blastbeats and breakdowns aren't the only things that make a hardcore band—sounds really fragmented. I don't think you gotta be a bro to play HC, nor do you have to be a fighter, but you gotta be pissed—this is hardcore lite... For me, this misses the mark. Sorry. That said, I do want to hear more because regardless of my review of this particular record, I wanna hear if the next one is better. (MB)
(Offside / Middle Class Zombie Attack / Up 2 Eleven / Black Trash)

**MONOZID – "A Splinter for the Pure" LP**

The record cover is stunning. From the looks of it, I thought it could be some Ebullition style post punk. Instead it's sassy JOY DIVISION-style post punk. If there was a little more substance and a little less sass I might be into it, but this just isn't my cup of tea. I could see this appealing to fans of JOY DIVISION who don't celebrate the punk end of the post punk spectrum. (P$)
(Awake in the Grey Light)

**MORNE – "Asylum" 2xLP**

Dude this is the epic-ist epic-tastic epic crust record I've had to listen to in a while. I'm just going to say that I don't like it much, but I'm not really into this sub-sect of the modern crust milieu. It's a double LP with seven songs and way too many keyboard parts. It's atmospheric, pretty and a lot of other things that get boring fast when people in heavy bands write sad music. If you are a fan of this type of thing, this is probably like your favorite record to rub your privates on in the dark when you are contemplating the futility of existence and how you never got along with your dad. The riffs flow together to weave a lush tapestry of sound that builds and ebbs and some other stuff. I'm not in an epic enough mood to be all verbose after listening to two records where the band plays the same riff for ten minutes only to segue into another riff for seven minutes, then some spacey guitar plucking for three minutes and then another ten minute sesh with one riff. I can't do this. (BL)
(Armageddon / Alerta Antifascista)



**MR. CALIFORNIA AND THE STATE POLICE – "Pornotopia" EP**

I really like MR. CALIFORNIA AND THE STATE POLICE's stripped down, goofy, punky, attitude-filled, one-man-band style. It's raw, amateurish and fun. That said I would never listen to this record again. I also don't watch porn. As the title implies this is the record equivalent of a porn movie. Lots of talk about jerking off, wet pussies and girls who can't get enough. Personally I'd rather be doing it than listening to someone sing about it. (CK)
(Ken Rock / My Mind's Eye)

**MUD CITY MANGLERS / PLASTERED BASTARDS – split EP**

Western Pennsylvania's finest, the MUD CITY MANGLERS, are still kicking out the jams playing raw ass rock'n'roll. I didn't realize they're still around and am happy as a choirboy getting fucked by a priest. Comparisons would be to the HOOKERS and CANDY SNATCHERS. Kicks ass but, as one song sings of, I know from experience don't start shooting coke. It sucks. You have to keep doing it and you get really weirded out. Try speed instead. This is my first listening of the PLASTERED BASTARDS. Along the same lines, but more hardcore, with a galloping metal beat. Also kicks booty. Look forward to more from these cats. (RO)
(Sock It!)

**NAKED INTRUDER – "Effect Defect" EP**

Degenerate punk played by men who are too old to sing odes to Steel Reserve, too smart to write lyrics like "Eating peaches under your covers", but too fucking zoo'd out to do anything else. Truly hopeless, slithering punk, comparable to FANG, but modernized via GARY WRONG and his Alabama bar buds. Depressing/inspiring. I enjoy the shit out of this, but I also hate myself and wish I was dead. (MC)
(Jeth Row)

**NAPALM HEARTS – "Freedom Is" EP**

Catchy, fast almost Oi!-sounding Aussie punk. I'd recommend this to my friend and old radio mate Adam "Howlin' Hot Dog" who relocated Down Under this year. At times I'd compare them to the EXPOITED and other times they are more rock'n'roll. Energetic the whole way through to get a roo's blood flowing. The DEAD BOYS cover is unnecessary. The chorus to "Expletive Deleted" is my fave. "Killing, shooting, stabbing and murdering." Fuck Yeah! Good work mates. (RO)
(Helta Skelta)

**NATIVE CATS / UV RACE – split EP**

UV RACE are one of those bands from which I buy everything they produce, some of which get instantly filed to never play again, some don't... Their side of this split has the slurring, snide, rowdy quality that separates the wheat from the chaff of the freakier SWELL MAPS progeny. These songs blur into one another, switch tempos, feel like too much cough syrup, an awkward conversation, there's saxophone and keys too, but I played it over and over and I'm gonna send off for a copy. NATIVE CATS are also from Australia, and also mine an English post-punk sensibility—sort of somewhere between a minimal, early industrial feel with the bass lines stolen from YOUNG MARBLE GIANTS. Somehow made me think about the uncomfortable feeling on some HALF JAPANESE songs merged with CHROME... definitely atmospheric and interesting music. (LG)
(Ride the Snake)

**NAZI GOLD – "A Message Of Love" LP**

This awkwardly-named Austin trio consists of a few veterans of the rock scene. The eight songs on this LP run the gamut of post-punk rock styles, betraying a breadth of influence, but ultimately the overall sound is rooted in solid '90s indie rock. Engineer Rob Halverson does his best to prevent the record from sounding completely Albini-esque, but with the minimal production and clipped sounds it feels like that's almost what they were going for. The saving grace of the record is that the grooves actually rock and the songs are carefully crafted, yet not overdone. Imagine if JAWBOX just got to the point. (AM)
(Super Secret)

**THE NEW SEASON – "Make it Easy on Yourself" 12"**

The vocals on this record are likely to be a divisive force upon listeners. The singer affects the sort of dejected, fashionably nihilistic '90s indie rock drawl of singers like Stephen Malkmus. Not that he sounds explicitly like Malkmus, but the spirit is intact. This was recorded nearly a decade ago in 2003, which could be telling. Otherwise, the NEW SEASON plays smooth garage rock (the first track's chorus goes "whenever I'm feeling low down, I remember rock'n'roll") with fairly downtrodden chords and lyrical sentiments. The figurative envelope is tightly sealed here, but the record enjoys a stylistic continuity. (SL)
(Vacant Valley)

**THE NIGHT STALKERS – "Sexual Deviations" EP**

Man, besides having some sexist cover art that is the type of look that belongs on some noise CD-R, I was pleasantly surprised to hear the jams on this record. France's NIGHTSTALKERS drop six tracks of mid-tempo hardcore that is very trashy and scummy sounding. Clean KBD style guitar riffs/tone and ill drumming, with a total dirtbag of a vocalist who puts these jams over the top. Song titles like "Do You Have Some Speed?" should give you an idea of this band's look. Very stupid and very punk. Good job. (TM)
(Offside)

**THE NINNIES – "Why Not?" CD**

The NINNIES released one two-song 7" record in 1980. Both songs are included on this compilation, along with five others from the same 1979 recording session, two basement demos from the following year, three live songs from 1980 and a radio interview from 2008. Impressively none of the songs are repeated. The music is amateurish, poppy rock'n'roll with a bit of a DEVO-ish sound. The songs are catchy and slightly twisted. The band looks like a bunch of crazy punks even though two have mustaches and one has a beard. The recordings sound great with the exception of the last two live tracks, which are very lo-fi. However, they were recorded at the Hideout, a bowling alley bar in the band's hometown of Mundelein, IL which seems like it was their home away from home. So personally I am glad they were included here. Another great "forgotten" band. (CK)
(Rerun)

**NUCULAR AMINALS – "Start from an End" LP**

The prevalence of electric organ on this record (it provides the continuity usually issued by a guitar,) lends the album an air of nearly cabaret wispiness. If it weren't for the often mournful, sad vocals, NUCULAR AMINALS would be more akin to something decidedly indie-pop, but here they defy rigid categorization. Especially with occasional musical outings into abrasive distortion, *Start from an End* is a consummate

album that listeners won't be able to easily pigeonhole and discard. Overall, tempos are rather slow and instrumentation airs on the side of sparseness, but it remains captivating through the tasteful minimalism and attention to *feel* that each performer possesses, even on certain tracks with hardly a vocal uttered. NUCULAR AMINALS note in their letters that they are on K records but self-released this album. (SL)
(self-released)

**OCCULT DETECTIVE CLUB – "Alright Gentlemen" EP**

Something on the pic sleeve of this record had me thinking this was originally recorded in 1979. The vocals have a throaty, STIV BATORS' quality to them and I wondered where this has been for over thirty years. After a minute, I realized that 1979 was just part of somebody's email address. Maybe this wasn't recorded in 1979, but it sounds like it could have been, except that the recording itself is pretty sharp. This is straightforward, catchy punk rock and will have you bouncing your head like you've got a touch of the Parkinson's. (KK)
(Dirt Cult)

**PAINT FUMES – "Uck Life" LP**

PAINT FUMES have that Slovenly records garage snot dialed in to such perfection that it's hard to imagine them on any other record label. The attitude is similar to the recent SUBSONICS LP on the same label, but the difference between those two bands really illustrates what PAIN FUMES' shortcomings are. Working within the constructs of garage rock, a simple adoption of what is, really, an easily calculated formula, can't make a record exceptional. SUBSONICS deliver hooks, create song structures that ascend and give each track a narrative arc that is a cornerstone of good song-writing. PAINT FUMES have hardly any hooks but never reach a fierceness that negates the need for them. The songs plod along and end with a thud. When instrumental passages emerge, they seem pat and unconvincing, while the vocals don't fair any better. Aggravating a personal peeve of mine, the lettering on the back cover art is pixilated. It's 2012. The internet is considered a human right in some countries. Don't spend thousands of dollars manufacturing a record with pixilated artwork. What does this have to do with PAINT FUMES' songs? More than you might think in the cosmic scheme of rock music. And cut your hair. I like to think that garage bands without a really substantial offering on wax can slay live, so I intend to pay money to see PAINT FUMES when they come to town. (SL)
(Slovenly)

**PATHETICISM – CD**

An odd mixture of sludge (the music) and screamo (the vocals). It's like BUZZOV-EN meets POISON THE WELL, or some other band of that ilk…which is unfortunate because I really dug a lot of the riffs on here. The third song, "'77 Told the Truth" would be a certified rager, but the vocals just ruin it for me. The last song is a CHERUBS cover, which is unbelievably rad. Advice for these dudes, next time tell your singer to try and sound like Kevin Whitley, then I will be way into your band. (KM)
(Tsuguri)

**PELIGRO SOCIAL – "No Religión" LP**

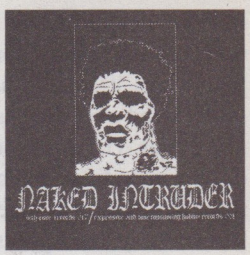
When I first heard this LP I was like 23 or 24 and living in Austin, and this thing sounded incredible to me—instant classic. Now I'm about to turn 30, I just dropped the needle on this reissue, and I'll be damned if it isn't still one of the best punk records to come out in the last decade. It has everything—an epic intro, snotty but tuneful vocals, guitar leads and choruses that bore in your head and stick forever, some of the best fucking drumming imaginable, excellent and fitting artwork, and raw unbridled energy. As a live band they could floor a small crowd in a tight space, and completely own a big stage—something most punk bands don't pull off. I used to play the title track over and over; just pick up the needle and start it over and over and over again. Fuck, this thing has really held up. It's not very often that you hear a new record and just know it will always be one of those all-time great punk records—I firmly believe this is one of them. So if you haven't managed to get this one, do not hesitate to get it now. Totally essential punk LP. (MA)
(Tankcrimes)

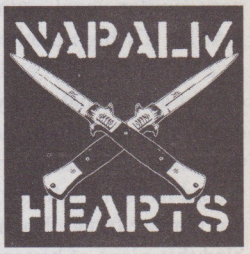
**PERTTI KURIKAN NIMIPÄIVÄT– "Kuus Kuppia Kahvia" CD**

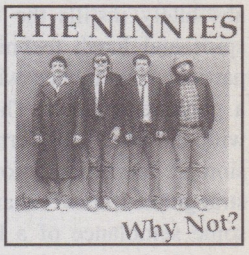
Okay, this is fucking punk! PERTTI KURIKAN NIMIPÄIVÄT is a group of four Finnish men who all have mental disabilities and formed this band together in a cultural workshop at their group home. The music itself is pretty basic, three-chord punk rock (a little synth too), but the guys have a lot of enthusiasm and energy, which sets it apart from your run-of-the-mill punk band. The vocals are gruff and pissed off. Pissed about what?! I don't know because it's in Finnish! I have a lot of respect for this band for going against the public's perception of what a mentally disabled person should be and for doing exactly what they want to do. There are eighteen songs on this CD and all of them are catchy, fun and punk as fuck. This year, there was also a documentary about the band called *The Punk Syndrome* that is now on my "must see" list. Check 'em out for yourself. (GH)
(Airiston Punk-Levyt)

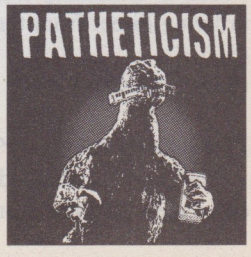
**THE PHILOSOPHIC COLLAGE – "Genius" EP**

This one was a lot of fun to listen to. It's a well-put together reissue of a release from St. Louis in the early '80s. From what the inside of the booklet says—and from the sound of these songs—it seems like the band wrote songs with a bass player and drummer, then just







brought a guitar player in to make feedback over the completed songs. On one of the four songs it sounds like a telephone ring synthesized over the bass and drums instead of a guitar. The drums and bass together are catchy, melodic and upbeat so even with the layer of guitar noise over it, I hesitate to call this no wave, but I guess you could certainly stick it under the "art punk" umbrella. Craig Kurtz (Timothy Tyme on this record) has a very similar vocal sound to Max from UZI RASH. It's high-pitched and kind of abrasive in a good way, and punctuates the melody in a way that really brings together the catchiness of the bass and the dissonance of the guitar. The booklet that comes with this record has some old reviews, ads, and write-ups that are fun to flip through. All in all, I'm glad this piece of history got reissued. (P$)
(BDR)

**PINK REASON – "Ache for You/Darken Daze"**

This latest PINK REASON offering appears on Savage Quality, a label recently established by the band, which boasts two other very worthwhile releases from TEEN ANAL TERRORIST and MODRA. This 45 is apparently comprised of two covers of obscure, outsider rock from rural Wisconsin. Regardless of the originals, PINK REASON absolutely instills the tracks with its own spirit and harsh technique. The A-side in particular, is imbued with vocals conveying a genuine anguish. The vocals harmonize with the barely discernible chord progression at moments before diverging into a strangulated drawl, nearly lending the track some semblance of a hook within the despair. A sinuous guitar lead runs throughout the track, but the moment it erupts into the dedicated solo section is a distilled snippet of fully realized outsider music. The solo is quickly faded in, the pressing is defective, a clever mixing trick is utilized—somehow there is a moment that transcends the instrumentation, transcends the fidelity, transcends the genre and creates something impossibly emotive and bleak. Records on Savage Quality are actually manufactured in a basement record pressing set-up, run by the label, which is extremely inspiring and warrants ordering direct from the label immediately. (SL)
(Savage Quality)

**POISON PLANET – "Demo" EP**

Fast and unashamedly political straight edge hardcore punk from Chicago featuring the world's friendliest vegan warrior, Nick Baran. Thankfully, POISON PLANET (on this demo at least) chooses the short and nasty route over the cookie-cutter verse-chorus-mosh template that plagues far too many hardcore bands these days, straight-edge or not. The result is something that has more in common with UNIFORM CHOICE, SIDE BY SIDE and early Boston bands than with the heavier influences of some of their contemporaries. This is seriously raging stuff with thoughtful lyrics and liner notes to round out the entire package. Recommended. (JH)
(Offside)

**POLITICAL ASYLUM – "How the West was Won" CD**

I feel incredibly unqualified to review this. Everything I have heard in regards to this band describes them as anarcho-punk, a genre I can't stand, but this is mostly pop punk and acoustic covers. It's obviously the band's later work, created in a post-LEATHERFACE world!? I also know *MRR's* own Ramsey Kanaan was in this band. The first song sounds like BAD RELIGION to me, very anthemic pop punk with radical lyrics, then there are some acoustic numbers, the CD finishes with two live sets recorded at Gilman in 1989. For completists only? Or maybe this is for people who are fans of both anarcho-punk and pop punk—in short not me. (LG)
(Boss Tuneage)

**POLITICAL ASYLUM – "Window on the World" CD**

Whoa, blast from the past! For those of you unacquainted, POLITICAL ASYLUM were an anarcho-punk band from Scotland, fronted by none other than our dear Ramsey Kanaan, valued *MRR* reviewer and founder of the anarchist publishing houses AK Press and PM Press. Melodic and passionately political, POLITICAL ASYLUM embodied a recognizably classic UK peace punk sound à la ZOUNDS with a detectably strong NEW MODEL ARMY musical sensibility and execution. This particular CD includes recordings from 1990-91, including their *Window on the World* LP, a compilation track from *Tearing Down the Barricades* and their *Solitary* 45. Glad to see that someone took the time to reissue these tracks, as they're definitely worth a revisit. (FF)
(Boss Tuneage)

**PSYCOTIC PINEAPPLE – "Where's the Party?" CD**

A CD reissue of this legendary Bay Area band's 1980 album, with their singles' B-sides tacked on as bonus tracks. Mostly known for "I Wanna Wanna Wanna...Get Rid Of You," this is a fun garage-rock meets guitar-new-wave romp. This release also comes with a slick hardcover book of related artwork, articles, clippings, etc. Three tracks and not one clunker in the bunch. When other bands of the skinny-tie era were trying to make it, these guys just wanted to be a fun party band and their shows and parties were fun! This band's charm and sense of humor has stood the test of time well. They also reunited recently for a raucous show for this release. A long over due release! (RL)
(Richmond)

**PURITY CONTROL – "Coping" EP**

An onslaught of vile, angsty, grind-laden hardcore from the Great White North. The guitar tone on this record is pure filth; it's fucking great. I'm not a huge fan of this style, but these guys pull it off pretty well. I'd wager dollars to Tim Horton's donuts that they listen to a lot of INFEST and MIND ERASER, because most of those songs flip-flop from blast beats to "dun-dun" style beatdown riffs. I don't fully back this kind of stuff, but I'm sure the kids lose their shit when these guys play. (KM)
(High Anxiety)

**PSY ANTS – "Bit Tongue Prik" 12"**

More Australians making awkward disjointed music; burly shards of sound that bring to mind empty American industrial cities in the Midwest rather than the outback. Thus this reminds me of JESUS LIZARD and CIRCUS LUPUS mostly because of the unhinged vocal/guitar attack, there's a *rock* sound and looseness that demonstrates an adherence to the word and sound put forth by STEVE ALBINI. (LG)
(Vacant Valley)

**RADIATOR HOSPITAL – "Some Distant Moon" EP**

Here, on this 7", we are treated to four upbeat, rock-y power pop songs. Despite some rather uninspired lyrics that at times border on insipid ("When you look at me, baby/Everything is out the window"), these are well-crafted and catchy pop songs, particularly "Andy Griffith." The record is also well organized, with each side starting with a rocker and ending with a more minimally

arranged crooner. This easily and effectively keeps the record sounding fresh and gives it some punchy dynamics. Even the instrument tone and recording is really good all around. Just really simple rock and garage-tinged power pop with catchy guitar leads and tasteful and catchy keyboards, peppy songwriting, and a good dose of variety on a short record. Sometimes this reminds me of the OLD 97'S' more rocking stuff, but without the Texas attitude. Other times, the vocals lend this a dreamy, beachy quality that I usually get bored with. Here, however, it manages to transcend stuff like WAVVES and, besides, the songs rock in a different way than popular San Francisco or Los Angeles garage acts of the last few years. (LP)
(Forward)

**RELENTLESS APPROACH – "Notorious Thugs" EP**

This is it. The hardcore sound I've been enjoying for a couple years. It's a dark, ominous, modern hardcore. I can't exactly place it but it could have come out of the Milwaukee scene along with PROTESTANT, and RELENTLESS APPROACH are from the Midwest. They add their own twists, like on "Notorious Thugs" where they end the track with an almost stoner rock riff. This is a solid first release. (MH)
(Bezerker / World Trade)

**REVULSION – "The Only Revolution" CD**

A wonderful exhumation of one of the unsung UK "anarcho-punk" bands from the '80s. One of the truly excellent aspects of so-called CRASS punk was, despite some adherence to particular clothing, graphics and lyrical concerns (not in itself a bad thing, of course), musically, it was actually incredibly broad in the terms of musical stylings on offer. Just think how diverse the "big" bands of the genre were musically—CRASS, CONFLICT, POISON GIRLS, ZOUNDS, the MOB, RUDIMENTARY PENI, SUBHUMANS, FLUX OF PINK INDIANS, AMEBIX et al. And a lot of the gems were to be found in the sub-strata—METRO YOUTH, ANTHRAX, ANARKA AND POPPY, FAMOUS IMPOSTERS, the SYSTEM etc—many of whom never made it past the odd 7", demo tape or compilation appearance. REVULSION effortlessly combined a variety of punk, rock, prog rock, with all the right level of angst, anger and musical dexterity. OMEGA TRIBE, or HAWKWIND, for that matter, would be similar musically, with a dash of—dare I say it—POLITICAL ASYLUM to bring the rock. This compilation collects various compilation appearances and a couple of 7"s. Mandatory for anyone interested in that era/genre, or who just appreciates a good tune with the righteous anger. (RK)
(Boss Tuneage)

**RICKY C QUARTET – LP**

It's simple, snotty punk from London in the '70s tradition of SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS and Co. While I'm not a fan of the more power poppy tracks, great guitar-bass-drums interplay, memorable choruses and super high-energy delivery carry along the majority of the songs on here. Fans of classic, catchy punk can do no wrong picking this up. (JH)
(Wanda)

**RITUAL MESS – "F+" EP**

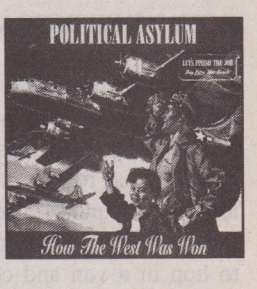
Maybe this is just something that's been on a lot of people's minds lately, but this record starts off sounding very much like TORCHES TO ROME, especially in terms of guitar work and vocals. In fact, this entire record owes a whole lot to the music that Sarah Kirsch made over the years. The songs are aggressive and a little spastic, even in the very '90s style talking breakdowns, which instead of having pretty, noodly, clean guitar parts, are more chugging and heavy. While this is not bringing anything new to the style of music, the songs are solid, well written and interesting enough to make it worthwhile. (PA)
(Clean Plate)

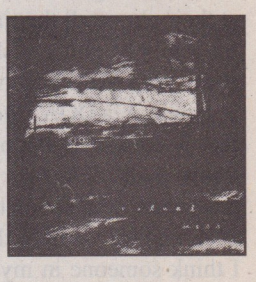
**R.O.B.O. – "Ciudad Infectada" EP**

The debut offering from this trebly, bouncy, Latino punk outfit whose sound is somewhere between GENERACION SUICIDA and SILLA ELECTRICA. The riffs are a nice mixture of KBD-style bands, proto punk and garage. Dual male/female vocals keep things interesting and there's an emphasis on crafting actual songs. However, none of the tracks are particularly engaging to my ears. There's a discernable lack of that special something that lifts talented bands out of mediocrity, but for a first effort this is definitely solid. (KM)
(Solo Para Punks)

**ROSEANNE BARRR – "Repulsion" LP**

It's always comforting to hear things that are heavily influenced by things from your adolescence but that aren't terrible, unlike the horror of things like DASHBOARD CONFESSIONAL, tagging the SMITHS as a major influence and you know it's true and you hate it. But this is the thing that takes the sound of my coming of age and pulls it forward and through to present life, recalling and living horrors, trying to be an adult and failing, smearing the lipstick, ripping the dress. The band quickly claws through BABES IN TOYLAND, HELIUM, DNA and HUGGY BEAR records, dragging the old instruments out from the closet and the basement and the gutter, banging and shredding and crying and bleeding. There is no slickness or sense to this and there is little or no beat. This is one of those bands that came of age under the idea that anyone can have a band you just have to do it, landing in the category of desperate catharsis rather than fun goof around. The visceral cacophony of this record at times nods to the bleak creep of SONIC YOUTH's *Confusion is Sex* and then draws a line to the dark chaos of the first two CHROMATICS records before they got slick and disco pop. They take a page from the new





queer sound guidebooks of GAY BEAST or TWIN, preferring a wall of noise destruction rather than shiny fun lightness. Seriously, this is me as an adult playing music in dirty basements and telling everything about every minute spent in my teenage bedroom with headphones and diary pages. This record feels like looking in a mirror. (MM)
(Primitive Sounds / Tuff Enuff)

**ROYAL RED BRIGADE – "Give into the Violence" CD**

This CD starts out with gang vocals going wow-oh-oh-oh... Oh no. This is heavy and hard rocking, with hints of metal, pirate-rock and dirty bar rocker twangs...though not really all that punk! They hail from Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada and declare ready to hop in a van and come shred your ears at a live show… There are MÖTÖRHEAD stylings, fast rocker grooves and solos, and vocals that sound as sleazy as they do sincere—kinda the way TURBONEGRO do. I bet these guys do acoustic versions of their songs too, as there is a strong narrative element here that seems to be the main backbone supporting the music—which is, in essence, not far from DANZIG, HENNESSEY, the HELLBROS, or the MURDER CITY DEVILS without horror element… Not my thing, but ideal if you and your bros wanna have a beer contest while jamming to bar rock… (LA)
(self-released)

**RUNNAMUCKS – "Deficit of Dreams" CD**

I wracked my brain trying to come up with something positive to say here. Some of the lyrics are good, like "Dial Tone," about the alienation engendered by everybody staring at their phone all the time. If you're looking for a mix of amateurish '70s hard rock and corny crap like a band would play in an '80s B-movie, à la DOA's worst material, you can feel good about supporting this DIY band. Some parts of a few of these songs may have some connection to punk music. I can't even find the cover to the disc right now and I think someone in my house, maybe a cat, threw it away in horror and disgust. (JM)
(Ripping)

**SEA OF SHIT / WATER TORTURE – split EP**

Digitally treated dual bass powerviolence from WATER TORTURE. The sound is supremely damaged and the attack is deliberate and precise—listen at proper volume and this will take your breath away. SEA OF SHIT on the flip is a different head born of the same animal (this time with a guitar). Dirges approach a NEUROSIS caliber hypnosis that collapses completely when the speed increases. This is a very ugly record. (WN)
(Diseased Audio)

**SEX CHURCH – "Somnambulist" LP**

It's like COMET GAIN or SWELL MAPS dragged through UNWOUND and then covered over in a thick layer of fuzz and rain and passing out in a graveyard. There is enough jangle here to keep things awkward, though maybe slightly upbeat and enough heavy space to be deep and never ending. The whole record feels as if it's speeding forward, dragging behind and crashing and falling simultaneously. The bass and drums are nearly steady and plodding but continually manage to lurch and twist, the guitars are in a constant soaring of dizzy wooziness, and occasionally a delayed vocal will stumble in, look around and wander away. There are only three songs on this twelve-inch but none of them feel too long, each sliver being enough to cast a spell, but nothing to get bored with. This is the northwest in a deeply disoriented sense, nothing quite fits, it's impossible to keep everything in focus, it's rambling through a forest in the fog/in a fog at dawn/at twilight (your choice). (MM)
(Instant Pleasure / Psychic Handshake)

**SHANNON AND THE CLAMS – "Ozma/ Muppet Babies"**

I've never understood all the hype surrounding SHANNON AND THE CLAMS, but there is no denying that there is a buzz that surrounds the band. They perform 1960's style ballads in a pretty straightforward way, except they bring a little more and a sense of urgency to the genre. It's good, no doubt about it. I just don't understand why it's as big as it is. (KK)
(1-2-3-4 Go!)

**SKURKARNA – "14 Miles to Crooksville" flexi**

Contained upon this small square of black plastic is one dragging mid-tempo surfy garage number, mostly reminiscent of the theme from *Peter Gunn,* or maybe "Secret Agent Man." This is a bizarre release. One song by an unknown band with no vocals or enough hooks or guitar solos to fill out the almost three-and-a-half minutes of music. There are samples throughout the song, seemingly telling the story of a man getting out of prison on parole and then violating his parole and going back to jail. All of the samples seem to come from the same film, possibly? All in all, this feels very much like a song written for (or rather, taken from) a soundtrack to a film, and without the associations with the film, it feels very dull. (LP)
(Backelit)

**SMERSH – "Cassette Pets" 2xLP**

Wow, Dark Entries records in *MRR*, what is going on?! Well, I have to hand it to them, for actually *sitting through* some SMERSH cassettes. There are *a lot* of them. I myself have a bunch on a shelf, the knowledge of their presence is comforting enough for me. No but really, SMERSH is pretty fuckin' sick, but you will never want to deal with listening to this shit on a cassette. No, *really*! This is the first time I have ever listened to SMERSH *and I own their cassettes*! People that like "synth punk" are usually put off by quote unquote "synth punk" bands because none of them are really that abrasive or punk. I mean, there're no guitars here, and it's a drum machine, but this is pretty fuckin' tough abrasive shit without being straight up noise non-music, just beat heavy hard electro rawk gateway drug shit. Sadly not much else sounds like this. *Sick*! (GB)
(Dark Entries)

**SO COW / SQUAREHEAD – split LP**

So I sit down, put this record on and pick up an old issue of *Chickfactor*. As I'm reading, I flip the record and then right at the point that Stephin Merritt, in response to the question "What's the best pop song of 2000?" says, "The very few I've heard so far are absolutely unmemorable." I'm thinking "what a jerk" (not that I've ever met him or know much about him outside of his music, and I think *69 Love Songs* is overrated but *Holiday* and *Get Lost* are great records) I realize that I'm listening to a good pop song. I put the needle back to the beginning of the track ("Hammertime" by SQUAREHEAD), pay more attention and quickly realize that this is not the same band that was on the first side of the record. What does it all mean? Well, the bands are vaguely similar if you're not paying too much attention (the record flows really well despite being a split) and they both write good pop songs. SO COW is sort of oldies influenced (less "beach party," more "British Invasion") indie/punk. It's mid- to up-tempo songs that mix clean, catchy guitar lines with fuzzed out, almost early WEEZER-like parts

and most importantly, good vocal melodies. SQUAREHEAD is a little more aggressive, a little louder, a little fuzzier and a little more straight indie rock (in a '90s sense) but also employ simple, catchy guitar lines and good vocal melodies. It's a record that is way worth giving your full attention to. (PA)
(Inflated)

**SOUPCANS – "Good Feelings" LP**

This is what I imagine TY SEGALL would sound like if he decided to go the AmRep route. The songs are noisy with pounding drums, manic vocals and thrashy distorted guitars combined in a high-speed mess. It's fun and exhausting. (CK)
(Telephone Explosion)

**SPIDER BABIES – "The Twenty Year War" LP**

A couple decades spent littering the singles bins (used, mostly) with crud-fi shit-fer-brains punk rock hasn't taught them many tricks, but I must say I admire the dedication of these inescapable SPIDER BABIES. If you've successfully avoided this band thus far, all you need is some early GG ALLIN tunes filtered through the '90s garage filter. Loads of cock/fucking/partying references (nudie mag labels too), sufficiently snotty and effectively arranged for maximum punkitude. Truthfully, I'm on board with this LP, warts and all, because you just don't encounter very much upfront garage punk asshole shit nowadays. In fact, SPIDER BABIES may be technically better now than they were back then. Shitheads: take note (and puhleeze investigate the remnants of Sack O' Shit's catalog). (MC)
(Sack O' Shit)

**$WINGIN' UTTERS – "The Librarians are Hiding Something/Rude Little Rooms"**

When I first moved up to the Bay Area some two decades ago, the $WINGIN UTTERS had just made the transition from Santa Cruz to SF and were still called JOHNNY PEEBUCKS AND THE $WINGIN UTTERS. Since that time this band has released some of the finest and, dare I say, under appreciated straight up punk rock of the last two decades. Two new songs of good mid-tempo punk rock with great blending vocals, the B-side is the last song that includes the vocals of former bassist Spike Slawson of ME FIRST AND THE GIMME GIMMES . A 45 well worth tracking down. (JF)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

**THE SWITCHBLADE KID – CD**

Some noise-pop out of Memphis. Their sound is modestly akin to REIGNING SOUND but adding infinitely more distortion. The vocals are buried and the reverb is cranked into the red. But it's catchy and the record is fun. If danceabilty is your primary focus in music, with vocal desertion a secondary priority, this is your kind of record. 'Cause, man this makes you wanna shake some ass! (FS)
(Miss Molly Music)

**THE SWITCHBLADE KID – LP**

Fuzzy, fuzzy and fuzzy. The SWITCHBLADE KID is mostly a more lo-fi version of the JESUS AND MARY CHAIN. Although the second side of the LP includes a few garage-y tunes, the heavily distorted, English sounding songs are more appealing. I will add that the press release states "The album features a stellar assortment of musicians from Memphis, Chicago and New Orleans..." yet none are named on it or the LP so your guess is as good as mine. (CK)
(Miss Molly Music)

**SYNTHETIC ID – "Apertures" LP**

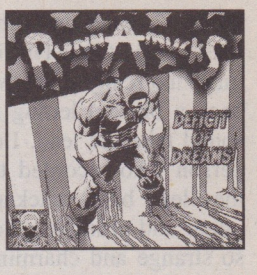
The latest offering from this San Franciscan post-punk quartet follows the trajectory indicated by its demo-tape-turned-7"-EP last year. "Post-punk" in this case is used in the sense of the most traditional musical tropes associated with that amorphous genre tagging. Sinuous, trebly guitar riffs lash out and eviscerate, while vocals shout monotonously above straight-ahead, deliberately closed and crisp eighth notes on the high-hat. An unnerving tension permeates the entire record but the songs never devolve into atmospherics or moody dawdling. The relentlessness engrained in every punk musicians' psyche informs the assertive energy delivered by SYNTHETIC ID, despite sounding much more similar to WIRE than say, DISCHARGE. *Apertures* evoke mangled pincushions in undated photographs. On headphones with your eyes closed, watch SYNTHETIC ID illustrate a photomontage of collapsing architecture, and cracked sidewalks might flash by in grayscale. This record might make you nervous. Fever-coolth. The urge to itch and scratch and wonder why the hair on the nape of your neck is standing up will likely take precedence in your skull, over whatever mundane curiosity was previously on your mind before *Apertures* began. It's available through Oakland's 1-2-3-4 Go! records in the US and Erste Theke Tonträger in Europe. It seems a slightly curious addition to 1-2-3-4 Go! records' catalog, but let's hope it's indicative of future label activity. (SL)
(1-2-3-4 Go! / Erste Theke Tonträger)

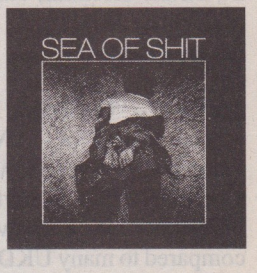
**TORCHES TO TRIGGERS – "Doomsday in Douglasdale" CD**

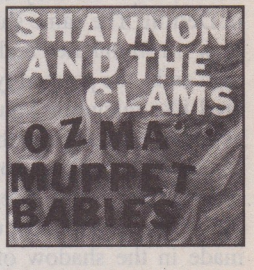
A Canadian quintet who channel that metallic, melodic hardcore pretty well. Lots of soaring tight vocal harmonies and dueling metal twin guitars. Not quite as metallic as STRUNG OUT, nor as poppy as UNWRITTEN LAW, but you get the drift. Apparently, they're big in Japan and Europe, but strictly independent in the Americas. Folks who dig such referenced artistes will also enjoy this. I did. (RK)
(self-released)

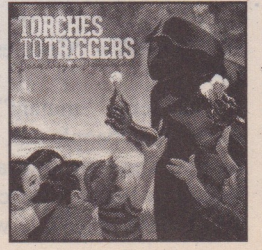
**TRENCH ROT – "Tyrant" EP**

Huh, this is an interesting one. Nominally D-beat hardcore, but recorded in such a way that the sound resulting might be the most interesting thing about this EP—like a lost '80s metal demo. The tunes are alright,





though I could do without the sort of sub-blast fast parts à la DISRUPT because I think this band really shines when they're holding back a bit and letting the '80s throw-back sound take the lead. I'd love to talk to the person who recorded this though, because the clean bass, cracker-box drums, buried guitar and prominent vocal approach is just so strange and charming that I'm dying to know if it was intentional. This record is by no means essential, but it definitely has its moments. (AU)
(Video Disease)

**TYVEK – "On Triple Beams" LP**

The legend of TYVEK spews forth... Scratched out venomous guitars, relentless repetitive riffs and rhythms, and a mouthy lyricist at work; I know TYVEK have been compared to many UKDIY acts ranging from SWELL MAPS to DESPERATE BICYCLES, but to me they are FALL re-imagined in Detroit. The same shards and glimpses of rock'n'roll mutated and repurposed for their own ends, the pointed lyrical missives delivered like telegrams, but not just as a reenactment, also as something entirely other. A testament to making something out of what is available; with evidence of the history of the motor city sounds, unearthly rock'n'roll made in the shadow of a million reviewer clichés indicating the death of an industrial city. Listening to this in the gloom of the *MRR* review corridor I am transported; this band is so good, hilarious, insightful, with sharp sounds and sharp observations. Get it chumps! (LG)
(In the Red)

**UV RACE – "Racism" LP**

This is UV RACE's third LP, and continues their exploration of left-field punk sounds. From shambolic anti-rockist jangle pop tones to driving proto-Oi! like "I'm A Pig," there's not much on here that, say, the FALL hasn't done before, but there's a freshness to the UV RACE approach that makes it more than just a bunch of record collectors aping their favorite acts. Lyrically blunt, yet abstract at the same time, like observing the suburban and humdrum through a haze of cough syrup and sharp intelligence. I've been a fan for a while but I think this album might be their best yet. (AM)
(In The Red)

**UZI RASH – "Coreless Roll Can-Liner" LP**

The term "mutant" is often bandied about when people talk about punk music or people. The term's attraction is understandable; how better to describe the stylings and sensibilities of people who attempt to reject normality, traditions, or any sense of conventional good taste, than to refer to them as non-human? But *Coreless Roll Can-Liner* by UZI RASH is a key example of really mutated music. Listening to the LP, I hear stands and strains of garage rock, country crooning, post punk, soul, '80s Dutch-Scotch axis anarcho punk, noisy '90s AmRep style rock, and some elements that have even less of a basis in history or anyone's sense of proper taste. Perhaps the best reference point is the EX, or DE KIFT, with tinny spastic guitar and liberal use of saxophones, as well as that certain chunky bounce to the rhythm that those bands utilized so heavily. All of this is filtered through a bizarre swampy country stomp feel, and rounded down with some truly nonsensical aesthetics, particularly in the lyrics. Previous records by this band often left me feeling that there was something wanting. On this LP utilizing a very loose sound for the recording of the instruments has solved that problem. Hearing just a sample of the band playing, I could be convinced that this is an extremely high quality live recording. (That being said, all of the instruments can be heard clearly and everything sounds very balanced.) Also helping to capture a greater sense of energy is the appearance and disappearance of other instruments besides bass/guitar/drums, including synthesizer, banjo, saxophone, acoustic guitar and possibly other horns and percussion. While sounding very much like a studio record, this manages to capture some of the more interesting live elements of the band. (LP)
(1-2-3-4 Go!)

**VAGINORS – "Total Nonsense" EP**

Featuring the most obnoxious vox in noise-core today, Australia's VAGINORS return with a bit of a letdown EP after their quite enjoyable debut LP. This stuff just feels a bit by-the-numbers, with the requisite prominent bass lines (catchy though they are, especially in "Genius"), 1-2 drums and fuzzed out guitars. Honestly, the near complete lack of guitar in the mix definitely hurts the record, but it's not like a bad recording really matters all that much with this genre. These songs just aren't particularly remarkable, with lyrics that are bad even for this sound. I know these dudes are capable of better and I hope the next communication from their camp breaks the mold a bit. (AU)
(No Patience / Video Disease)

**LOS VALIENTES – "Maravilloso Estupor Sin Sentido" EP**

Skate rock from Argentina, not in English so I don't know what the fuck they're talking about. I imagine it's about getting fucked up and gnarley. There's one song that's kinda poppy but for the most part it's fast hardcore rock. Cool packaging and stickers included. The singer's a little too typical for me but it's good for the most part. (RO)
(Laja / Rastrillo / Punch Drunk / Kalaka)

**SONNY VINCENT AND THE BAD REACTIONS – "Replica" EP**

I am obsessed with a capital "O" with SONNY VINCENT so don't expect my usual unbiased review. On this record SONNY VINCENT teams up with members of the CARBONAS, BEAT BEAT BEAT, EX-HUMANS and SORROWS aka the BAD REACTIONS whom he toured with in 2012. The three songs on this record dig up the corpse of Vincent's '70s band TESTORS. Vincent's voice and guitar playing still sound amazing and the band is great. It may not be '70s New York and this may not be "Time Is Mine" or "Together", but I am surprised they got sort of close to that style never mind this close. This is so cool. (CK)
(tREND iS dEAD!)

**THE VOLCANO – "Me Me Me" EP**

These guys are an upbeat poppy band from Sweden. They are going for rock vibe that strongly resembles that of the YEAH YEAH YEAH'S. Sometimes their songs can go into mid-era DONNAS territory, but they usually stick to 2005 indie. The songs are fun and catchy. They have both sugary tunes and the vinegar ones. This is cool. (FS)
(Backelit)

**VIIMEINEN KOLONNA – "Totuuden Kitkerä Siemen" EP**

Throaty, growled vocals, shouting Finnish act as ballast to VIIMEINEN KOLONNA ("The Last Column Of"...). These are eight charging shots of quick hardcore with smatterings of guitar solos and short musical interludes. The dynamism and power in these tracks draw primarily from the force of the classic, defiant Finnish hardcore vocal style. While RIISTEYT and other classic bands provide a reference point, there's enough verve and spunk to launch this off it's own top rope. Translations of the lyrics have this Helsinki band carrying the torch with their own spin against the rat race, war, greed, consumerism and more. Solid blasting! (KS)
(Havoc / Roku)

**WARCHILD – "Bleak Reality" EP**

Swedish D-beat! And done very well at that. Being from Sweden probably helps with the legitimacy of their sound—they nailed it. Very similar to DISASTER and DISCHARGE, but with higher pitched vocals (not too high) and driving leads. If

you liked the KOWARD 7" or the BLOODKROW BUTCHER 7" that came out this year, you should pick this up too. You will not be disappointed. (KR)
(Signaler Från Ovan)

**WASTELAND – LP**

As if the world needed more evidence that Western Mass is one of thee great American punk locales of the last decade, WASTELAND have emerged from the ashes and released their long-delayed LP. Featuring members of AEROSOLS, SOUL CONTROL and RELICS (along with countless other bands, duh), this record was finished back in 2008 but lingered due to the band's ill-timed breakup. Totally worth the wait! Distilling a million and one influences into a sound that's inventive and distinct, yet instantly familiar, WASTELAND touch on D-beat, screamo and good old 'murican hardcore, and results are nothing short of brilliant. This vinyl release was apparently made to coincide with their reunion set at AMPERE's ten-year anniversary show, and rumor has it they fucking destroyed. A bunch of folks from this band now play in MEAN MAN'S DREAM, whose demo I am happy to say is also—surprise, surprise—totally rad. (WB)
(Clean Plate)

**WHITE WALLS – "Kevin 'The Magnum Opus'" 12"**

Dirty dirges rooted in '90s guitar rock and the world of Amphetamine Reptile and raunchy Texas sweat (PAIN TEENS, SCRATCH ACID). Drunken slur, marbles in the mouth and a plodding surge that fills in the void where there used to be a tempo. There is a PIXIES cover in case you were still wondering where they were coming from. Four songs here, lays waste to most current bands of this ilk. While this might not be any more groundbreaking than rehashes of '80s hardcore or by-the-numbers D-beat, punk stopped breaking ground a few years back and the title track here is a legit punisher. They know exactly what they want to do and they are doing it very well. (WN)
(Video Disease / Torn Light)

**V/A – "NY/CT Hardcore Connection" CD**

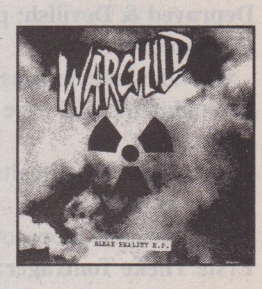
Very cool NYC/CT hardcore comp that features tracks from DRUG SHOCK, TWO MAN ADVANTAGE, BROKEN, IONICIDE, BLASTMAT, FED UP!, ALL FOR SPITE, CARNAGE KREW, TRUTH IN NEEDLES, HOOKS & SINKERS, EVERYDAY DOLLARS, SIDE SWIPED and PROGRESS. Some of the bands have more of an Oi!/skinhead vibe and some are more straight up NYHC style. The thing is, every band on here is hard as fuck and makes Bay Area hardcore look like the friendliest thing ever, in comparison. I'm digging this comp, also shouts out to United Riot for dropping that NY HOODS '86 demo EP earlier this year. Good look. (TM)
(United Riot)

**V/A – "Tribute to Out Cold: Knock You Out Cold!" LP**

For the longest time Lowell/Dracut Mass' OUT COLD was affixed to terms of under-appreciation, lack of fanfare, and an overall sense of passed-overness—and maybe they still are but I think that's a little misleading. Yeah, it took ten to fifteen years for people (ahem, more like the good ol' US of A, since Europe was hip to this fury pretty early on) to catch on, and *maybe* it too has something to do with this band being welded to the memories of my youth and my friends always trying to, if not succeeding in… putting them on shows as far back as the early-to-mid-'90s, but I like to think OUT COLD did pretty all right. Maybe they actually did feel that way—who really knows except them?—maybe it was just reviewers feeling "special," and maybe it had more to do with their die-hard fans and cult-like following wanting something more for these men. But they put out seven LPs and as many EPs and splits, but I think that the people that "got it," got it, and I bet the band was pretty okay with that however small or large the numbers, at whatever given time or place, playing to those that needed it, whether it was live in Worcester, or just spinning on a record, in a bedroom in some place they had never even been to.

Me, I like to think that's how it went down and I will also chalk a lot of that up to an attitude that you see in New England, and other places, that understand concepts like a work ethic, earning things, finishing what you started, and appreciating what you have; the kind you don't see so much in the same ways in other places, especially now. Hard work does get you places, and OUT COLD was the living embodiment of that. Whether *anyone* cared or not, they pressed on playing classic, frustrated olde-time, hardcore though eras of gross trends and garbage—a true-blue, workhorse of a band. Really, I wish I was reviewing a new OUT COLD LP—can you tell?—and picturing men from a previous generation jamming out and *still* churning some eye-opening, furious and savage hardcore for a whole new audience of unfamiliar youngsters, in some former-mill in some town along the Merrimack river (but that's not the case). As a lot of you undoubtedly heard, founding member and vocalist (though, bassist on the early stuff) Mark Sheehan, passed on two years ago, and the band is no more. Instead, we get this tribute.

Now, it's a fact that I *hate* cover songs and a whole comp…sigh…but with this one, I get it. Now don't read that as this comp being essential; though it is certainly earned, deserved even. Anyway… This comp LP features ten Japanese hardcore bands covering songs from the majority of OUT COLD's career, spanning tracks from the *S/T*, *Goodbye Cruel World*, *Two Broken Hearts are Better than One*, *Permanent Twilight World*, *Warped Sense of Right and Wrong*, and *Will Attack if Provoked* LPs. The bands on this comp; EYESORE, SCREWBALL, DE-CULTURES, STUPID BABIES GO MAD, TEMPEST, ENCROACHED, COSMIC NEUROSE, DUSTPAN, MIDNIGHT RESURRECTOR, and SHORT FUSE all play it pretty close to the vest, with renditions of the songs that—with an exception here or there—don't veer too far from the source, which on a tribute like this, is perfectly fine. (JU)
(Too Circle)



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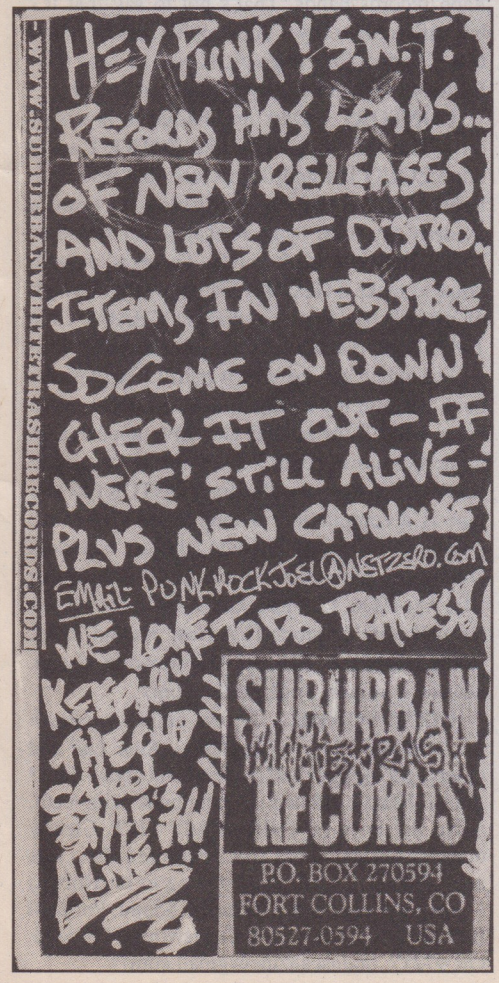


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# DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Matt Badenhop, Justin Briggs, Robert Collins, Amelia Eakins, Greg Harvester, Kevin Manion and Jeremy Meier.

**AARON & THE BURRS** – I don't really listen to surf music on the regular or anything, but this sounds really good. Three covers and seven originals. Pro printed, nice package. (Matt) (10-song cassette, no lyrics but there're no vocals anyway, UT records PO Box 467, Amherst, NY 14226)

**ABYSSAL / AXIDANCE / DOOMSDAY / RIVERS RUN DRY –** This is a four way split CD with a nice looking lyric booklet all the way from Russia. AXIDANCE starts off the whole she-bang, playing moody, atmospheric ambiance that erupts into black-metal inspired hardcore. RIVERS RUN DRY also plays vile black metal that has a bit of an epic crust vibe to it. DOOMSDAY has that burly guy/high-pitched screamy-guy vocal thing going on. They play power-violence/crust that has an insanely weird mixing job. Whoever recorded this put the bass drum so high in the mix that it overpowers everything else. ABYSSAL only offers up a single song and I can only describe it as epic. Overall, these four bands stick to the black metal/crust approach, which isn't that exciting to me. (Greg) (13-song CD, lyrics included, www.myriotinward.blogspot.com)

**THE AMAZING LARRIES –** These guys won me over with their first song, which is an upbeat melodic punk song with party/gang vocals, but it went a little downhill after that…but only a little. This isn't groundbreaking, or even that great, but it's good for what it is, which is upbeat bar punk. (Greg) (4-song CD, no lyrics included, 321 Hull Ct. Waukegan, IL 60085, www.reverbnation/theamazinglarries)

**ANATOMMY –** This is a two-piece band from L.A. that plays kinda harmless, fluffy pop music. It's just guitar and drums, but they have a bass player on this recording. The bass adds a lot of depth to the songs and I would actually hate to hear this band without it. Overall, this is fairly vapid and reminds me of CUB, but not as good. (Greg) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics included, anatommyband@yahoo.com)

**THE BARE MINIMUM –** Completely tame, safe, boring alternative rock. It sounds like the soundtrack to a car commercial or a football game. (Greg) (4-song CD, no lyrics included, thebareminimumband@gmail.com)

**BECOME** – Aggressive punk with guitar melodies from Santa Barbara. There's a very post-hardcore RITES OF SPRING thing going on here, but with a mush-mouthed hardcore vocalist channeling BLACK FLAG. Nice package and pro-printed cassette. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, becomehc@gmail.com)

**THE BLACK CHEERS –** *Delete Delete* – Halfway decent sing-along, dance around the bar, mid-paced punk. This would probably sound better if I had 12 beers in me. It sounds like if your co-worker invites you to see his band…then, you go and it's at some weird bar you've always passed by. During their set, three wasted dudes pump their fists up front while the rest of the crowd kinda looks on and sends texts to people. You slip out after finishing your single whiskey sour and then go home to fall asleep while watching *Superman 4* on Netflix. (Greg) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics included. www.facebook.com/the-black-cheers)

**BLEEDING IN THE MOONLIGHT / TURKEY TITS** split – Nonsensical and challenging percussion centric noise from TURKEY TITS that makes SOCKEYE sound like RUSH. A treated a cappella version of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" from BLEEDING IN THE MOONLIGHT on the flip. (Robert) (2-song cassette, no lyrics, www.nevermindtapes.tumblr.com)

**BLOCKHEAD** – Extra fast and ultra snotty hardcore, kinda reminds me of BLACK FORK without even the slightest hint of melody. The pace is the main appeal here; this slab blows by in a heartbeat with barely a breather for moshing. At first listen this comes off as rather generic, but it doesn't have to be something different to be something good, and this is definitely good. Intensity on ten from start to finish. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, Smash, 2314 18th St. NW, Washington DC 20009)

**BODDICKER** – *Mitch is the Bastard* – This is ugly and fantastic guttural blasting madness. For everyone who thinks that modern power-violence is lacking in the violence department, I give you *The Deceit Deposit*. This is nasty shit, delivered earnestly. Awesome. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, boddicker13@gmail.com)

**THE BROONIES** – *Mid-Life Crisis* – I gave this band a good review the last time they sent in a demo and I'm gonna do the same this time because this one's just as good, if not better. This band still lives in my town and I've still never seen them. They play strong, ultra-catchy, noisy, unpredictable psych-pop that sounds unhinged and deranged. The recording quality makes them sound like they're a cutting room floor reject from a *Pebbles* compilation, but their raw, fucked up pop sensibilities would place them comfortably on an UZI RASH / LOS RABBIS show in a Mission District living room. This shit is awesome. Keep 'em coming. (Greg) (7-song CD-R, no lyrics included, raybroonie@gmail.com)

**THE CHARLEY FEW** – *The More we Try, the Less we Fail EP* – I can't help but raise my glass to these fellas for their unsuspecting, uplifting lyrical fusion of positivity and Oi!. "Let the power of Oi! show you the way, PMA!" Yep, that's a lyric from "New Boots." The sound of this Philly outfit falls somewhere between AUS-ROTTEN and the PIST, but maybe not as brutal—way more fun sounding. Cool. (Matt) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, ($5 ppd, Billy Barton, 2016 S. 13th St. #2F, Philadelphia, PA 19148)

**CHERRYBOMBS DK –** This is one of those bands that say they're inspired by late '70s punk, but just sounds reminiscent of RANCID and Epitaph records bands. That's not to say that it's bad (it's not, really). Toe-tapping, snotty punk that is perfect for a pogo pit. (Greg) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics included, www.cherrybombs.dk)

**CONTORT** – Dark and buried in layers of dirty filth, hatred sounds like ZOUO. I am a huge ZOUO fan and do not use that reference lightly—this is the closest I have ever heard a modern day band come to that secret sound of 1980s Japanese dark punk. There is enough noise to make a GLOOM fan happy, but enough of a punk backbone to channel CHAOS circa 1982. The lyrics are ugly, the vocals are very reverbed to hell and the vibe is putrid. These punks have been on my radar for a while as the token noise band from Ireland and have appeared in numerous noise-centric zines that I've picked up. An EP is long overdue for CONTORT as this tape is a compilation of their first two demos. (Amelia) (17-song cassette, lyrics included, Doomed to Extinction records, 2901 MacArthur Blv, Apt #206, Oakland, CA 94602, distortba@hotmail.com; Contort, 127, New Ireland Road, Rialto, Dublin 8, IRELAND, direwolf@riseup.net, www.contort-punx.tumblr.com)

**COPY SCAMS** – A few zinesters (*Brain Scan, Stolen Sharpie Revolution, Rum Lad* and others) get together and make a band about zines? Into it. Female fronted melodic punk with teeth, along the lines of THIS IS MY FIST. Clearly done for fun and I think that the desired effect was achieved since I had fun listening to it. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, $5ppd, Portland Buttonworks, 1322 N. Killingsworth, Portland, OR 97217, brainscanzine@gmail.com)

**D//CEREGHINI** – *I Am A College Graduate* – One man grindcore featuring pots and pans, electronic feedback and vocals that sound like the dude in the stall next to me at 7:15 the morning after a rough night out. The TV is on in the background during most of the tape, which was appropriately released by Idiot Music. (Robert) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, hamburgertapes@gmail.com)

**DAMAGES** – *Defection* – Another killer band from LA? Keep 'em coming Statico Ponx! DAMAGES have the same danceable quality as POLISKITZO but play a much more straightforward punk style with great snotty vocal hooks and brilliant, innovative guitar lines. I don't even need to compare this to anything. It's their first tape and DAMAGES has already mastered the art of punk songwriting. Do not miss out on this tape. (Matt) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, dmgsdmgsdmgs@gmail.com, staticopunx@gmail.com)

**DEATH MACHINE** – MAIDEN leads meet with charged MötorPunk. Many punks' love for power metal has never really been a secret, but this two-man metalcrust outfit takes the admiration to new heights. Hope your neck is ready for this one. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, Black Water records, PO Box 5223, Portland, OR 97208)

**THE DESERT VEST** – *Hey What* – This is turning out to be the month of the '90s alternative rock resurrection. I would like to make it perfectly clear that in 1996 when my band was on tour and we would frequently warm up with our drunken rendition of BUSH's "Machine Head," we were fucking joking. That song sucks. And when my wife toured with that popular band in the '90s and the singer would greet the crowd by muttering "despite all my rage I'm still just a rat in a cage"? That was not meant to encourage legions of pre-pubescent teens to pick up guitars and emulate SMASHING PUMPKINS—MTV was doing a fine job of that and needed no assistance from punks. These actions were merely meant as some amalgamation of social commentary and inside joke, I'm sorry if they were misconstrued. The DESERT VEST sound like NIRVANA and BUSH, but only the dreary parts and there's never a kick in the ass to make be feel bad for being bored. They describe themselves and alternative/grunge, but give me permission to call them whatever I want. Out of respect for a 414 area code, I will refrain. (Robert) (12-song CD-R, no lyrics, thedesertvest@gmail.com)

**DESTRUYE Y HUYE** – Four ladies from Los Angeles who must've been listening to plenty of VICE SQUAD and MG-15 when they bashed out these eight rudimentary punk tunes. The thought of this band playing to a backyard full of scrappy punks in Compton gives me goosebumps—the way some of those shows did when I lived there. I think this tape is already sold out, so write the Statico Ponx and demand more, because this is fucking awesome. Also—are there t-shirts of the cover image yet? I'll take one. (Matt) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, staticopunx@gmail.com)

**DIRTY WORK** – Like a mangled, deformed love child produced from a violent hate fuck orgy involving DAWN OF HUMANS, NEGATIVE APPROACH, VILE GASH and INMATES. It's pretty gruesome. It's pretty ugly. It's hardcore. (Amelia) (4-song demo cassette, Eat The Life Tapes, 1719 W. Albion Avenue, Chicago, IL 60626, eattheliferecords.blogspot.com)

**DISLEKSICK/INDIAN SMOKES** split – After a disjointed electronic introduction from INDIAN SMOKES, the outfit launches into bursts of primal noise core laced with digital chaos—only the pure of soul need apply. On the flip, DISLEKSICK start off with a track titled "Raw Rehearsal Room Shitcore" and descend from there; this is the aural equivalent of spying on stoners. Both bands have previously released splits with GORGONIZED DORKS. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, oh.man.nevermind@gmail.com)

**DISTEMPER** – *Nunka a de Morir el Dis…* - Stripped down, bare-bones D-beat from Peru. I think it's a little lacking in power, like your kid brother's first D-beat band. But diehards of the style won't care because it's super punk sounding. Side note: there's a big TERVEET KÄDET logo next to the circled A on the insert. Last night Martin told me that South American punx say that the TERVEET KÄDET logo simply means *hardcore*. Guess he was right! (Matt) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, cabezadevacarecs@gmail.com)

**DJ DICKWALLS** – *O.P.P. b/w G.G.G.* – The dude's name is DJ DICKWALLS, so what did you expect? A noisified sped up treatment of the '90s NAUGHTY BY NATURE smash hit on one side, with a track titled "Girls, Girls, Girls" (sadly not a re-working of the CRÜE song) on the flip. Only weirdos need apply. (Robert) (2-song cassette, no lyrics, nevermindtapes@gmail.com)

**DOCTOR SLEEP** – *You Are Getting Very Sleepy* – Fucking bizarre. This appears to be a bass, drum machine and vocals. These songs don't sound like any form of traditional punk I've ever heard. It seems to be someone's solo project and is totally weird and hard to pinpoint any particular sound. I wish it had lyrics because I think that could be the only thing making this punk music at all. I suggest you check it out for yourself. And that is easily done at DOCTOR SLEEP's bandcamp site. (Jeremy) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, $3 from www.doctorsleep.bandcamp.com)

**DON GARNELLI / GORGANIZED DORKS** – *split* – Your ears are treated to harsh swells of total noise on both sides of this split. I seem to remember GORGONZIED DORKS craning out lo-fi grindcore in the past, but these three tracks are a glorious exercise in controlled mania, digital distortion manifested in wave after wave of mania. DON GARNELLI spend the flip trudging through electronic blips and whirs set to all encompassing white noise. This is not for everyone, but it is certainly for me. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, Blistered Mind, PO Box 38, La Quinta, CA 92247, www.blisteredmind.blogspot.com)

**DUMPY AND THE DUMPERS** – *Bat* – Another tape from the Halloween cassingles released by Spotted Race (see review of ORANGE SODA cassette for the details). "Bat" is a stomping ugly punk jam with silly lyrics. So is the flipside track, "X-Rod." (Matt) (2-song cassette, lyrics included, Spotted Race, 21 W Garfield, Belleville, IL 62220)

**THE FUCKING HOTLIGHTS** – First thing, my apologies to the band because I have been sitting on this demo for about two months. My bad. This is dark post-modern hardcore. Pretty long songs that cover a lot. It's easy to tell this band is very talented and their songs are not exactly genre-specific, making this a difficult review. I can say this though, the tape is great and pro done. My advice would be to obtain this demo and give it a good listen. (Jeremy) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, $3.50 ppd, www.drugparty.com)

**GOVERMENT CHEESE** – First off, yes, the band misspelled government on the demo cover. I don't think they give a fuck. Secondly, the recording on this demo is seriously blown out (like all the levels are turned up to 12) and sounds insane. It puts me in a state where I can't decide if this is totally cool or the worst thing ever. The songs are feedback laden, fucked up, sloppy blasts of fumbling hardcore with an incredibly pissed singer. This demo makes me feel like I'm huffing gold spray paint…and that's a good thing. (Greg) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, "Contact info: Fuck off and die")

**HAMMERED GRUNTS** – Two little songs from these skate-thrashaholics. The first one is a pretty typical, but good '80s influenced thrash song. The second one is four minutes long—which gives two minutes too long for everything to go wrong, which it does. There's a kind of rap part in the middle. It's pretty awful. Lucky for you, these guys have been at it for a few years now, so they have a lot more music out there to choose from. (Greg) (2-song CD-R, no lyrics included, thompsonthad@yahoo.com)

**HUMANS** – *Obsolete Medicine* – Okay, this is the year 2012 (actually 2013 when you read this) why would you send a demo in to be reviewed on a 3.5" floppy disk? This is bullshit. Moving on... This floppy disk comes with a download code. *Cool*... not. After downloading you get to hear threes songs, each one of which is less than 40 seconds long. Mathy, tech, thrashers. Totally worth the time. I don't know much about this band but they have a few other releases out and seem to put a lot of time into the aesthetics of the overall image. I'm sure their records have complex layouts and whatnot. This floppy disk package is well put together. Despite my anger with this format, you should check this out. Very interesting. (Jeremy) (3-song floppy disk, limited to 280, no lyrics, bandofhumans@gmail.com)

**IDNS** – *Indoctrinations* – Devastating, fast hardcore crust from Canada. This shit is super heavy and the vocalist barks like the guy from 3 WAY CUM. Very political, anti-oppression lyrics and appropriate sound clips dubbed in at all the right places. (Matt) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, idnscrust.blogspot.ca)

**INDUSTRIAL PARK** – Deliberate and carefully monotonous guitar/drum duo from Portland that brings to mind some of the darker shoegazing acts of the '80s without sounding derivative. These are woeful and patient sounds, drums trudge forth at an excruciating crawl while guitars swirl around brooding goth vocals... "Echoes" manages to simultaneously conjure SONIC YOUTH and SIOUXSIE and somehow avoids sounding trite. This one takes a little while to sink in, but this subtle five-song tape is one of the finer things I have laid ears on this month. (Robert) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, industrialparkportland@gmail.com)

**INFLATABLE BEST FRIEND** – *DMT Bike Ride* – I still don't think I should be reviewing blank CD-Rs with promotional write ups—this is not a demo, this is a burn of some schmuck's debut album and he wants me to hype it for him. Well, it's shitty '90s college rock, the kind of garbage that punks keep trying to reinvent and recycle without knowing that the vast majority of it was crap 20 years ago. And this crap isn't even a good reinterpretation of that crap—just directionless guitar rock rooted in DINOSAUR and Billy Corgan fantasies. (Robert) (11-song CD-R, no lyrics, Ian Howell, 618 Forest Street, Kalamazoo, MI 49008, ianhowell41@yahoo.com)

**JOHNNY CRYBOY** – *Turn on the Tears* – So, sometimes doing the demo reviews for *MRR* really pays off. This is one of those times. From what I can tell, JOHHNY CRYBOY is a band from Valdese, NC consisting of one deranged, middle-aged man who cannot play any instrument to save his life. Throughout all of his songs, he just makes fucked up, feedback-laden noise on an insanely treble-y guitar while yelling in his high-pitched southern drawl about all kinds of indecipherable nonsense...or maybe it's not nonsense at all! I can't tell! It's just one big, insane, cacophonous wall of fucking weirdness. This is actually a truly indescribable listening experience that one can't quite fathom until they hear it for themselves. It's a challenge to listen to it...but I fucking love every second of it. Layla described it as "Backwoods CHROME meets LINK WRAY!" Second best demo of the month! (Greg) (14-song CD, no lyrics included, Waggletone records, 608 Lincoln NW Ave, Valdese, NC 28690. waggletone@yahoo.com)

**KNIFE CUTTER** – *Tape One* – Instrumental guitar/drum mathy hardcore. I got excited when I saw the drummer also credited with autoharp, thinking I was gonna get some weirdo noise shit, but instead this is like JON SPENCER trying to weave his way into '90s Amphetamine Reptile. One side live (that's the more straightforward stuff) and one side studio where they actually get kinda strange (that's the better stuff) but still mostly they play it safe. Too safe. Package is cool, intent seems on the money. (Robert) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, knifecuttersellouts.tumblr.com)

**KOWABUNGA KID!** – *Surf Witchery* – One of the four Halloween cassingles from Spotted Race. Side A is a forgettable, slow song, but "Wolf Luv" on the flip is pretty catchy. Still, this one follows the novelty of the other three cassingles just fine. (Matt) (2-song cassette, lyrics included, Spotted Race, 21 W Garfield, Belleville, IL 62220)

**LATE BLOOMER** – The first thing that grabs me is the vocals. Casually airy missives set to melancholic melodic sounds. Mostly upbeat, LATE BLOOMER might come off like another in the growing stable of late '80s indie throwbacks, but there is an earnest and genuine approach to this short tape that keeps it from falling in between the cracks. Fans of TEENAGE FANCLUB, BIG START or even later SST (BUFFALO TOM, pre-major SCREAMING TREES) will likely enjoy this, just as I did. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, www.self-awarerecords.com)

**LISA DOLL AND THE ROCK N ROLL ROMANCE** – Tuneful, upbeat, fast-paced punk rock from Baltimore that sounds like NIKKI AND THE CORVETTES meets the RAMONES. It's simple, catchy and not breaking any new ground, but sometimes that's exactly what you want when it's done right...and this is done right. (Greg) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics included, www.lisadollrocknrollromance.bandcamp.com, lisamarie.doll@yahoo.com)

**LOST TRIBE** – Released in May 2012, this self-titled cassette is LOST TRIBE's second tape, following a fall 2011 LP and EP. The five songs build on the dark punk and deathrock sound of the band, which comprises members of AGHAST, SSR, EMPTY GRAVE, SYNDROME and CAVES CAVERNS. Offering songs such as "Life Prison" and "Coma," LOST TRIBE, reminiscent of early TSOL and CHRISTIAN DEATH, could very well serve as the house band in Purgatory. But their atmospheric organ, flat affect, heaviness and torpor do anything but bring despair. By the end of the side, those waiting shout for an encore, rioting amidst the funerary drapes and hoping that St. Peter never calls their names. Flip the tape over and the wait begins anew. (Heath) (5-song cassette, PO Box 1681, Richmond, VA 23218, losttribepunx@gmail.com)

**MINDLESS ATTACK** – This short six-song demo is pissed and fast punk that sounds somewhat like a lost band from the *Flex Your Head* compilation, falling somewhere between TEEN IDLES and VOID (but nowhere near as great as those bands). Most of their songs don't even come close to the minute-and-a-half-mark (which I think is cool) and they close out the demo with a raging PARTISIANS cover. Pretty cool stuff. (Greg) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics included, mindlessattack@gmail.com)

**MINDLESS ATTACK** – *Choose To Fight* – This is a two song CD-R from these Philadelphia street punks. The first one is an original about being young, punk and not giving a fuck. The second is a by-the-books cover of the 4 SKINS classic, "A.C.A.B." The whole thing is over in three minutes. (Greg) (2-song CD-R, lyrics included, mindlessattack@gmail.com)

**NAILBITER** – *Laughing and Screaming and Cursing up to God* – This NAILBITER is from South Carolina and play very dark and chaotic hardcore. Some parts powerviolence and some parts pure chaos with almost screamo undertones. I'm sure this band kills live. This tape is solid and the packaging is also top notch! Silk-screened fabric fold-over covers. Very cool. Highly recommended for the deranged maniac inside all of us. (Jeremy) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, webitenails@gmail.com)

**NEGLIGENCE** – *Change the Channel... There's Nothing On* – Very lo-fi recording, but it's a demo so it's to be expected. These songs all follow the same formula. Taking notes from WOLF BRIGADE for sure. The song structure is much simpler and less melodic but you get the same feel of power that bands like TRAGEDY and WOLF BRIGADE deliver. One thing I must say, I think the vocals are really out of place here, unless this band is going for an almost death metal vibe. Maybe you could also see elements of that with how down-tuned the guitars are. I can't find any info on the band so if a member is reading this, please send in a letter with some contact info if you want the masses to know. (Jeremy) (5-song cassette limited to 100, no lyrics)

**NIHIL BAXTER** – *The Bad, the Worse and the Ugly* – 75 songs clocking in just under one hour. Spastic German fastcore outtakes and extras spanning 2007-2011, a few live/rehearsal tracks that maybe coulda shoulda been left on the chopping block, but the majority of this shit is top quality blazing fast hardcore in the Thrash2K vein. (Robert) (75-song cassette, lyrics included, www.yakuzzi.blogspot.com, knochentapes.blogspot.com, nihilxbaxter.blogspot.com)

**NO SIR I WON'T** – *Support Authority* – Do you like CRASS? Are you a punk? Are you angry about the state of our world? Are you no feeble bastard? This band is everything you like about 1980s peace and anarcho punk on a modern day cassette. NO SIR I WON'T is comprised of members of SURRENDER, BRAIN KILLER, EARTH PIG, SUBCLINIX, LIBYANS and AWFUL MAN. They are a bit of an anarcho punk dream team. These tapes may already be sold out, but I'd try and get your hands on it regardless. They have an LP in the works and a split LP with AUTONOMY, as well as an EP and a zine. A lot to look forward to from NO SIR I WON'T—up the Boston punx! (Amelia) (1-song cassette, no lyrics, nosir.iwont@yahoo.com, www.nosiriwont.bandcamp.com)

**THE POLISH HILL STRANGLER** – 1-2-1-2 punk with snotty vocals teetering on the edge of Whine Mountain. There's a darkness that I can't quite put my finger on, but it maintained my attention long enough that I forgot about the pile of demos to my left jockeying for my attention. Clean guitars and arrangements reminiscent of early '80s USHC (when there were fewer rules), but the pace here is slower and the vibe is more akin to a band you might run into in a bar in rural Pennsylvania—it's kinda ugly, but you just take your beer to the darkest corner so you can stay and watch. (Robert) (13-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.thepolishhillstrangler.com)

**POLISKITZO** – *Poliskitzofrenia* – Look, POLISKITZO fucking rules. They are one of the only current punk bands I can think of that sticks within no boundaries. This tape has ska parts, hardcore parts, crooning vocals, shouted vocals in English and Spanish, breakdowns, rad rock'n'roll solos…fuck man, the dynamics on here are just incredible. And it always works, it's always catchy and goddamn POLISKITZO is the most danceable punk band on the face of the earth. (Matt) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, skitzozombie@gmail.com, staticopunx@gmail.com)

**POOR WHITE TRASH** – *Southern Hardcore* – Central Kentucky's filthiest exports return with fourteen more songs of ass kickin' and hell raisin' white trash punk. While I see little joy in glorifying the redneck lifestyle I grew up surrounded by, and I might not want to hang out with these dudes (there are two of them now), tracks like "Shit Outta Luck" and "Raise Sum Hell" are burners. NINE POUND HAMMER and ANTI-SEEN comparisons are appropriate once again—raunchy, raw, primal, dirty punk. (Robert) (14-song CD-R, no lyrics, Corey Trash, 492 Leavell Ridge Road, Lancaster, KY 40444, poorwhitetrash859@yahoo.com)

**POSTMODERN PENGUINS** – A zine that I reviewed this month was accompanied by this CD and a note indicating that whoever was assigned said zine "has to review the demo!" So here we go. This is a really young band from South Carolina that plays what can loosely be described as surf punk. The guitarist is really tight, and keeps things interesting with some killer leads. The vocalist has a pretty cool shouty/spastic style, but unfortunately the songs are way too long, contain no catchy passages and never build towards anything. Condense your songs and write some hooks next time. (Kevin) (3-song CD-R, lyrics included (sort of), free from: 2201 Clearwater Pt Dr, Seneca, SC 29672)

**QUICK ATTACK** – *Barn Demo 2010* – Very high-school pop punk that coulda been on one of those Fat Wreck comps in the late '90s. Pretty stock riffs and the kinda singy vocals where he pronounces every word over-articulately. Solid for the style. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, ($3-4 ppd, Secret Pennies records, 207 W. Arrellaga St., Santa Barbara, CA 93101)

**RATAS RABIOSAS** – Aahhhhh! Fast raw hardcore punk from Peru! Think SEDICION, B.S.N., OLHO SECO and SOLUCION MORTAL! Raw guitars, loud high hats, tupa tupa drums, burly growly vocal attack, drawings of rats and worms and shit! Noisy, but not "noise punk." Oh, and they do a fucking HEREJIA cover. What, you don't know them?? Poser! And there's that TERVEET KÄDET logo again. This is a really exciting new band—essential for fans of raw and real hardcore punk! More please! (Matt) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, cabezadevacarecs@gmail.com)

**ROTTEN STATE** – *Kill it Yourself* – Ripping crossover thrash from Uruguay that falls a little more on the metal side than punk. There's definitely some hints of MUNICIPAL WASTE, ANTHRAX, MEGADETH and *Kill 'Em All*-era METALLICA happening here and these guys are writing some quality head-banging riffs here. Grab your Suicidal hat, smoke a fat bowl and rip up the pool while blasting this shit. (Greg) (11-song CD, no lyrics included, enlosnervios@gmail.com)

**SIDE FX** – This could just as easily be from 1983 as 2012. A raw surge of US hardcore with generous emphasis placed on the essential power of the breakdown. Ugly and urgent in a manner that too often seems exclusive to bands from the Midwest. Excellent. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, www.notnormaltapes.blogspot.com)

**SNÄGGLETOOTH** – For all you fukks who can't seem to get over the fact that INEPSY hasn't sounded like the INEPSY you used to love in 2003 since about 2005, I give you Singapore's SNÄGGLETOOTH. Charging Motörpunk taking full advantage of raunchy, churning guitars, gruff yeowls and a relentless fist-pounding tempo. VAARALLINEN and DISTRUST personnel, this is a certified creamer. (Robert) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, H. Jaffar, Block 512 Bedok North Ave. 2, 505-305 SINGAPORE 460512, satanicspeedmetal666@gmail.com)

**SPACE WOLVES** – *II* – Pop in the "Oldies" tradition with sometimes witty, sometimes saccharine-pop lyrics. Seems like a nice fun novelty project, but I can't imagine ever playing this in my free time. Even includes a 7 SECONDS cover…but you know, an oldies style one. Now I gotta go listen to TOTALITÄR or something to clean out my ears. (Matt) (12-song cassette, no lyrics, UT records, PO Box, 467, Amherst, NY 14226)

**TENDRIL** – *Smear* – The JESUS LIZARD influence is even more prevalent on this second cassette release from TENDRIL, who choose to take chaotic '90s guitar driven noise/alt rock and meld it into their own animal instead of simply aping the once innovative genre as so many youngsters seem inclined to do lately. Tracks like "Singe on the Fringe" are searing bursts of sounds, while "The Klutz" is a far more deliberate and intentional beating. The guitars are fukkn ugly and the vocals (often the toughest element to pull off in music like this) are grating and brilliant. Totally pissed but always in complete control, these dudes are moving forward. (Robert) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, $3ppd, www.tensionheadrecords@gmail.com)

**THE VELVOIDS** – *Las Freak Voodoo* – A wistful, meandering guitar/drum duo cranking out sweaty garage lurches with total originality. As much early FLAMING LIPS as REIGNING SOUND on the first and last tracks, which sandwich a soft and endearing lullaby entitled "Bear" (which actually bears more than a striking resemblance to the FLAMING LIPS of the late '90s). This probably lands far off the radar of most punks, but maybe we need to expand our field of vision…no studded leather jackets in sight, just good sounds. (Robert) (3-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.thinkbabymusic.com)

**WARTHREAT** – Pure, wall of white noise, crust violence from these Aussie pricks. 90% blown out fuzz guitar, 0% bass guitar, 5% vocals, 5% snare, 100% awesome mindfuck. Noise not music. DISCLOSE cover. (Justin) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, cactusdistro@yahoo.com, www.warthreat.blogspot.com, green_peace_distro@yahoo.com)

**WATER TORTURE** – Blinding madness in the form of light speed grinding fastcore. If there is a guitar, I can't hear it, but you won't miss it. WATER TORTURE just smokes. Vocals on the brink of high end collapse, hardcore at the speed of sheer desperation. I know shit frequently gets described as a bulldozer, but this shit is worthy. Heavy as shit, and utterly essential. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, www.knochentapes.blogspot.com, watertorture716@gmail.com)

**WHITE LINE FEVER** – Mötörpunk hardcore out of New Hampshire. All lyrics are about drugs, having nothing to lose, breaking the law and not giving a shit whether you die or not. Their rocker skill levels here are in the same game as ANNIHILATION TIME with the epic quality of G-ZET. The guitar is super fast and the loose riffs get stuck in your head for days. Which is great, because their sound makes you want to raise hell. This band is the ultimate good time! The riffs make you wanna live fast, the vocals are desperate and the experience is intense. I'm assuming the name WHITE LINE FEVER is a MOTÖRHEAD reference as the blow in New Hampshire undoubtedly sucks? Only 50 of these bad boys were made? Go get a bootleg! And WHITE LINER FEVER—be sure to put out an EP soon! (Amelia) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, $4? ppd, Nothing is Real records, 27 Eastman St., Dorchester, MA 021225, xgetxthrashedx@hotmail.com)

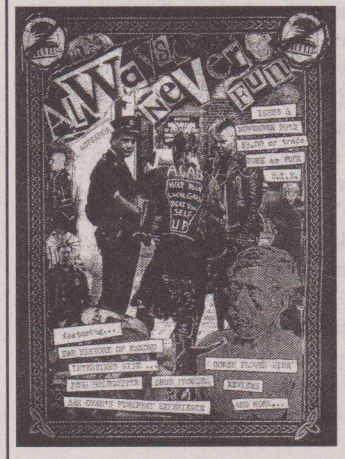
# ZINES

*Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.*

**Reviews by:**
**(MB) Mariam Bastani**
**(JB) Julia Booze**
**(EC) E.Conner**
**(AE) Amelia Eakins**
**(FF) Francesca Foglia**
**(DG) Dan Goetz**
**(LG) Layla Gibbon**
**(DJ) Danny Gresham**
**(OG) Oscar Gutierrez**
**(SL) Sam Lefebvre**
**(BL) Brad Lambert**
**(MM) Marissa Magic**
**(KM) Kevin Manion**
**(JM) Jeff Mason**
**(LA) Lydia Phelps**
**(CR) Casey Ress**

**ALWAYS NEVER FUN** #6 / $7 NZD, trades ok
5.75 x 7.75 – copied – 40 pgs
First off, it looks pretty cool, cut'n'paste (or at least a facsimile) with every page's background a grimy collage. Local reviews, no ads. Being from New Zealand also makes it precious to me, cuz I hear and see so little from this distant land. And I always love strange slang, which mostly can be deciphered from the context. The interview with Drug Problem suffers some from in-jokes, but the talk with Josh from Boltcutter is good. This is a follow-up of sorts to an article on Rekohu (which white folks renamed Chatham Island), a NZ-claimed island far from the main territory (aka Aotearoa). Even most New Zealanders do not know of the genocide of the Moriori people there by Maori tribes in the 19th century. A long tale of the Nevermind Punkfest is reprinted, which made my liver hurt just reading it. A recipe for Gorse Flower Wine allows the patient to get wasted in a DIY manner. *Always Never Fun* has a timeless aesthetic, exotic/local flavor and is a good read. (JM)
70 Owen St / Newtown 6021, Wellington / New Zealand /
alwaysneverfunrecords.wordpress.com

**ANTIPATIA** #29, 30 and 31/ $? Available in PDF via Website
8.5 x 6 – copied – 8 pgs – Spanish
This is a great format to put band reviews, community resources and a political landscape of Barcelona. This zine folds out like a poster full of a lot of cool content from the DIY movement in Spain. With constant recognition of gender neutral language via @ and super convenient highlighting of band names and everything else you need to know, it makes it easy find things that stood out within the zine. The zine, which is entirely in Spanish, is formatted as a narrative and jumps into thoughts on local punk bands and other resources throughout. Although I did read three issues, I enjoyed the #31 the most. Come on, it had an interview with someone who was on a ship full of punks and activists headed to Gaza to aid the political landscape and help those on the frontlines. Over all I checked out almost every band that was mentioned because of the cool interviews and photographs offered. *Antipatia* is merely one project that stems from their two radio shows, "Fuck the Bastards" and "Tratamiento de Shock," which are both aired in Barcelona. Although the amount of text might be intimidating at first glance, there is some good writing, questions and responses. It is a lot of content packed into eight pages, but these punks stay resourceful. I must say, *Antipatia* is putting in some work and it is all definitely worth it. Check it out!
(OG)
antipatiazine.wordpress.com / Fuegoenlamoncloa@hotmail.com




**B A D BREATH** #5 / $2 US, $3.50 World
6.25 x 10.25 – printed – 24 pgs
This is a DIY comic book that has been professionally printed. The drawings look like a 1950s comic to these eyes, really well drawn with a sort of modernist '50s or '60s style… Almost like an *Archie* comic?! But with more of a pot smoking take on life than anything that has ever come outta Betty or Veronica's mouth. The text is a little clunky/hard to follow, but it doesn't detract from the experience too much, most of the stories are sort of nonsensical non-sequiturs, a strange awkward feeling emerges that is quite enjoyable once you accept that there is no resolution or sense to be found on these pages… I admit my heart sunk when I saw this, the last time I enjoyed reading comix was probably some time in the 1990s when *Dirty Plotte* and *Eightball* were king and queen, but this was a cool find. Strange and nerdy, but a good time… (LG)
Josh Juresko / 11242 SE Pine Court / Portland OR 97216
Badbreathcomics.storenvy.com / joshjuresko@hotmail.com

**BONUS CUPPED** #8 / $2
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 36 pgs
This is UK-based fanzine has a musical focus on melodic HC/pop-punk, which is not really my bag, but there's quite a bit of stuff in here that would appeal to anyone regardless of their taste. The "main" (or at least first) feature is an interview with the recently reformed upstate NY band LATTERMAN. This interview is remarkably well-conducted, one that almost completely eschews the usual band interview questions to focus on issues related to gender politics, punk culture in the internet age and their activism outside of the band/punk scene. The other standout feature was part two of contributor Jamie's diary of life in the Chinese city of Xiamen. I am a complete sucker for well-written travel writing and this piece is of remarkable quality, capturing small but evocative moments of every day life and giving a larger historical perspective on the city and its changes since it's been declared a "special economic zone." Hell, I'd read a zine of just Jamie's writings with no hesitation. There's also quite a good interview with the prime mover behind the Bristol Bike Project, a cool-sounding cooperative in this zine's hometown that uses government funding to promote cycling, maintain a workshop, teach bike repair and provides a host of other services to the community. There's a bit of filler in here (what zine doesn't have any save our own?), and the record reviews are for bands I am either ignorant of or actively dislike, but on the whole this was a good read. If you're into any or all of the features mentioned above, this zine is very much worth your time. (AU)
bonuscupped@yahoo.com

**BRAIN STORM** #3 August 2012 / $5
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 44 pgs
This is for those with a pop punk, melodic heart as well as an open mind and a general fairness to genders, sexualities, races, etc. The questions asked of these bands showed a true depth and knowledge of this scene as well as a genuine interest. The lay out is clear and concise. This issue covers the Flatliners, Hooray for Everything, Joyce Manor, the Magnificent, the Manix, the Mighty Fine, Pageripper, Rations, the Shell Corporation, RVIVR, as well as some reviews. I would like

to correct your Awful Man review—they are from Boston, MA. (AE)
7329 SW 10th Avenue / Portland, OR 97239 / brainstormzine.bigcartel.com / brainstormzine@gmail.com /

**DELICIOUS DEFIANCE** #1 / Free in US, $3 World, trades ok
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
Premiere issue of this rag out of South Carolina. Honestly, I could not stand this zine. This is compiled by a kid who seems like the most annoying, pop-punk worshiping drone ever. There's an interview with some band from SC called Mad Noise, who have an upright bass player and bucket drummer, so they probably blow. Also included is an extended review of a Culo A Boca (awful band) show at Gilman, some record reviews, a Greenville, SC scene report (sounds like a shitty town) and some show pictures of the most non-threatening white kids I've ever seen playing horns, keyboards and hollow-body electric guitars. You might be into this zine if you're a teenager with terrible taste in music that lives in a bubble. (KM)
2201 Clearwater Pt Dr / Seneca, SC 29672 / deliciousdefiance1@gmail.com

**DELICIOUS DEFIANCE** #2 / Free in US, $3 World, trades ok
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
Second installment of this zine, and thankfully, it's slightly better than the first. There's an interview with a person in some musical collective down in South Carolina, as well as a chat with Redding surf-punks Private Interest. Issue #2 also contains a decent essay the creator wrote to his H.S. principal about the need for a Gay Straight Alliance club in the school. In addition, one of the creator's friends reminisces about her summer Warped Tour experience. This edition of *Delicious Defiance* didn't irritate me nearly as much as the first one, so I guess that's something. (KM)
2201 Clearwater Pt Dr / Seneca, SC 29672 / deliciousdefiance1@gmail.com

**DELICIOUS DEFIANCE** #3 / Free in US, $3 World, trades ok
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 20 pgs
Do you know where Seneca, South Carolina is? Me neither. Do you know where Greenville is? It's about 40 miles from Seneca. I looked it up. This is the third issue of this Greenville/Seneca, South Carolina based zine by a kid with, I believe is fifteen years old. There are two zine reviews, two interviews in here with Cherry Icees and All Dinosaurs, a few music reviews, a call for a submissions for the zine and a comp they are working on and a bunch of upcoming shows in Greenville, SC which are a hellova lot more than I expected! The content shows a penchant for pop-punk and there are lists of what the author Noah Taylor likes and dislikes in here. There are a few contributors here as well. Now, the content is what you would expect, fun and silly, somewhat unsure of itself, yet wiling to take risks within the context of their surroundings, but you can gather by the language used here that this zine is being made by a punk kid with the help of his pals who all have a radical /DIY leaning—with a hunger for more. They want to make shit happen in their town. While the bands at the shows listed are probably incarnations of different bands by the same few kids that are trying to get a stronger scene going, it's cool to hear about these small, almost insular scenes. It's a good reminder that we never know where the next great zine or band will come from. Do you know where Seneca, South Carolina is? (MB)
deliciousdefiance1@gmail.com
2201 Clearwater Pt Dr / Seneca, SC 29672

**DEPARTURE INTERVIEW** #2 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 11 pgs
The packaging and presentation of this zine is akin to a wedding invitation or something equally formal—complete with a gold foil seal—and consists entirely of a "conversation" with the band Merchandise in nothing but printed text. The interview really does read like a fascinating conversation: it's engaging and seeks to understand the personal and musical roots of this Tampa band, with answers that build on the already well-informed questions where Meghan is already aware of the members' histories in music and other media. The hallmark of good musical writing or a good interview is the ability to make the uninitiated want to check it out, and now I'm gonna have to give Merchandise a living. (DG)
meghanminior.com

**DISUNDERSTOOD** #2 / $2, trades ok
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
Another zine I'm maybe not supposed to review, but I asked to. Greg (of *Rice Harvester* fanzine) inherited this zine from the hands of long time friend Sara Double-Ears (of *Double-Ears* fanzine). The story is that she started writing down what she *heard* hardcore bands saying one winter and made a zine. Fast-forward to 2012 and Greg started compiling *Disunderstood* texts from friends and writing some of his own. I contributed to this after a cool Outlook show in Oakland. Tragedy, Sexy, Agatha, Youth Avoiders, No Statik, and Displeasure (r.i.p.) are all showcased in their collectively confused glory. For the record though, I actually did say "I don't care if you ground me, I'm still going to kill you!" (EC)
PO Box 40786 / San Francisco, CA 94140 / remoteoutposts@gmail.com
remoteoutpostsanalog.blogspot.com

**DROPDEAD NIKKI** in Southside Zombies Part One / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 22 pgs
This comic zine was made by one of our most trusted incarcerated readers, who also does *Filth and Vomit* zine, named Bran Scam from Tuba city, which is a small town on the Navajo Reservation in northern Arizona. It's the Halloween issue and the small story within is aimed at raising awareness about the various issues faced by Native Americans in this area, such as water rights issues, mining issues and more. The creator is evidently an anarchist thinker and, despite his slightly large-chested female characters (which some shitworkers found "weird"), this little zine is an honest effort made under harsh circumstances. The creator also makes silk-screened patches and sells them for stamp money, while he is also already organizing a Tuba City, AZ benefit show for *MRR* for January 2014, which is, hopefully, his release date. A prime example that a creative spirit can rarely be stifled, that punk can overcome the odds and that ideas can never be imprisoned! (LA)
South Chicago ABC / PO Box 721 / Homewood, IL 60430

**EARTH FIRST!** Summer 2012 / $6.50
8 x 10.5 – printed – 64 pgs
As I've lived on the West Coast for over a year, I've become more "open minded," but am still very wary of this publication. The "herb blurb" was practical and is a guide to making tinctures, as witchy ways have become more fashionable recently, especially in the punk community. But, next to this piece is some "eco-erotica." And this, my tree hugging friends, is why I hate to review Earth First! because of inappropriate and irrelevant stuff like eco-erotica or eco-poetry. Gag me. In my opinion, at this point in the year 2012, I think we're beyond CrimethInc and tree sitting—if you really care about fighting the man, just arm up already! If you really want to make a difference, preaching to the choir on your 100% recycled newsprint paper isn't going to do much, if anything at all—the key words here are direct action. (AE)
PO Box 964 / Lake Worth, FL 33460 / collective@earthfirstjournal.org / www.earthfirstjournal.org /

**FUN IN THE OVEN** / $?
Cassette Tape – recorded – 2 sides
Fun in The Oven is a radio anthology cassette zine for free radio Santa Cruz that aired on 101.1 FM. Fun in the Oven was a weekly radio show that lasted 29 episodes. This tape is made up of segments of varying lengths from these shows. Unfortunately, my copy is blank but the tape looks amazing and spans bands from Crass to the Dicks to Huggy Bear. Please send me another copy! (AE)
215 Storey Street / Santa Cruz, CA 95060 / brybry@riseup.net / www.restlesslegz.tk

**GET LOST** # 4 / $5 ppd, $7 online
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 22 pgs
A full color collaged zine of photos chronicling life in small town Texas. What do punks do in

Laredo? They play impromptu shows in parks, party hardy, tag sewers and cop cars, and skate to their hearts content—killing time during the hot dusty days and warm nights shrouding their mysteries. Oh, yeah and they walk for miles to score spray paint at the nearest Wal-Mart ! (DG)
1706 Loury Road / Laredo, Texas / 78045/ whitelikeyou@live.com /
Getlostzine.wordpress.com

**GLADYS** #2 / $?
11.5 x 17 – printed – 19 pgs
It's an art paper. It's themed "Genius"—creative writings, hip minimalism and geometry. The punkest thing is a song-by-song review of Misfits' *Walk Among Us*. Besides that it makes me feel like I am reading Valencia St on a Sunday morning brunch run. Hello! (EC)
9 West Church St / Beacon, NY 12508

**IT'S WHAT WE DO** #1 / $?
5.5 x 8 – printed – 18 pgs
Really really cool interview zine that came as a package of two (the other features an interview with Tampa dreamboats Merchandise) courtesy of punk powerhouse Meghan Minior. It's packaged beautifully, with hand-screened covers and a cool color photo insert. The issue I got for review features an interview with two punks who started an all ages show space in their small rural MA town that is still going in some form fifteen years later. It's cool reading about their scene, about how bands formed as a result of the space, signifying the true spirit of DIY and about how they kept it going… One of those interviews that reads like a conversation between people rather than a boring Q and A sesh, and even if I didn't love reading about small town punk scenes and how they happen I would have gotten something out of this. This is how you do it. No price indicated, but check Meghan's website maybe? (LG)
Meghan M / PO Box 9461 / N Amherst MA, 01059 / www.meghanminior.com

**JARGON** #1 / $2
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 30 pgs
This zine is all gray. I don't like it. One of the guiding rules of copied zines is the stark nature of it all. It's something that takes time and you have to replicate on newer machines that are too sensitive to replicate images like the machines of yore. While I think it's possible to do "gray" well, this job fails. Not to mention the lay out is a mish mash of badly cut out computer texts taped on to gray. Some of the art is nice. Cool little paper cuts. The cover was a bad choice though. As far as the content, well, not worth $2 but cool anyway. It's a little encyclopedia of slang designated by occupation and subculture. (EC)
107 S Camino Del Pueblo / Bernalillo, NM 87004

**THE MATCH** #11 / $?
7.5 x 9.5 – printed – 72 pgs
A looong-running *Journal of Ethical Anarchism,* going since 1969! This issue is centred round the "endless rain of laws" and, I presume like the rest, it's stuffed with deep thinking anarchist ideas, well written articles, alternative perceptions and analytical writings. I found the piece on Coeurderoy and Dejacque very enlightening, the segment "From our Back-Issues" was informative and put some things into perspective, Technical Topics looks at exactly that and the whole thing is always made *without* the use of computers. When I first opened it, an envelope with their address stamped on the front fell out from the Letters section, which I thought was a pretty neat way of saying "we want to hear from you." Some of these articles require detailed analysis, which I will of course spare you, so if you want some reading that goes a bit beyond zines and political brochures, check this out. (LA)

PO Box 3012 / Tucson / AZ 85702

**MEDIA JUNKY** #17 / $1 or stamps
8.5 x 5.5 – copies – 6 pgs
*Media Junky* is a short review zine that includes publications and music. It's full of columned text pasted on collage. You should send them more stuff to review. (EC)
Jason Rodgers / PO Box 62 / Lawrence, MA. 01842

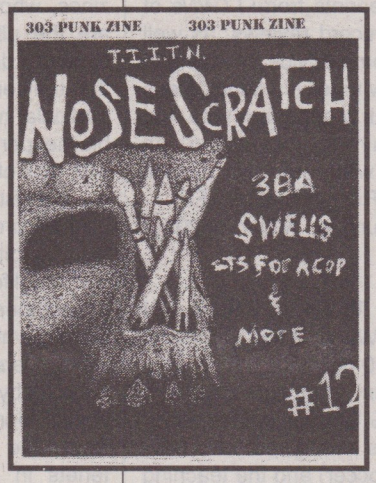
**MORE NOIZE** #39 /$4
8.5 x 11 – copied – 20 pgs
A long awaited new issue of this hardcore punk fanzine published by *MRR* Tony Gunnarsson in England. As expected, this issue features a variety of the most ugly and vile hardcore imaginable. Following Tony's characteristically snide editorial directed at the usual suspects: record collectors, his friends, himself, etc, features on Stench, Wankys, Japanese group Bollocks, Disorder, Greek punk and more commence. The Stench article is particularly amusing, featuring Tony's recollection of discovering the band as a teenager through reading a bewildered fanzine feature, finding their single and proceeding to alienate all of his friends with the vile mess. A guest feature from Kamikaze Dan on the most criminally under appreciated Greek punk records is very illuminating. That's essentially a theme of More Noize; the more riotous and upsetting a hardcore band is, whether it be with lyrics, performance or sheer blown-out noise, the worthier of praise they are. Tony's flippant writing is cheeky, clever and always accessible. His adoration or spite for the material being discussed is straightforward and unapologetic, never veering into senseless pontification, much like the kind of hardcore he adores. This is especially evident in my the reviews, which comprises my favorite section, besides a letter to Tony from former *MRR* columnist DX in which he declares that "Death In June is the new Infest / Siege." I'm curious to count the amount of cider references *More Noize* will make by its landmark issue #10. The layout is a complete mess. Fading magic marker, hand-written comments, every piece of paper cut like Tony was in a fit of DT's—proper. Order it from Sam Richardson's impeccable Feel It Distro in the US or Tony himself in Europe. (SL)
Sam Richardson / PO Box 25045 / Richmond, VA 23260 /
www.feelitrecords.bigcartel.com /
Tony Gunnarsson / 31 Woodville Rd / E17 7ER London, UK

**NOCTURNAL JOURNAL** #1 / free
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs
For some reason, this is subtitled "A Newspaper," which it isn't. It's a series of opinion pieces and reviews. I got the impression the folks who made this are not far outta high school, though at least one of them buys beer. The first piece is a pretty generic in the "take democracy back" vein. Better done are the longer record and movie write-ups. Also appearing are fiction, poetry, a few drawings and a weak attempt at humor. The layout could not be plainer. They say it's free for the asking and it's just the first issue. Hopefully this represents the humble beginnings of a project, which will dazzle in the future. (JM)
196 Main St / Brockport, NY 14420 /
theenocturnaljournal@gmail.com

**NODE PAJOMO / PUKKA JOINT MASSIF**
Summer 2012 / $5 US, $7 World, $3 for copies of the CD (but it's not punk)
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 12 pgs
This is an odd yet very interesting lil' zine, which is essentially a split zine with review zine *Pukka Joint Massif* for this issue. *Node Pajomo* dives straight in with a long listing of time sensitive mailart projects, mailart exchange, tape trades, zine exchange, archival projects and more from the nerdy world of printed matter exchanged via the good old postal service. Just browsing this list reminds me of all the ways in which you can be creative, while still employing a minimal amount of materials and resources. The list is long and should you have free time on your hands, and an itching need to make use of your bizarre art/ideas/thoughts, pick this up—you'll find it a very hand resource. *Pukka Joint Massif* reviews more zines than I have time to read and the writer is clearly a zine fanatic! A lot of thought has gone into this and

the whole packet comes with a CD of Audio Mail Art (spoken word and music collection) and lose bits of paper stuck between the pages, which seem like clues to a puzzle I am yet to discover; I like it. For printed material geeks, weirdo project enthusiasts, global group art project aficionados and all zine-culture buffs in between. "Mail it. Don't blog it!" (LA)
PO Box 2632 / Bellingham, WA 98227-2632

**NOSE SCRATCH** #12 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 30 pgs
Some of my favorite zines are those that were or appear to be put together by crude and funny teenagers who are smarter than most mid-twentysomethings, and this one hits the mark. You get everything from various musings, a New York Times article about Harley Flanagan's arrest, a shotgun Denver scene report and other cool Denver-centric writing. There are interviews with Death Church, Swells, Blighter and It's For a Cop, and even though the questions and answers are brief, they're at least entertaining. There are a number of cool political propaganda comics and a cool cut-and-paste layout in general. The icing on the cake is a seemingly random recipe for New England clam chowder that I'll have to try. (DG)
no contact info




**OSTENSIBLY** #3 "Heat Lightening: The Story of the Slap and Run 1983 Utica Swordfish" / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
This is a larger *Ostensibly* this time around. I'm probably the wrong person to review this zine, but I asked to so you have no one to blame except for me. Jonathan is keeping it text heavy. Heartbreak and books: What else is available to the repressed young men of our generation? Baseball and head injuries: We're stuck between normalcy and self-harm. What else is available for depressed post-teens? It's novel-eqsue in every possible expression of the term. You're my friend lets hang out more. (EC)
jtsenakis@gmail.com

**PIT STAINS** #2 / $4, trades ok
5 x 7 – copied – 34 pgs
This issue of *Pit Stains* is made up mostly of tight action shops of punk bands playing. Everything is black and white here and the perspectives of these shots vary enough to have you turning this zine in different ways. You can anticipate a head butt here and getting knocked down there, which is what makes this fun to look at. I know everyone has pro cameras these days and that there are a hundred photographers at shows, but I hope punks don't get too caught up in the "professionalism" of getting these shots and do what Aull does here—contrast the photos and photocopy the shit out of them. (MB)
nolinpunk.storenvy.com /
matthewjaull@gmail.com

**PIT STAINS** #3 / $4, trades ok
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
More black and white show photos by Matt Aull! This time a lil' bigger, a few more and with an 11 x 17 poster! Sweet. We get some of the same tight shots as the previous issue with some blurry stuff, double exposures, crowds but also isolation of playing while everyone stares at you. Punk is messy and chaotic, sometimes violent and mostly fun. It's all in here. Love photo copied photos, but could do without the pixels. Cool shit. (MB)
nolinpunk.storenvy.com /
matthewjaull@gmail.com

**Q FOR TREASON** #14 / $2
5.5 x 4 – copied – 35 pgs
This is a zine about a canoeing trip to the Yukon. It's told through a mix of anecdotes and local history—at times definitely being a review of different places, people and things. Though it was slightly long winded, it was an overall enjoyable read. There is a lot of visiting of ghost towns and a lot of black and white pictures of decaying cabins. The writing is pretty straightforward, lacking any type of poetic detail, which I actually was really into. It's not exactly a travelogue, more of an account. Good times. (MM)
qfortreason@gmail.com

**RAGE ON** #3 / $2, trades ok
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 12 pgs
This author is a tough anarchist feminist punk worthy of that description. Yes, I know her personally and was in a collective with her for several years. We both like Lost Cherrees a lot and both left ABC No Rio due to patriarchal hierarchy bullshit, so this review is super bias. Regardless, the questions she poses here to punks are topics like "you're an anarchist…and? What are you going to do about it?" It's not new stuff, but I feel like Brooklyn is a little too busy charging their hair on message boards than being political these days. "Girl hate" is another not so new topic but a very relevant one. Trust me, talking about why girls hate each in the punk scene is some very real and very sad stuff. It's such a bummer and it needs to stop! She also tells the story of recently getting mugged outside her building, how she stood her ground and what to do if this happens to you. The gutsiest thing I read in this issue was the "imhhhnvggimgunnacome" part during her discourse on super boring heteronormative sex—that was too good! The consent topic is brought up—again, not new but vital to our community. The piece on bombing the L train was hilarious and super Brooklyn-centric. If you live in NYC, you get it. There was also a great piece on herbal medicine and teas as well as what to do (and not do) when you're stopped by the police. Those zine reminds me of the punk scene I grew up in that was a lot about getting wasted and having a good time, but also involved radical politics, resistance and some heavy debates. Keep it up, girl! (AE)
603 Van Buren Street / Brooklyn, NY 11211 /
eemmaa.karin@gmail.com

**RAZORCAKE** #71 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 114 pgs
Let me roll up my sleeves. This issue of *Razorcake* covers Night Birds, surf-rockers Bombon, Kid Congo Powers (formerly of Gun Club and the Cramps) and the buyout of punknews.org by Buzzmedia (a company that owns SPIN and maintains the official website for Britney Spears). Since punknews.org is so far below my radar, I was initially confused and surprised by the four article deep exposé *Razorcake* dedicated to this site's takeover. I thought people went to punknews.org to see what trouble Brett Gurewitz was getting into, or to vote on the hottest suicide girlz, or something. It may as well be hottopicnews.org to this albeit not too savvy reader. *But* I have to hand it to Todd: I may not overlap in a lot of places with *Razorcake*'s take on punk—or what is authentic-to-me punk, to be very clear—but this analysis is spot on. The issue at hand is not so much that punknews.org has been bought out or even necessarily the cultural-capital export/theft of a simple *word* (c'mon people, punk has been a "branding" word for like, ever) that this acquisition supposedly represents. This is a labor issue. A huge "pop culture" media conglomerate is profiting off of a submission-based *volunteer* workforce and getting away with it…but mostly they are tapping into getting more sophisticated ideas about what to try to sell to Green Day fans. Think what you want to about it or think nothing at all, but I am impressed with the coverage and effort that was put into the more nuanced look at what might otherwise elicit a huge yawn from me. RC does not usually seem so concerned with uhm…politics. How I misread ye. (JB)
PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042

**ROCHESTER TEEN SET OUTSIDER**
October 2012 / $1 US, $3 world, trades ok
5.6 x 4.5 – copied – 36 pgs
It's the Halloween issue of *RTSO*!!! Sure this

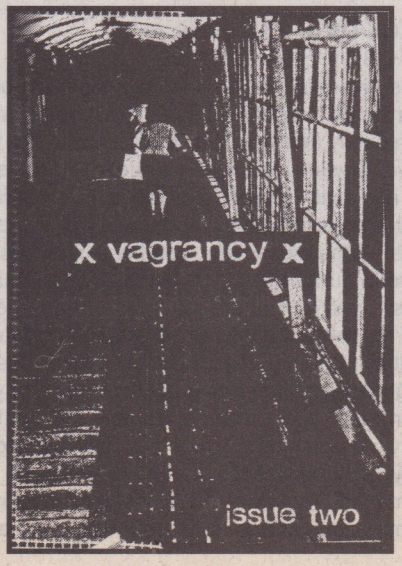
is the February issue of *MRR*, but if you are like me, your heights of morbidity are not determined by the time of year! This issue features the same funny, silly cool reads from the minds of Rochester and surrounding "up-there" areas of NY. Cool cut'n'paste layouts and pocket sized, this is packed with smart-ass shit and some good history. There is an interview with a haunted house worker, the dwnlow about a Rochester goth club (I'm going), the scoop on Robert L. Ripley, American "jack the Ripper" suspect Francis Tumblety from, you guessed it, Rochester, the supposed gateway to hell in Rot, memorable Trick or treat stories, some Halloween sound track suggestions and more. Good issue. This dude loves Rochester and if you have been reading this zine for a while, you prolly do to… (MB)
W. Carroll / 32 Edmonds St #1 / Rochester, NY 14607 / rochesterteensetoutsider.com

**SOCIAL PRISON** #2 / $2 ppd for three copies
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 23 pgs
Let's hope it won't be another three years before another project is put out by the founder of Apa Khabar. Shaiful is somebody I would definitely want to be friends with. Calling people out for their BS and knocking over hipsters in the street. He also proposes the question, of why more hardcore punks don't write personal zines, because that would make for way more entertaining material—case in point, this zine. Rants about the laziness of his local scene, touring bands demanding band fees, scene economics and personal strife, which is very politicized (always a good thing). A mini-scene report of a trip to East Java with the band Warthreat from Australia, rounded out by a five page photospread of the trip. (DG)
Shaiful / Bedok Central Post Office / PO Box 530 / Singapore / 914605 /
prohibitedprojects.blogspot.com

**THINK AND DIE THINKING** Dec. 2012 / $?
5.5 x 4 – copied – 12 pgs
This is a monthly south Bay newsletter, packed with show flyers, random tips, event calendars, reviews and the like. It sports the same name as the yearly festival that is thrown in San Jose—very all ages, very DIY. I've always thought of the south Bay as a place that everyone leaves as soon as they can, it is so fucking cool to watch all this stuff coming from there, all these shows happening there—field-tripping to shows in San Jose is definitely a fun time. There is a call for submissions for next month's zine and the theme is feminism. It seems like this is on the heels of growing beyond show calendars and flyers to something more and more. As I am excited to watch the south Bay scene thrive, I am excited to watch this zine grow and thrive. (MM)
thinkanddiethinking@gmail.com

**THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL** #114, 115 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
Boone's been doing *The Trouble with Normal* for years, 20 of them to be exact, and this combo issue celebrates the anniversary of this long-running one-man project that, in its run, has never worsened or improved. Chock full of recent show recaps and photos, an interview with Corrosion of Conformity, this issue also includes reprints from *TTWN*s of the past and recent record reviews, as well as absolutely unwelcome advice on voting in US elections and "how to tell if a candidate is a moderate." Hey, fuck a goddamn vote, but kudos to Boone anyway for keepin' on keepin' on—typos, watered-down liberal opinions, Times New Roman and all. (FF)
PO Box 1444 / Columbia, MO / 65205 / ttwn@hotmail.com

**TRY TO WAKE UP WITH A SMILE ON YOUR FACE** #3 / 4? World, 2.50? Germany
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
Notably, this is a dual language zine with 66% English and 33% German with a heavy emphasis on all things zine-ry, but also traveling, football (as in soccer) and the teaching of children. There is a lot of space dedicated to "art" and I must say I was disturbed by the writer remarking of his travels to Burnley, England that, "It took me at least a week until I recognized the first punks/emos. But even they looked more like drug victims than like kids who want to try to unhinge the world." Not trying to be a jerk about their self proclaimed broken English, just wanting to understand what a drug victim is and what is wrong with that anyway. But whatever. If you have a minute and however much four Euros is, this is not a bad read. What held my interest longest is the contribution from a punk learning Hindi and Urdu, speaking on life in New Dehli and Islamabad. (JB)
try@posicore.de




**XVAGRANCYX** #2 / $?
5.5 x 11 – copied – 90 pgs
This is a lengthy account of a vegan, straight edge punk traversing both Canada and the USA by way of train, hitch-hiking and foot. He travels with a number of companions, including recent acquaintances that show him the ropes of hopping freight trains and old friends with whom he's close and familiar. In a rather stark contrast to many hitching/freight travel zines, whose writers tend to feign that they are the ultimate freight-hoppers and gloss over the daily struggle and frequent misery that they endure, *Xvagrancyx* is marked by a particular honesty. Its writer frequently admits his inexperience with traveling and frustration with lack of food, shelter or vehicles in a simple, honest way that makes his journey seem all the more real and relatable to casual readers. Despite that, he is undoubtedly smitten with the lifestyle and the sense of liberation that comes with it. Interspersed amidst the stories, which are often funny and rather well-written, are short socio-political digressions inspired by the strangers he encounters and sights along the route of his travels that reveal the writers' commitment to his ethical tenets in an unpretentious, inspiring way. *Xvagrancyx* can be a rather emotive read, especially when the writer is traveling with a female companion and encounters a rather staggering and depressing array of sexism from truckers and yuppies in sports-vehicles alike. The zine is typewritten and simply laid out in a cut'n'paste format that never detracts from its readability. (SL)
336a 29th St / Oakland, CA 94608 / xvagrancyx@gmail.com

**WHAT'S FOR DINNER?** #5 / Free
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 24 pgs
This says "mature readers" on it, so there had better be some smut in here… Well, there are a lot of vagina drawings depicting different vag hair-do's, there is a story of the authors black friend going to Roscoe's Chicken and Waffles for the first time, how that, "Ni**a was high as hell," some stories about her puking while being drunk, some shit about In and Out burger and a "fuck Your Face" list that seems like this poor girl is more pissed about what everyone else is doing, but at least it's a good story in drawings. Some of this was funny some of it was boring, but it was all trying to be edge-y. There is some cool shit in here and the drawings are rad, but I could prolly do without the diary as story shit and the post racial, "irony," but then again I have no idea who this person is. I guess that's my issue, no context, but in her depictions of herself, she is a white girl from the 'burbs. I wanna read the next for sure though, you got me intrigued. Let's see if you can back it up. (MB)
asammy1089@gmail.com

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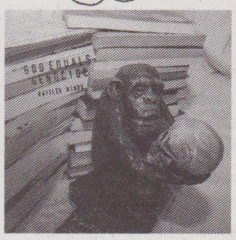


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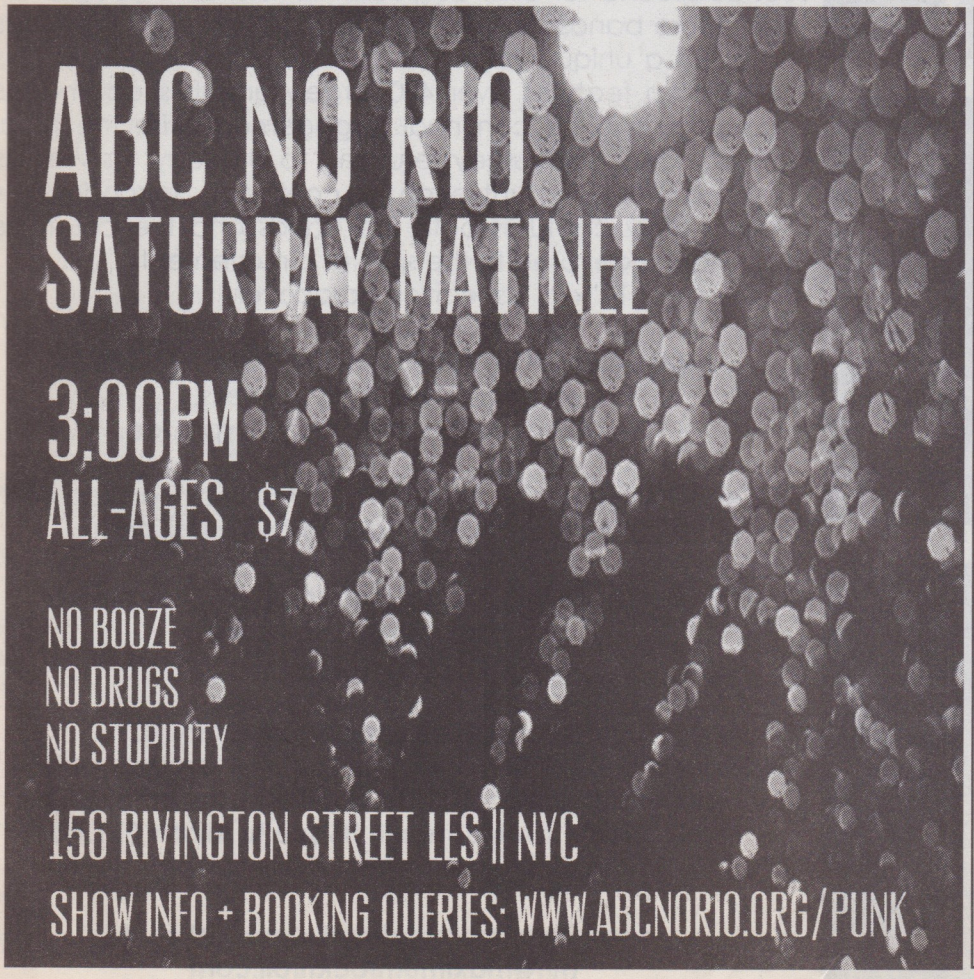




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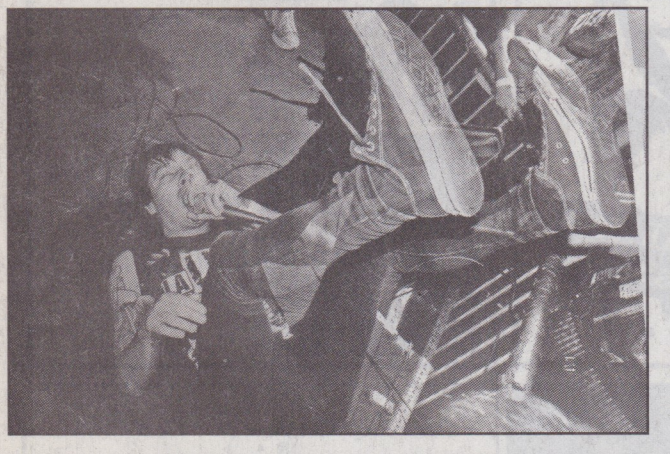

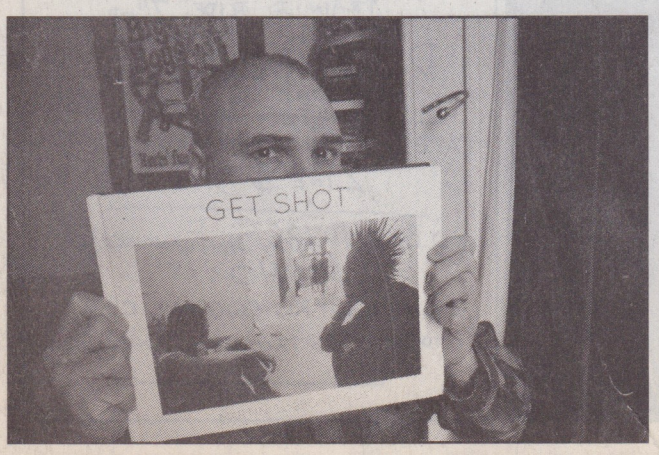


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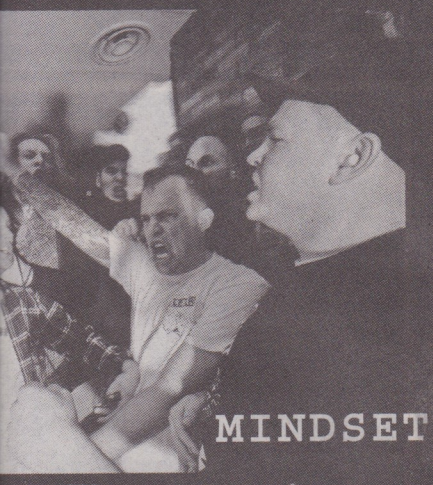

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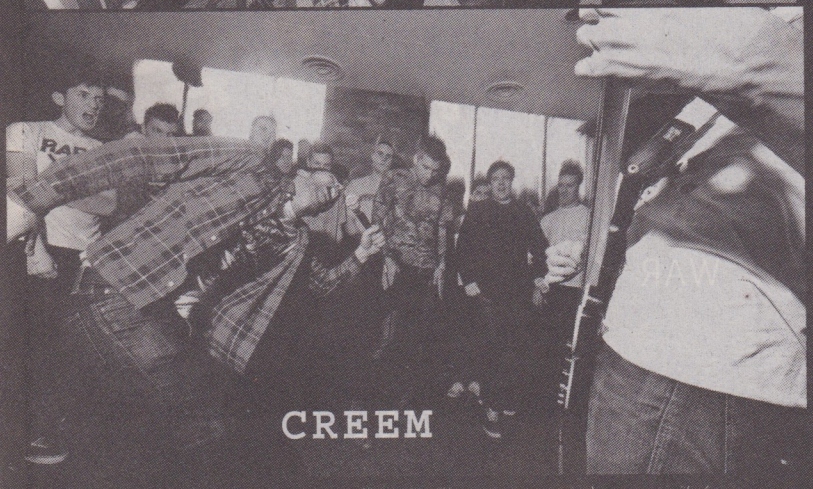

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